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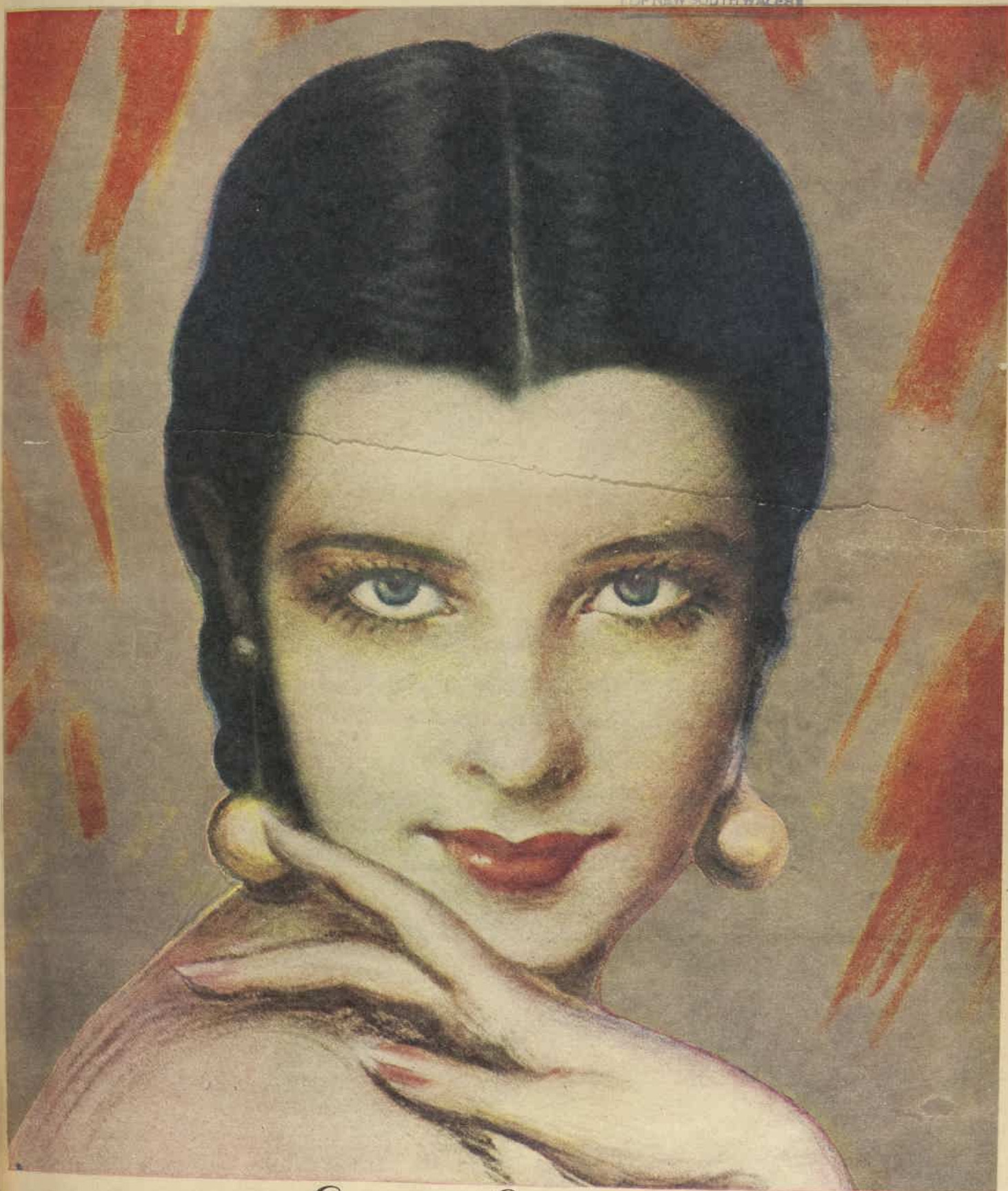
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Exotic Loveliness

THE IDEAL Types of MEN

Frenchwoman Tells About Women's Favorites

What types of men do women like?

Men, says Madame de Longuevue, should know their most attractive hour of the day, their best day of the week, and their best season of the year. All these vary according to color of hair and eyes, waist measurement and age.

By MADAME de LONGUEVUE
Noted French Writer—Air Mailed from Paris.

OF two men with equal charm, the younger has most appeal in the morning, the older in the evening.

Men with fair hair look their best in the morning, unless they have too languid an appearance.

From five to seven in the afternoon, fair men and dark men are about equal, but dark men decidedly have the edge and superior dash under artificial light.

Fat men possess a certain attraction immediately before meals. Perhaps the reason is that they sharpen your appetite.

Whether he is fair or dark, a man after too heavy a meal is definitely unattractive. It is the same with a man who drinks too much while he eats.

Weather which is very clear and not too warm suits men with red cheeks and blue eyes marvelously. In wet weather, men with green eyes are almost irresistible. Stormy weather also suits dark men.

In fashionable gatherings are the right setting for thin, dark men, and for those who have a heavy coat of tan and are accustomed to tropical temperatures.

Most fair men of a more Nordic temperament become sluggish in the warmth of a drawing-room and their eyes lose lustre.

On the other hand, Argentinians, Spaniards and Sicilians, whose complexions you find a trifle too pronounced and sallow on a morning

walk, will seem very beautiful near steam radiators in the midst of tobacco smoke.

Men with rather large feet are

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor—" which would you choose?



FROM LEFT: C. W. A. Scott, the famous airman, King Leopold, of Belgium, and Don Bradman. In circle: Anthony Eden, Britain's Foreign Minister. Which represents your ideal type?

isn't especially irresistible the first day he wears a new suit. His clothes, though retaining the charm of freshness, must seem natural to him.

That effect begins on the third day and begins to wear off at the end of the third month.

A man who has just had his hair cut seems ridiculous, and almost incognito. If he has to use a great deal of hair tonic to plaster his hair down, he must expect to lose his charms until his hair resumes its natural waves.

Soft Glances

IT is only athletic men whom an air of fatigue makes more attractive, but they should take care that they do not show their weariness until after a shower bath. Then limping feet and drooping shoulders have charm.

Short-sighted gentlemen have two ways of charming the other sex when they take off their spectacles.

They can do it by a soft glance that ought, however, to be accompanied by dreamy discourse. Or they can stare fixedly, and to look a woman right in the eyes builds up a man's credit.

But for a short-sighted man to have real success in that fashion he must, earlier, by other methods, have established prestige in the eyes of the woman he wants to dazzle. Otherwise he will be ridiculous.

MEN who have big flaps should not, as they all do, modestly hide their hands behind their backs.

In that brutal revelation of strength there is a mysterious and disturbing charm to which many commonplace women are sensitive. And in that respect there are a great number of commonplace women.

Do not imagine that you can have any appeal for a woman when your collar is too high for your neck.

When a man and a woman begin an inevitable and long tete-a-tete, as, for instance, on a sea voyage, everything depends upon the first twenty minutes.

A woman then feels herself uneasy, even with a man whom she likes. He must, therefore, in those twenty critical minutes, manifest the most absolute respect.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



First "G-woman"

A WOMAN has joined the ranks of Federal Police in U.S.A. She is Margaret Eleanor Connors, of Bridgeport, attached to the investigation staff.

This youthful "G-woman" is a graduate of Wellesley and student of the Yale Law School. She will serve as a dollar-a-year woman, covering New England territory.



Guiding Their Flights

MISS BLANCHE NOYES, American airwoman, was appointed recently an air marker for the United States Bureau of Air Commerce. Was one of the first women in America to receive a transport pilot's licence.

She has been flying since 1929, and gained fame some years ago by taking John D. Rockefeller, sen., for his first and only flight.



Had Busy Year

MISS ADELAIDE MIETHKE, who has had a busy year organising the Centenary Women's Congress in Adelaide, is now concentrating on the Education Fellowship World Conference.

She is one of the two women of the Adelaide executive.

Was elected Federal President of National Council of Women recently is State President of Girl Guides and has been Inspector of Schools in South Australia since 1925.

LUXURIOUS LADY



Her charm is her daintiness! She uses Atkinsons' exquisite Toilet Waters in the bath, on her undies, her handkerchief, her hair! Around her clings the brick-baking fragrance of Eau de Cologne or the beguiling sweetness of English Lavender—and always Atkinsons because they are so true and lasting.

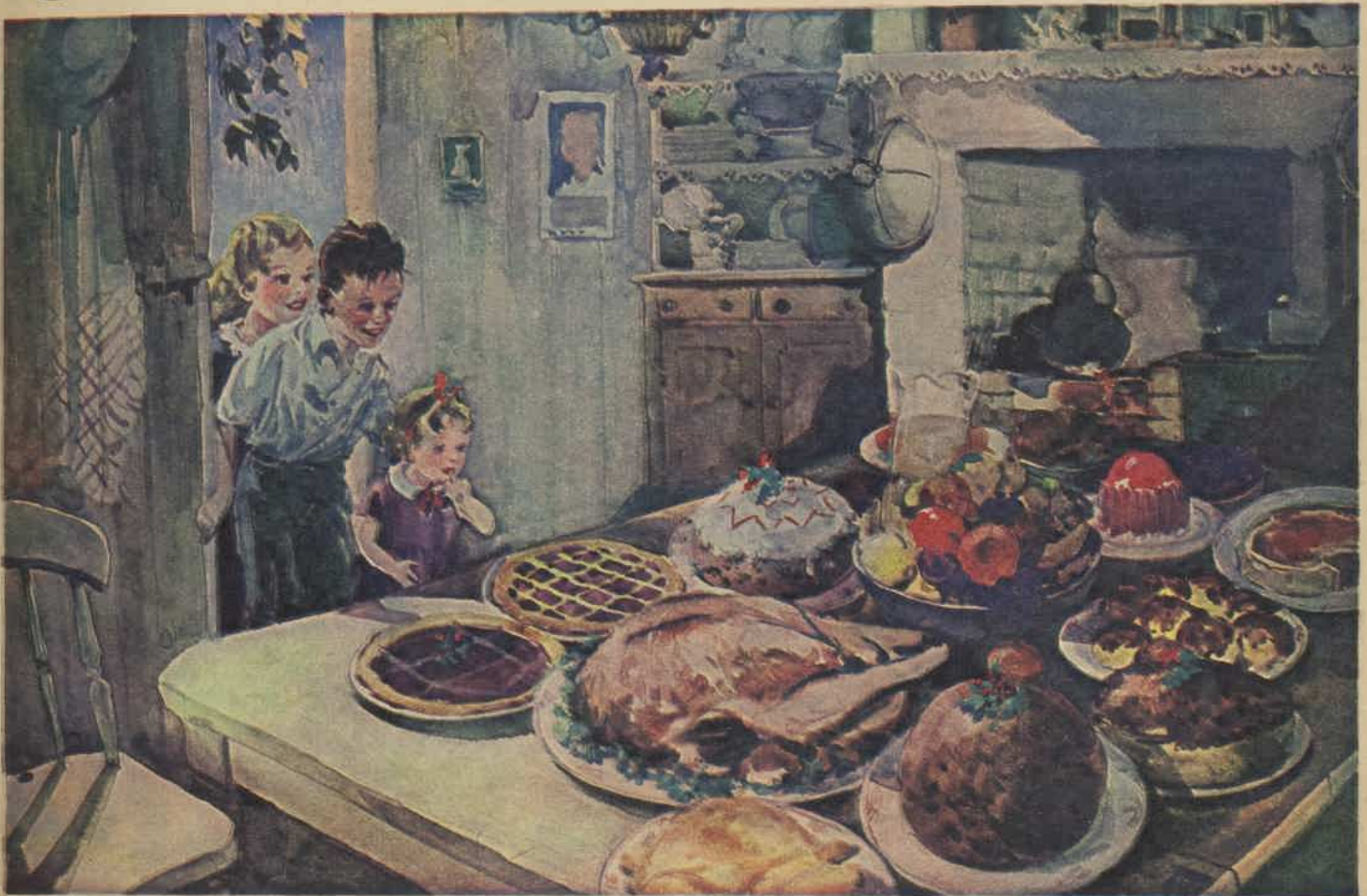
ATKINSONS
EAU DE COLOGNE
From 2/6 Bottle
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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

THE GOOD OLD Xmas DINNER



Despite Food-Faddists' Censure, Ancient Custom Still Retains Popularity—

A CUT from the roast turkey, with a generous slice of ham "on the side"; pile up the plate with vegetables, keeping a front seat for a crisp, roast potato or so. Tackle the lot, plus a second helping. Then sit back, await the time-honored Christmas pudding, and greet it with a cheer!

In it comes, bathed in the lambent flames of burning brandy sauce—that magnificent globe of raisins and plums which has been the tradition of Christmas feasts of Britons and their descendants for over a thousand years.

AFTER justice has been done to the glorious pudding (not to mention the fossicking for coins or gifts concealed in its interior), there are yet the nuts and wine to be negotiated.

Then one sits back, flushed and replete, or (as we said in our childhood) "full to the bursting point," with a sense of duty nobly done.

This is the good old-fashioned programme for a Christmas dinner, and, in spite of the fact that the festival falls in midsummer in this part of the world, a majority of Australians follow it.

All very bad for our internal economy, say the food-faddists; and

they produce their tables of food-values, their vitamins, minerals, and what not, to prove we would celebrate our Christmas meal far more healthfully if we were to munch a raw carrot with a leaf of lettuce, and wash the whole insipid fare down with a little boiled water.

Occasional Feast

THIS advice will make little impression on the average citizen. Mankind through the ages has learnt that an occasional feast does the human economy as much good as an occasional fast.

And orthodox medical science backs up this popular opinion, telling us that it is not the isolated "tuck-in" that plays havoc with the digestion, but steady over-eating, meal after meal, the year round.

Probably some of us will substitute a good old roast of beef for the turkey at Christmas. Those who do

so may be surprised to learn they are following the true tradition.

The turkey is an innovation, hardly four hundred years old. The first turkey came to England from Mexico in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

For a period of at least 500 years before that, roast beef was the Christmas dish. Saxon and Norman England was, like Australia, a cattle country.

At Christmas-time (midwinter) cattle were stalled and hand-fed; any

FROM CHILDHOOD we all visualise a Christmas dinner like this—a gorgeous feast, the like of which comes but once a year.

number could be spared for a feast, and the beef-suet available formed the basis of the traditional Christmas pudding and mince-pie.

The original mince-pie was made of mincemeat and suet, sweetened with preserved fruits, though many of us know only the plain fruit-pie variety to-day, just as we frequently alliterate the suet for the pudding with a breadcrumb mixture.

Your true chef sticks to the old tradition with the plum-pudding, and the "proof of the pudding" is that the plum-duff has outlived the

transmogrified mince-pie in popularity, for it is the indispensable sweet for Christmas.

So what if a dust-storm replaces the traditional snowfall, an ice-chest or refrigerator the Yule log, and the radio the Christmas "waits"?

The majority of Australians will follow the "roast" and plum-pudding recipe for the Christmas jollification, and some millions of English-speaking people the world over will follow their lead, despite the combined opposition of food-fadderies and climate.

AND TALKING OF CHRISTMAS —WHY We Give Presents

MOST of us can recall the earliest Christmas in our memory, and the ecstasy that thrilled us as we found our gift on waking, somewhere round about or upon the bed.

announced their expectations, and are feverishly counting the days to "The Day."

THE modern psychologist (who seems to snoop around destroying our popular beliefs and pleasures) tells us that we enjoy receiving gifts because we feel we are "getting something for nothing."

Worse still, he says we like presenting gifts because it gives us a superiority complex—like a savage at a tribal feast tossing a humble follower a bone.

To which the common-sense answer is "Booh!" At Christmas we both give and receive, everything evens up, we are both superior and inferior at

once, the psychologist is talking through the back of his neck—and had better hurry, or he'll miss the overseas Christmas mail.

The human truth of the matter is (to vary slightly the old maxim) that it is as pleasant to give as to receive.

THE wealthy individual gives in terms of motor-cars, diamonds, gold or platinum wrist-watches or trips to Europe.

The average citizen gives gloves, ties, handkerchiefs, books, perfume, a handbag, a fountain pen, some glassware piece—and so on, down to the modest gift of a sachet, or a box of cigarettes; and the youngsters' presents may range from an outboard motor-boat to the humblest toy.

For after all, it is the spirit in which the gift is made, and not its monetary value, which counts.

At Christmas we are all true altruists; in making presents we give pleasure to ourselves by giving to others.

So unselfish an activity is the rarest chance (the cynics tell us) among human relations. Perhaps this is why the good old custom has survived down the ages while other festive customs have faded. May it never die!

ARMOR Around ME

A CHARMING story, delightfully told, of a girl who cherished a childhood dream of romance—and of a flirt who proved constant after all.



CROSS the Tennis Club's floor Ishbel saw Denis Strong, and the hundreds of faces, the swaying forms of the dancers, became white blurs above wavering reeds—and only Denis Strong's face stood out, dark and clear

and well-remembered.

He had come back and she had seen him once more, just as she had known he was bound to return and that she would see him again.

Out of that dim, shifting mirage of faces he looked at Ishbel, his eyes captured hers, held hers, but she seemed to see in his look, not the recognition of remembrance, only the swift bowing to beauty that had ever been characteristic of him.

She tore her gaze from his. She forced herself to smile brightly at Jeremy Dean, who came to claim his dance. She was glad to see them all about her, her many friends, glad to have again the consolation that always there were men about her—a barricade of men built up during the years that Denis Strong had been away.

She had no need to be afraid of Denis. She had worked deliberately to be strong against him, to be far beyond his hurting. She felt his dark, reckless eyes upon her as she drifted away in Jeremy's arms, but she did not answer his look with one of challenge. She ignored him.

For Ishbel knew that her sister, Margot, still kept Denis Strong's photograph in her box among her

Complete Short Story by...

Louis Arthur Cunningham

Illustrated by SHREVE

treasures, that Rosemary, her other sister, still had a little packet of faded letters, tied with blue ribbon, faded, too, that Denis once had written her. She knew likewise that when her sisters looked at their own husbands—fine fellows though these were—they changed for both of them into the dark, smiling, and glamorous figure that was Denis Strong.

One could not forget Denis. He defied all forgetting, let him forget whom he would.

Ishbel had been not quite seventeen that summer when she had first met him. Ishbel had been all legs and arms and blue eyes like young fawns in color, and yellow hair like sunlight on wheat, and she had had a tremendous capacity for worship. It was worship—simply that—the humble, utter surrender of a very young priestess at the shrine of a very great god—that Ishbel Royce had given to Denis. To her, as to everyone, he had been charming and gentle; yet his eyes seemed to smile for her alone, his voice seemed to address only her.

And that night—the night before he went away—she had met him as he strode through the garden under the moon after saying good-bye to Margot and Rosemary. He had stopped suddenly on the white-paved path by the fountain at the end of the garden—had stopped and stared at Ishbel, all in white and moonlight and mist.

And "Are you real?" he had asked softly. "Are you—"



CARL SHREVE

He had stopped close to her, so tall, so big above her, and his gentle finger touched her chin and tilted her face up to his, and for a moment his eyes shone into hers.

"One dreams," he whispered, "of meeting such as you in gardens when the moon is bright, one hopes, but only to me has it been given to live such a moment."

And because he could say things like that quite easily and naturally, because it was very, very easy for Ishbel to believe, since she waited so much to believe she had lifted her arms and twined them about his neck and clung to him. Her eyes were closed, her golden lashes lay on her cheeks, and she was dead and gone to heaven—until she awoke, bitterly, to the firm grip of

his hands on her shoulders and felt him putting her away from him.

He had said only one word—"Child!"—and had walked away and forgotten her.

But Ishbel remembered; Ishbel would always remember. And Ishbel would never let him or any other man hurt her as she had been hurt that night. Nothing was worth such pain. She thought: "I can never feel as I felt in that moment. And he probably smiled as he walked away and whistled a tune and at once forgot."

AND now she saw him dancing with Rosemary. She saw in Rosemary's grey, dark-lashed eyes a brighter gleam, and a warmth unwonted in Rosemary's smile, in the way her hand lay upon

Now out of all these musings she was taken gently. Denis was by her side asking her to dance.

his shoulder. She thought of Rosemary keeping his letters all these years, wondered if Rosemary was recapturing some of those dreams that were rapture. And Margot was next in his arms—dark, silent Margot, who had taken his going away harder, Ishbel knew, than Rosemary. Margot felt hurt deep inside her; Rosemary used to cry sometimes.

But time had worked its magic, and first one of the Royce sisters had walked up the aisle and come down on a husband's arm; then soon the other. And there was left only Ishbel, who had neither wept nor given way to spells of moodiness, who had neither pictures nor

letters to remember him by, but only the knowledge of a kiss denied.

She had thought of Denis then, in love with Margot and Rosemary, if he really was in love, as the mariner who seeks to make his way between Scylla and Charybdis, who, escaping one, must needs come to grief upon the other. And she had once teased him about that, and advised him to plot a middle course between the dangerous rocks. "And you will be my star to steer by," he had said, laughing, and did not stop when Ishbel said gravely, "Yes, I will be your star to steer by."

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He had been marooned from the ship on the skyline.



Illustrated by FISCHER

THE Settler-ess

The world had treated her badly, so she retired, like Crusoe, to an uninhabited isle



THIS is a tale of some time ago, and the character, or heroine, if you like to clap the technical title on her, has been known to the newspapers and police as Jane Andrews, the Hon. Mrs. McClay, Lady J. Rythmott, and possibly as Mrs. E. J. Jane, though I am not sure about this last.

Long Complete Story by
C. J.
Cutcliffe Hyne

She had bad luck over courtship, marriage, speculation and other things. Put Johnston, the parson's son that she was engaged to first, got sent down from Cambridge for chucking his junior tutor under the chin after a bump supper, and thereafter disappeared, presumably to that address of so many missing men. The next man she promised to marry died from a hunting accident a week before the wedding. The knight she did marry—a widower—was a bad egg of the worst vintage, and the Oldham cotton concern she put her savings into was taken over by the debenture holders within a week of her purchase. There may have been bad management on Jane's part; probably was, because anyway in those days she had no experience in the ways of the world; but one can grant that her luck was thoroughly bad.

Very well, then. Jane felt she was thoroughly up against it, and as (so she felt) the world had done her in the eye, she made up her mind to gouge something worth while out of the world, and not worry about any sort, kind, or variety of squeamishness.

So there you have, in a few words, the mental attitude of Mrs. Jane Andrews, alias Mrs. McClay, alias Rythmott, at the time we first see her gathering whelks, winkles, and sea-crayfish amongst the low-lying rocks of St. Gregory's Island. "Sailing Directions," with its

entry about St. Gregory's (which, by the way, it perversely calls by another name) says: Good holding ground in anchorage behind the W. Cape. The Bay at the back is well-protected, except from E.-ly gales. Wood and water obtainable. Also vegetables and pork if the island is inhabited, but by last report it has been deserted.

It was the "deserted" that attracted Jane. She arrived there out of space in a cutter-rigged ex-ship's lifeboat, which by all the rules of the sea ought to have drowned her eight times over, and except that she was pretty well mad with thirst (and got a pain through over-drinking herself at the stream which runs into the bay) she landed very little the worse for her voyage.

THE old Portuguese, according to their habit of some 200 years ago, had built a fort to command the bay, and although some forgotten earthquake had laid flat all the main walls, the square keep, or whatever you call it, was so glued together by the splendid mortar of the period that, although it leaned like the tower of Pisa, it was otherwise as sound a dwelling as Windsor Castle.

It was Jane's first piece of carpentry to fell trees, dub them down with an axe into four-inch planks, and build a door for one small doorport, of which a Crusader or a Portuguese adventurer of the fifteen hundreds would have entirely approved.

Jane in her shady past had played hockey, polo, tennis; danced, shot, hunted with the Bramham Moor; and had once walked fifty miles in twenty-four hours and won half a dozen pairs of gloves as a bet. She weighed nine stone ten, stood five feet nine, and according to her own theory was built of reinforced rubber. Even during the dreadful epoch of Sir Carlton Rythmott she had always kept in good training.

Also she was a fine natural shot and (in view of St. Gregory's), having specialised with a 380 Hopkins-Allen revolver, could hit the falling half-crown thrown up at a ten-yard rise once out of eight. As my own average is none out of infinity so far, I decline to make comparisons.

She wore square-heeled shoes when

Could she give him work? he asked. She could. "Find the sugar-cane patch and ask for Nils," said Jane.

she landed on St. Gregory's, and a man's white drill trousers and coat, and as she cropped her black hair as close as clippers would do it, she would have passed as a male biped even in a critical crowd.

On St. Gregory's Island she dug in the ruined gardens, planted, weeded, and ran irrigation schemes. A coaster came in for wood and water, and she sold its captain cassava, yams, cabbage and guavas, and held him up at a very steady pistol point when he wanted to pay by cheque on the Bank of the Equator.

"Cash, my good Pedro," said Jane in her best Portuguese, "or I'll stick up your skull to grin at me from one of the spikes of my battlements, where it will also be a warning to other evil-doers. For another dollar I will throw in that bunch of green bananas which I know you want, and which will ripen by the time you are ready for it if you hang it in the rigging. No? Then band over six dollars seventy-five. Then you may give the Trades a chance to blow my beach sweet again. Pronto! D'ye hear me, Pedro?"

The first recruit to this trading station was a nigger. The Trade Wind was blowing up heavier than

usual, and he arrived through the surf a good deal the worse for wear. The fragments of his canoe beat themselves to pulp on the beach.

He was not an attractive nigger, and had not the least desire to work. Also, being a Sierra Leone krobboy, he had an exaggerated idea of the rights of man. But he was a powerful brute, and Jane felt that he had his uses.

So when during their first argument he tried to rush her, instead of shooting him dead she pinked him through the right shoulder and skinned his right hip, and men-

tioned exactly what would happen if she was called upon to waste another cartridge on him.

Whereupon the nigger became a tractable nigger from then onwards.

He had a gleam of reason in his ounce of brain beside the Sierra Leone political froth aforesaid.

He had already heard it mentioned in Freetown that there were men up and down the world who did not regard the black man as a superior sort of brother. Here, obviously, was one of them, though if he had discovered that Jane was a white mammy instead of (as he thought) a white man, I will admit there still might have been trouble.

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THE ISLANDER

Show me green isles
And stretches of blue,
Show me a tropical sky,
Palm groves to house me,
Secluded and safe,
Away from the how and the why.
Some haven of rest,
Where time doesn't threaten
And seasons pass leisurely by.
Give me of cloaks,
Of people and worry—
Let me be free or I die!
—Judith Spence.

Complete SHORT STORY

The F

Illustrated by
WEP



OW remember, M. a. d. a. m. e. Mr. Blumer, the impresario, said, "in the morning I leave this Bathurst by coach at 6 o'clock for Burrington, and you take the coach which leaves Cobb and Co.'s offices at 10 o'clock, also for Burrington,

where I will meet you. And you will sing there to-morrow night. Do you understand?"

"I understand." The beautiful blonde who sat at the table with him twirled her ringlets, with her eyes on the red liquid, and spoke scornfully. "Everything is lovely for Mr. Blumer. We travel and we sing, here, there, everywhere. I, Madame Gloria, from Paris, travel like a barnstormer. How much money have we made, M. Blumer?"

"This is where the money is," the man declared, "where the miners make so much they throw it away."

"I said, How much have we made?"

"We have made a great deal and spent a great deal. It is expensive living and travelling here. When we reach Burrington I shall present my account to you."

"Burrington? What a name! Has it no other?"

"Yes; it is also Lambing Flat." The prima donna threw her head back and laughed, a soft, throaty laugh.

"What savages!" she exclaimed. "And after Burr—" she labored the name—"rington, where do we go?"

"To Ophir and then Sofala."

"Ah! That's better. Those are lovely names. How did they happen, I wonder?"

"After King Solomon's mines—Sofala is the modern name of the Ophir of old."

"How clever you are." She tossed her wine off, and rose, showing her figure. She was small and slim. Her blue eyes danced as she bade him good-night.

"I'm looking forward to Sofala and Ophir—and the accounts," she said. "Au revoir."

As she was leaving the room, while he held the door open ceremoniously, she asked:

"The coach will call here for me?"

"Unfortunately, no. They have the mails on board and will not take on passengers anywhere but at their office. The first cross street down this one, Howick it is called. You will see the coaches waiting; they go to many places."

Suddenly her eyes blazed, and she stamped her foot:

"Why have I not a special coach? You take me round the country like a lost dog."

"The cost is too high—£25. You have the box-seat. It will be pleasant."

HE smiled, with eyes sparkling behind his thick glasses, bowed, and closed the door. Madame Gloria swept along the hotel corridor to her room, where the maid, who had been engaged when she came to Bathurst, awaited her timorously. She was awed by this amazing stranger.

But Gloria was gracious. "You have packed everything?" she asked.

"Yes; they go by the luggage-wagon early," the girl said.

"Good; call me early, about 8. I will carry my valise. Good-night!"

As the girl was leaving, she called her back.

"This Burrington," she asked, "is it a wild place; are the men rough?"

"Oh, yes," the girl said simply. "All mining towns are rough."

"Good. Then I will take my pistol—the revolver, you call it."

"Madame knows best," the girl said shyly, and added: "Women seldom go to mining camps; I mean, proper women."

"But there is money there, eh?"

"Oh, yes; the miners give it away if they like you!"

Laughing softly, Gloria put out the light and went to bed. In the morning she was out at 9 o'clock, strolling about the town, and before 10 she went to the offices of Cobb & Co.

and the coaches lined up there, waiting for the clock to chime the hour. Then, with a fanfare of bugles, they would dash away. Idly she read the names on their fronts—"Lewis Ponds and Orange"—"Ophir"—"Sofala, Hill End, and Mudgee."

"Mudgee! What an Australian name!" she said to herself; but she lingered near the Sofala coach.

The driver was a tall man with a wide-brimmed hat, black whiskers, and twinkling eyes.

"Excuse me, are you going to Sofala?"

A tall trooper helped Gloria down from the coach, and the singer smiled at him happily.

"Yes, mum!" he said. "May I have the seat beside you?"

"Yes, mum." Old Bill Maloney looked at this vision as if he was in a dream.

"Then I'll come. Take my valise and help me to get up. Oh, the fare!" She opened her reticule bag and took out some notes.

"Twenty-five shillings. If ye please—it's thirty mile."

"Thank you."

He was moving away with her valise when he glanced at the label and came back.

"Excuse me," he said. "But this bag's labelled Burrington."

"Yes, an evil name," she laughed. "But we're going to Sofala, aren't we?"

"Yes, my lady." Bill was coming more and more under her spell.

Anything she said would be right, he thought. Gloria was laughing to herself at her plan to evade Blumer and his discipline, and she sat on the coach-seat, high above the street, like a princess starting out on a tour of pleasure. A stout man climbed up, grunting, and sat beside her. He reminded her of Blumer, and he thus gave a sense of propriety to the adventure, for with a slight effort of imagination she could believe he was Blumer, her impresario, taking her to Sofala.

"WHERE'LL ye be puttin' up at, mum, at Sofala?" Bill asked when they had changed horses at Peel and were on their way again.

"I have no idea," she answered. "Well, bein' Christmas-time, the pubs—the good ones, an' there ain't but two of 'em—might be full."

"I'm sure you'll find me a room somewhere," she said sweetly.

"I can fix that," the stout man beside her said. He had chatted all the way, telling her everything she wanted to know, and Bill the driver had supplemented the information

where necessary. To her the drive was a delight, and she looked forward to Sofala.

About noon the coach swept down, with horses at a fast trot and bugle blowing, into the long street of the town, which stood among trees on the banks of the Turon River, with a high bluff across the river to make a background for the colorful picture made by the busy place. For it was filled with men and women, some in gay dresses and every verandah-pod and window was decorated for the Christmas season.

Hotels, stores, banks, Government offices, dance-halls and a theatre made it look important.

As the coach drew up in front of the post office the people crowded round to meet it and get their mails. The sight of a lovely young woman sitting with Bill Maloney made everyone pause, and a silence fell on them.

But Madame Gloria was too happy to be abashed.

"Is this Sofala?" she cried.

"Yes, this is Sofala," a dozen voices answered.

"And where are King Solomon's mines?"

That made them laugh, and they crowded round, bearded miners in colored shirts and cabbage-tree hats, women from the dance-halls and bare shopkeepers and clerks, gold warden men, for Sofala was a big place. A tall, mounted trooper with distinguished air strode over to help the singer down, and she smiled at him happily.

"I've come to sing to you," she told him. "Mr. Blumer is at Burrington waiting for me—what a name, Burrington."

A great laugh went up, and she went on: "But I'm here. I've run away, and I'm not going to sing opera—just the old songs. I know you'll like them. You'll take me to an hotel?"

"Certainly, Miss," the trooper said civilly. "We'll look after you."

All sorts of people came to the mining towns. He knew them all, every type. But this girl was different—as he was from the usual run of policeman.

"THERE'S a big hall here—they call it a theatre—where they smoke like the music-halls in London," he told her. "You can sing there."

"Very well. And will you send a telegram for me? Address it 'Blumer, Burrington.' Can you spell it? I can't."

"Yes, Miss," the trooper said, curious to learn more about her.

"Say to him," she went on, "Am at Sofala; it's much nicer here. I am singing to-night in a great hall filled with miners—Gloria. Wait; here is the money."

"As soon as we can get you to your hotel I'll send this," Trooper Daker said. "Will you come up please? You'll have a big audience. Make way, please, for a lady." He bent to her and asked: "What is your name—Gloria what?"

"Madame Gloria from Paris," she said, smiling.

"Make way for Madame Gloria from Paris," the trooper said. The miners cheered.

"She is the great Gloria, the opera star. But things in the city are dull. Here is where they bring her to sing."

By degrees it leaked out that the prima donna had played a trick on her impresario, who had gone elsewhere.

"But he'll soon come here. He'll drive all night to get here," the wise ones declared.

It was an event in Sofala. There had never been anyone like Gloria in Sofala. The hall was packed

FIGHTING *Prima* DONNA

by....

WILL LAWSON

A lovely singer spends Christmas with the Australian miners, meets some bushrangers and enjoys herself immensely.



an hour before she arrived there, escorted by Trooper Daker. An orchestra of twelve had been gathered, the ordinary one being supplemented. Every German who could play a fiddle had clamored to be in it.

"I will sing the simple songs," she told the crowd from the stage. "English, Irish, Scotch, German, Italian, all the songs that people like, to remind you of your homes far away at Christmas—and some Australian ones, too," she added naively. "What shall we have first?"

Instantly Bedlam broke out. She held up her hand, and when quiet came announced:

"It is called 'In the Gloaming.'"

After a round of applause, dead silence fell. When her wonderful voice, that had thrilled Royalty, rose in the sweet song, they sat like men petrified. The faults which an expert might have noted they did not hear, for her voice was falling through neglect and singing everywhere. It was all heaven to them. Song after song she sang, enjoying her singing as much as they did.

"Little Dolly Daydreams," "I May be Crazy, but I Love You," "The Last Rose of Summer," Tosti's "Good-bye," "Champagne Charlie," "Tambora Gold." She sang them all. And after each they stamped and shouted. Then a miner threw a bag of gold on the stage. It was the signal for a shower of sovereigns, gold dust in bags and notes. And one man ran to the footlights and handed up a cheque. "It's good anywhere," he said, and she read the figures £500 on its face.

GLORIA held up her hands in protest; tried to tell them not to waste their money. It was useless. They had gone mad, stirred by her personality, her voice, and the songs she sang. At last she stopped and begged a short rest, an interval, to recover her voice, which was tiring.

As she went behind the scenes, Trooper Daker approached her. "A telegram," he said. "And I've got to start out now after Ben Hall and his gang—the bushrangers. We've got word they've held up a farm down the river. You'll be all right, though."

"You will return soon?" she asked. Somehow the thought of this calm, purposeful man leaving her, though she had just met him, was like being set adrift alone.

"Yes; I'll be back. Read your wire and then I'll go."

She tore the envelope and read: "Are you mad? Am coming by special buggy, driving all night. Take care of the miners, they are wild men—Blumer."

She laughed and nodded to the trooper.

"It is all right. Blumer is coming. He will drive all night. I'll look for you."

"All right," he looked at her for a moment, then thrust a revolver into her hand. "In case anyone gets funny," he said.

"Thank you," she answered. "I carry one."

"Good. They'll be all right to you, though. Good-bye."

He went down the passage with spurs jingling, and she returned to the stage and the cheering audience. For another hour she sang. There

was no sign of anyone wearying, and she was starting to sing "The Watch on the Rhine" when she saw two men enter by each door in the front and two, at each of the side doors. Others saw them, too. Something ominous was in their appearance, and a shudder ran through the crowded house. Bravely, though she felt that there was danger near, she went on singing, the strangers listening with folded arms. But when the applause ended these men sprang into the aisles, revolvers in hand, and shouted: "Hand over your money! Hands up, everybody."

Gloria stared, mystified and amazed, and someone shouted: "It's Ben Hall!"

The famous bushranger had outwitted the police, drawn them off on a false alarm, and would now "clean up" the town.

But Gloria was not included in their attentions so far. They were holding the audience between their divided forces, compelling them, women as well as men, to give up what money they had with them. This was a golden chance, with half the population of the town packed into the hall.

"Who is Ben Hall?" Gloria stooped and asked one of the orchestra.

"The bushranger—a bad man. He kills people."

"A bushranger! How dare he come into my theatre like this?"

Then she saw that the bushrangers were making the people pass out of the hall one by one and were relieving them of their money as they went. Her rage was terrific, transfiguring her. She seemed to grow in stature as she pulled out her revolver and cried:

"Hold, you bush dogs! How dare you take my audience away?"

With the words she levelled her revolver at the man she took to be Hall, and fired twice. The bullets flew high, but they were the call to action for the crowd. Everywhere men began to fight with the robbers. Twice Ben Hall's gun spoke, wounding two men, but he could not quell the fire that Gloria's shots and her voice had lit. And she was down in the aisle herself, her temper, which brooked no opposition at any time, now flaring into berserk rage. Right up to Ben Hall she ran, shouting at him:

"Out of this, you animals. Do I come all the way from Paris to be insulted and my audience stolen by bush rats?"

LAUNCHING herself at the big bushranger, she slapped his face and scratched at his eyes. He cowered, and crouched, trying to ward her off.

"Out of this, boys!" he shouted to his men. "The vixen will get us nabbed yet. Out of it!"

Dodging and sparring at her, he backed to the door and darted through it, followed by his men, as they got clear of their attackers.

"Lock those doors!" Gloria cried.

"Lock every door!"

Gladly they obeyed, in spite of the hammering of men outside who had been sent out by Hall and wanted to come back. It might be Hall and his men again; they took no risks.

Then Gloria went back to the

stage, rallied the orchestra, and went on singing till from very weariness she had to cease. On to the stage the yelling crowd had thrown wealth for a hundred prima donnas. She thanked them and they cheered again and again, and threw more gold.

"One more for the fighting prima donna," they yelled, and cheered again.

"But you must go to bed," she implored them, in a lull. "I'm exhausted."

A man ran along the aisle with a magnum of champagne and a glass.

"Have this," he said. "It's all clear now, Miss, to go to the pub. The bushies have gone. They heard the police were coming back."

"I am glad."

She drank with gusto, in the spirit of the place.

"What about starting a pub here, Miss?" a big Australian cried.

"You'd make a fortune."

She waved her hand to him and seeing Bill Maloney, the coach-driver, beckoned him.

"Have you heard anything of the special buggy that's coming from Burringong?"

"No, Miss," he said. "It can't get here till daylight, though. Can I do anything for you?"

"Take care of this money and put it in the bank for me in the morning."

She was determined that Blumer should have none of it.

Her wonderful voice thrilled them; after each song they stamped and shouted.

"Right," said Bill. "Give it to me; I'll hide it under my overcoat."

It was a pair of over-driven, sweating, blowing horses that dashed into Sofala at dawn with a dusty buggy behind them. The town was still wide awake; everyone was too excited to go to bed. Trooper Daker was at the hotel door when the buggy pulled up and a stout man with glasses on his eyes got down.

"I want Madame Gloria," he demanded.

"She is in bed. Mustn't be disturbed," Daker said.

"I must see her."

"You can't."

"Who says so?"

"I do. I'm here to stop any man from going up there—you included."

"Do you know who I am?"

"I can guess. You're her manager who went to the wrong town."

"I—I go to the wrong town?"

"Yes. She got three thousand pounds here last night, so I'm told. The boys want to give her more. She's staying here for a week."

"Let me see her."

His threats ended as he heard a well-known voice and looked up at the old-fashioned balcony above them. There stood Gloria, in a wrapper, looking radiant in spite of her weariness.

"I heard a noise—a nasty noise," she said. "And it was you."

"Where have you been? Why did you come here?" he demanded.

"To get away from you, and I liked the name of the place. Mr. Blumer, you may go to any other place that has an ugly name. I'm staying here in the meantime, and I don't want you or your accounts."

"But—but—but—" Blumer stammered, utterly nonplussed by her attitude.

Daker took him by the shoulder. "Come on," he said. "Get out of this before the boys chase you out of the town."

Already the vision on the balcony was attracting the miners, and shouts of joy at seeing her arose. One word, and they would have killed Blumer.

"You'd better go," Gloria told Blumer. "This gentleman is looking after me."

She smiled a ravishing smile at Daker, who blushed. It softened a little towards the angry, disconcerted little man.

"Come and have a feed," he said, "and a drink. Then hop it. Hill End's only twenty miles further on. You can get to Mudgie and Sydney that way."

(Copyright)

ARMOR Around ME

Continued from Page 4

All so long ago. All forgotten now. Margot's photograph was turning yellow and the ink of Rosemary's letters was fading and soon would be only dim lines on ancient paper; but Ishbel's moment was one that did not dim or fade. For seventeen is such a lonely age, such a hideous age to find young hope destroyed, to be called "Child," when the heart is all but a woman's heart, and could be at his command.

Now, out of all these musings, she was taken gently. Denis was by her side asking her to dance.

But there he was, the music had begun again, and she was in his arms, and he was looking gravely down at her. She smiled faintly, looked at him with doubtful questioning eyes, as one looks at a person whom one should know but doesn't quite. So she made him feel as a stranger, till a look of puzzlement, of doubt, too, came into his eyes.

She had done as she had planned for years to do. She had put him at once in the place she had kept in mind for him. They met—she thought of the sad old song—"but met as strangers met"—while all the

while a voice of long ago whispered in her heart, of a garden and a moon and silver mist, and his lips close to hers.

"The penalty of advancing years," he said and beneath the lightness of his tone she sensed something hurt. "You don't remember me, Ishbel. And after all, why should youth remember, to whom the fleeting years—"

"Ah, I know." She lowered her gaze, then lifted her lids and looked squarely into his eyes. "You're Methuselah. I didn't place you until you began to talk about years."

"Unkind."

He shook his head and she noted a tinge of silver at the temples, faint in the blackness of his hair. Something jerked at her heart then. Life was short. She had always felt its shortness, its preciousness, the beauty that there is all too little time to enjoy. Five years from that life—

She was smiling over his

shoulder, which she could barely do—smiling at a boy she knew well.

"Are you still the little, classical scholar, in pigtails and pinafores?" She felt him look gravely at her behind his quick, gay smile.

"Sir!" She opened her eyes very wide. "I never wore either; and as regards the classics—"

"Don't tell me you have forgotten—Scylla and Charybdis and—"

"Oh, now I do remember!" Ishbel smiled brightly and thought what an excellent impromptu liar she was.

The one thing that might have got her, that might have caused a quaver to come into her voice or a mist to cloud her eyes—a single allusion to their meeting in the garden—that, of course, he did not mention. Forgotten, all that, unknown, uncared for, the shame of

a young girl who finds herself abruptly put aside and callously dismissed.

"You were at one and the same time," she said. "Margot's big moment and Rosemary's, and you reminded me of a navigator trying to get through the straits, and I predicted that if you escaped Margot (Scylla), you'd be caught by Rosemary (Charybdis). I was a cheeky young thing; it's a wonder you didn't rebuke or even chastise me, Denis Strong!"

"Ah, so you really know my name! I bet you've only just thought of it!"

"Well, you don't think I've been murmuring it in the form of a litany for—how long is it since you went away?"

He looked at her steadily, searchingly, almost accusingly. She lowered her gaze. She hummed a few bars of the music. She thought, "I can't stand this much longer. I thought it'd be fun to punish him, but—but it kind of hurts me, too."

"It's five years or fifty, Ishbel."

Blarney!

Away with you!

The devil take you

And all your sweetest

Dreams forsake you

You who told me

Wicked lies

Without a quibble

In your eyes.

Away with you

Of Satan born,

With mischief of

A leprechaun.

Oh! evil day

I first began

To hearken to

A blarney-man.

—Yvonne Webb.

said Denis softly. "Or centuries. And it has done so much, that long ago."

"To whom? To—to me? To you?"

"Wait! One at a time, if you please. Well, it has given you time to grow your wings."

"You still talk as you used to, Denis. It hasn't changed your methods at all—as I remember them."

"I wonder." He looked at her whimsically, and shook his head.

He seemed about to say something very earnest, very serious, for he frowned and she felt the clasp of his arm tighten for an instant. Then the music stopped again and her next partner approached. John Penniston was nearly as young as Ishbel, and fair and very handsome in a sunburned, breezy way. He said:

"Hi, Ishbel, I've been looking for you everywhere!" And he took Ishbel from Denis as from some elderly, gouty gentleman who had been treading on her toes.

SHE saw Denis' broad back and wide shoulders as he made his way through the crowd. He did not immediately dance with anyone, and Ishbel was glad. But he stayed away from her for the rest of the evening; perhaps because there wasn't much chance of getting near her.

Ishbel always had a crowd round her, a regular bodyguard, and it had never been more in evidence than to-night. It was as if they all knew those gay youngsters who couldn't possibly understand that to-night she needed their strength, that Denis Strong was back and that she must show Denis that she was as far beyond him now as he had been out of her reach that long-ago night when he had so casually left her and gone his way.

She saw him several times, watching from the fringe of the crowd. She saw, or thought she saw, in his eyes, a questioning, wondering look, as if he found in her someone whom he could not understand, someone who was a little too much for him. And she danced more gaily and flirted more outrageously. Contemptuously she put down the brief surge of pity that came to her when she saw him standing there alone. What was his loneliness to her? Somehow, he wasn't the assured, swaggering, all-conquering Denis that he had been. The girls who had smiled for him and sighed for him were mostly married, or engaged or gone away, the great majority of the crowd were younger people who knew him only vaguely and were too taken up with their own gay interests to find time to cultivate him.

Before the dance was over, Ishbel found herself whisked away with a dozen or so others, who piled into a couple of cars and drove out to park under the glittering stars, to smoke and dance once more to the tiny music of a gramophone on a lawn by the river.

Ishbel didn't dance. She sat beside John Penniston in the front seat of his car. They smoked quietly and watched the starlight on the mirror surface of the river. The trees were vague, black and formless against the sky. John Penniston's hand covered hers gently and he turned to her and said, "I love you, Ishbel. I know I could never love anyone else so much."

She did not speak. It seemed too much to bear—to-night. So many thoughts filled her mind, crowded into her being, this night. And John had often told her he loved her, as had many others.

Please turn to Page 10



FULL OF THE HOLIDAY
SPIRIT

Tingling with anticipated joys . . . fleeing with light heart in search of fun that lies ahead . . . swift as a modern car can carry you . . . to beaches where the briny calls . . . to hills and shady gum scented dales . . . let nothing mar the pleasures that you'll seek and find. Use the popular holiday spirit—it's vital surging Power adds a zest to every motoring holiday, and it takes you miles further per gallon.

Petrol must be RED to be Right. The red in Super Plume Ethyl is your reliable guarantee that you are getting the most powerful spirit you can buy.

SUPER
PLUME
ETHYL

GALISMAN RING

BEGIN now this delightful story of love and adventure in an old world setting.

EUSTACIE, beautiful young French girl, in order to escape a marriage of convenience into which she is being forced by a promise made to a dead kinsman, decides to escape to London, whither her cousin Ludovic has fled some time before, when forced to leave the country after a duel.

She takes a pistol with her and is held up by smugglers. The leader, handsome, young and a gentleman, questions her. She tells him she is going to London. He asks her why she is alone and armed, and who gave her the pistol. Now read on—

"NOBODY gave it to me!"

"Do you mean you stole it?"

"Of course I did not steal it! I have just borrowed it because I thought it would be a good thing to take a pistol with me. Actually, it belongs to my cousin Ludovic, but I feel very certain that he would not mind lending it to me, because he is of all my family the most romantic."

The Free-trader came back to her side in two quick strides.

"Who the devil are you?" he demanded.

"I do not see what concern it is—"

He put his hands on her shoulders and shook her.

"Never mind that! Who are you?"

"I am Eustacie de Vauban," she answered with dignity.

"Eustacie de Vauban— Oh, yes, I have it! But how do you come to be in England?"

"Well, my grandpapa thought they would send me to the guillotine if I stayed in France, so he fetched me away. But if I had known that he would make me marry my cousin Tristram, who is not amusing, I should have preferred infinitely to have gone to the guillotine."

"I don't blame you," he said. "Is he at the Court? If you're running away from him I'll do what I can to help you!"

"Do you know him, then?" asked Eustacie, surprised.

"Do I know him! I'm your romantic cousin Ludovic!"

She gave a small shriek, which had the effect of making him clap his hand over her mouth again.

"Friend seize you, don't make that noise! Do you want to bring the Excisemen down on me?"

She pulled his hand down and stood clasping it between both her own.

"No, no, I promise I will be entirely quiet! I am so enchanted to meet you! I thought I never should, because Tristram said you could not set foot in England any more."

"I dare say he did," replied Ludovic. "But here I am for all that. You've only to breathe the one word and I shall have Bow Street Runners as well as Excisemen on my trail."

She said fiercely: "I shall not breathe any word at all, and I think you are quite insulting to say that!"

He put his other hand over hers.

"Did they tell you why I can't set foot in England?"

"Yes, but I do not care. Did you kill that person whose name I have forgotten?"

"No, I did not."

"Good! Then we must at once discover who did it," said Eustacie briskly. "I see now that this is a much better adventure than I thought."

"Do you believe me, then?" he asked.

"But certainly I believe you!"

He laughed and, pulling her to him, kissed her cheek.

"Well, save for Basil, you're the only person who does."

"Yes," said Eustacie. "But me, I do not like Basil."

He was about to answer her when Ned Bundy loomed up through the darkness and twitched his sleeve.

"Abel," he said laconically.

Eustacie heard the crunch of a pony's hoofs on the snow, coming through the thicket, and the next moment saw the pony, with a short, thick-set man sitting astride the pack-saddle. Ludovic took her hand and led her up to the new-comer.

"Well?" he said.

"There's a dunnamany Excisemen out. We'll have to make back to Cowfold—if we can," said Mr. Bundy, dismounting. He became aware of Eustacie and favored her with a long, dispassionate look.

"Where did that dential wench come from?" he inquired.

"She's my cousin. Can't we win through to Hand Cross?"

Mr. Bundy accepted Eustacie's identity without comment and apparently without interest.

"We're not likely to win to Cowfold," he replied. "They're on to us."

At this gloomy pronouncement his brother Ned, pulling him a little apart, broke into urgent, low-voiced speech. Ludovic strode over to join in the discussion, and returned in a few minutes to Eustacie's side, saying briskly:

"Well, I'm sorry for it, but I can't let you go to London to-night. You'll have to come with us."

"Oh, I would much rather come with you," Eustacie assured him.

"Where are we going?"

"South," he replied briefly. "Those dashed Excise officers must have got wind of this convoy. There may be some rough work done before the night's out, I warn you. Come along!"

He seized her by the wrist again and strode off with her to where her horse had been tethered, and with-

out ceremony tossed her up into the saddle.

My Favorite Poem

She Walks in Beauty

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes.

—Lord Byron.

(Sent in by Edna C. Ambrose, Penrith.)

As they rode along Ludovic said:

"Tell me more about this marriage of yours. Why must you marry Tristram if you don't want to? Is it Sylvester's doing?"

"Yes, he made for me a marriage de convenience, but he is dead now, and I am going to arrange my own affairs."

"What is Sylvester dead?" exclaimed Ludovic.

"Yes, since three days. So now it is you who are Lord Lavenham."

"Much good will that do me!" said Ludovic. "Where's Basil?"

"He is at the Dover House, of course, and Tristram is at the Court."

"I must try to see Basil. Something will have to be done about the succession. I can't wear Sylvester's shoes."

"Well, I do not want him to wear them, and I think it would be better if you did not see him," said Eustacie.

"Oh, there's no harm in the

Beau!" He broke off suddenly as the convoy halted, and grasped Rufus' bridle above the bit, pulling him to a standstill.

"Quiet now!" He sat still, intently listening. Eustacie, straining her ears, caught faintly the sound of horses' hoofs in the distance.

"Stay where you are!" ordered Ludovic, and went forward to the head of the trail.

He came back to her side after a short colloquy with the Bundys and said in his quick, authoritative way:

"We shall have to try to lead these damned Excisemen off the trail! I don't know what the devil to do with you, so you'd better come with me. After all, you wanted an adventure, and I can't let you jaunt about the countryside alone at this hour of night."

That a solitary journey to London might conceivably be attended by fewer dangers than a night spent hand-in-glove with a party of smugglers apparently did not occur to him. He dismounted from his pony, adding: "Besides, I want your horse."

"Am I to ride the pony, then?"

asked Eustacie, willing but dubious.

"No, I'm going to take you up before me," he replied. "I can look after you better that way. Moreover, the pony couldn't keep up." He gave the animal into the elder Bundy's care as he spoke, and said: "Good luck to you, Abel! Don't trouble your head on my account!"

"You'd best be careful," said Mr. Bundy gloomily. "You never had no sense, and never will have."

Ludovic had got up behind Eustacie by this time, and settled her in the crook of his arm.

"It beats me how you can ride with a saddle like this," he remarked, wheeling Rufus about. "And what in thunder is this thing?"

"It is a bandbox of course."

"Well, it's devilishly in the way," said Ludovic. "Do you mind if I cut it loose?"

"No, certainly I do not mind. I, too, am quite tired of it," replied Eustacie blithely. "Besides, I have already lost the other one."

The bandbox was soon got rid of.

Third Instalment
of our Thrilling
New Serial

by

GEORGETTE
HEYER

Eustacie watched it bounce to the ground, and remarked with a giggle that if Tristram found it he would be sure to think she had been murdered.

Ludovic had urged Rufus to a canter. He seemed to Eustacie to be heading straight in the direction of the pursuing Excisemen. She pointed this out to him, and he replied:

"Of course I am. I told you I was going to lead them off the trail. If I get them to chase me, Abel will have time to reach a hiding-place he knows of. We'll lead them into the forest."

"And when we have done that what shall we do?"

Please Turn to Page 28.

"Three-Three's always please"



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SMALL BOY: Gosh, look, Bill, she's got an umbrella, sunshade, and circus tent all in one.

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



VISITOR: They say an elephant never forgets a face.
KEEPER: Well, of course, there are faces and faces.



MILLCENT: What did she marry Bob for?
MERYL: His cash.
MILL: Then what is she divorcing him for?
MERYL: She got it.



FIRST SHIPWRECKED SAILOR: We've got visitors.
SECOND DITTO: Yes, and it looks as if they're staying for dinner.

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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"WHAT kind of onions are growing there?"
"Spanish."
"I thought so, they're nearly all shooting."

DINER: Waiter, there is a fly in my soup.
Waiter: Well, what do you want me to do, throw it a lifebelt?

"IF there's anything I hate to see it's a person light three cigarettes with the same match."
"Not superstitious, are you?"
"No, but I manufacture matches."

BOSS (suspiciously): Isn't it rather odd that your grandmother is being buried on Carnival Day?
Office Boy: No, sir; she wasn't going to it in any case.

CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE: But are you sure this cheese is good?
Suburban Shopkeeper: Good, Madam! Why it's unapproachable!

BOBBY: I've broken Daddy's saucer.
Tommy: Gee! What'll he say when he finds he's got to drink out of his cup!

"LUMME! she's a one, she is."
The stout lady chuckled and beamed over the edge of her glass.
"Told me one of her yarns, she did," she continued, "and made me laugh till I'd one of me 'art attacks. They was hours bringin' me round, dearie. But there! there's no tonic like a good laugh, I always says."

Polished Rhymes by "NUGGET"



**BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP, DO YOU MIND THE WET?
NO SIR, NO SIR, WE DON'T FRET,
WE RUB OURSELVES FROM TOP TO TOE,
WITH 'NUGGET' EVERY DAY,
AND WHEN IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS
WE GO AHEAD AND PLAY!**

Make YOUR shoes shine black as jet, or brown as a berry, or white as a lily, with "Nugget." "Nugget" them every day and see the difference. "Nugget" comes in all the colours—Black, Dark Tan Stain, several shades of Brown, and White.

NUGGET
Shoe Polish

An Editorial

DECEMBER 19, 1936.

SCHOOL HOLIDAYS



WITH the approach of Christmas, schools are breaking up, and some hundreds of thousands of children, freed of school discipline, will become a whole-day charge upon the care and responsibility of their parents or relations.

Many parents, fond as they are of their children, often become exasperated with the youngsters' continuous restiveness and high spirits, and towards the end of the vacation breathe a silent prayer, "Thank Heavens, the holidays will soon be over!"

Others express the opinion that children get too many school holidays these days and would be better without them.

They are, of course, speaking from the adult standpoint, forgetting that they themselves were children once, and that children look on schooling much as an adult views a difficult enterprise or vocation—one that calls for close concentration, rewarded with rest and relaxation afterwards.

Children, of course, do not voice this sentiment in so many words, but they subconsciously feel it. This is because the process of education is inextricably mingled with the physical process of maturing, or "growing up."

Adults, in fact, are apt to forget that the child in its schooldays is carrying on two parallel jobs—growth of body and growth of mind.

They have to pack both achievements into the small span of life ranging roughly from six years to sixteen. With the increased tempo of modern civilisation, educational standards have risen, and the strain on the growing child constantly increases from generation to generation.

Added to school attendance is also the strain of home-work, which imposes its heaviest burden at a time when the growing child is most in need of relaxation and mental rest.

So, however impish and mischievous we adults find children when the bonds of school discipline are released, we should not begrudge them their little intervals when life for a season becomes "all play."

They are enjoying a well-earned vacation from an overtime job, actually the most strenuous ever undertaken in life—the double task of growth of the body plus education of the mind.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

Flying Holidays

HAVE you ever thought of this aspect of Jean Batten's flight to New Zealand, and the fast trips being made to Australia by air?

To the young people growing up to-day it will mean that they will spend their week-ends in New Zealand, if they so desire, or their annual holidays in England without seeing anything extraordinary in the matter at all.

As flying times improve and the stability of aircraft increases, such ideas are not idle dreams but the everyday affairs of a few years hence.

A New York newspaper reporter flew round the world in 18 days, using only regular means of air transport, so world tours of a month's duration are well within the range of probability in the not-far-distant future.

Baby Race

LADY ASTOR, M.P., on a visit to Canada, expressed herself as disgusted with the Toronto baby race in which a fortune goes to the mother having the most children in ten years.

"It's horrible," she said. "We need quality in children, not quantity. One can find quantity in China, but I should not have thought to find it in Canada."

There does appear to be something in what Lady Astor says, but it isn't the whole story. The public enthusiasm regarding the baby race shows that people are very interested in family life. The "Quins" at two years are still popular, not because they are freaks, but because they are lovable and delightful children.

The public has watched the baby race as news, and also because some poor mother wins an unexpected fortune.

Women Want Peace

IT is generally agreed that in wars of the future non-combatants will suffer as much as, and perhaps more than, the soldiers on active service.

Women are beginning to realise this. At a recent conference of the International Council of Women in Yugoslavia, at which there were delegates representing 42 nations, and 40,000,000 women, the president, Lady Aberdeen, said: "We women have firmly decided that war shall not be England is against war. The young also will not have war. Finally, the mothers of the world are all opposed to war."

On that statement the only belligerent people left are the old men. But then they have not to do the fighting.

Lyric of Life

Reward

Laugh at the bondage of things you hate;
Pretend to us all that you chose your fate
With open eyes.
Keep on dissembling and don't let us see
That only your heart is your own, and free.
We, too, pretend
And honor your courage until the end,
Believing your lies.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Six Days Shalt Thou Clamor

AS this generation grows older and wiser it begins to realise that the old folks weren't such back numbers after all.

Noise, the modern curse and nerve destroyer, has reached such a crescendo that a two hours' silence on Sunday is being advocated in London.

Grandfather is due for a quiet chuckle at the spectacle of the children dashing home for a restful moment to the very place they have always characterised as too dull for words.

Extravagance?

IN the courts recently a woman whose husband was on the basic wage was rebuked by a judge because she wanted to spend



SALLY SALMINEN, 30-year-old Swedish girl, climbed from the kitchen sink to literary heights overnight. While working as kitchenmaid at New Jersey, she wrote her novel, "Katrina," and sent it to Helsingfors, Finland, where it was awarded the first prize of 50,000 marks in a fiction contest. Now Miss Salminen has quit the pots and pans, and intends to devote all her time to literature.

—Air Mail photo.

£200 out of a £400 legacy on furnishing a home.

There will be plenty of women to disagree with the judge. A windfall may come but once in a lifetime, if ever, and the desire to have possessions for which the soul has craved might prove irresistible.

After all, most women are home-lovers, and £200 might be well spent in feeding a house-proud soul and satisfying a love for beauty.

Euthanasia

APPARENTLY England is not prepared for a bill to legalise the merciful death of incurables. The Euthanasia Bill, rejected by the House of Lords by over a 2 to 1 majority, had both doctors and the Church as opponents.

Lord Horder and Lord Dawson of Penn voted against it; also the Archbishop of Canterbury, no doubt expressing the Church viewpoint on the matter.

With such authorities against it, a Euthanasia Bill on the statute books is still nothing but a remote possibility.

Unusual Styles In Christmas Cards

Christmas greeting cards are only ninety-two years old.

The first was painted by W. A. Dobson, who subsequently became Queen Victoria's favorite artist.

HE sent it to a friend, and thereby set a fashion that has lasted nearly a hundred years, and is still going strong.

The first Christmas card for sale was printed in 1846, but the boom began in the 'eighties, when Millais designed one.

Tennyson was asked to write verses for cards, but ill-health prevented him from accepting a commission which amounted to a thousand guineas for eight four-line verses.

The number of Christmas cards now printed cannot be computed, but hundreds of artists, poets, printers, paper manufacturers and stationers, say nothing of the postal authorities, make money out of them every year.

Breath of the Bush

FASHIONS change. Where once the Christmas card was sure to bear some snow and holly, it now has whatever the sender fancies.

Some of the most attractive cards on sale here at present are simply plain white folders with the word "Greetings" flung across the centre. When opened, they disclose an etching of some favorite scene, or a reproduction of a favorite picture.

A few simple cards bear tiny lucky charms in the form of a silver kookaburra or kangaroo, and others have a tiny replica of a koala fashioned with a scrap of fur and a lot of ingenuity.

There is nothing to prevent us from designing our own cards.

One woman collects numerous gumnuts and attaches a gumnut or a few leaves to the corner of her simple card.

By some means or other she manages to retain the gum perfume, and she always sees that a few Australians abroad get a breath of the bush when they open their Christmas mail.

Vice-Regal Cards

ANOTHER enterprising girl grows a few rosemary plants specially for Christmas. Her card is a folder of pale mauve note-paper with a sprig of rosemary tucked through a couple of slits. Apart from other greeting her cards always bear "Rosemary, That's for Remembrance," which is, after all, the spirit of Christmas. Sometimes she rings the changes with lavender.

The Governor of Victoria and Lady Huntingfield have chosen a plain white card with a simple etching of Government House, so that their English friends can see their Australian home.

A photo of Tully Falls, Queensland, is the choice of the Governor of Queensland, Sir Leslie Wilson, and Lady Wilson.

Sir Winston and Lady Dugan, of South Australia, have a simple white card with a tiny crown on the outside and inside a reproduction of some portion of Government House or grounds.

Miss Gladys Moncrieff, who has been playing in Adelaide during the Christmas weeks, will send her friends all over Australia "Just simple little cards with best wishes. I always have them printed for me," she said.

Recipes in Verse

RAYMOND LAMBERT, the young pianist, who accompanied Elisabeth Rethberg and Eslo Pina during their Australian tour, has posted charming pictures of his wife and one-year-old son, John Raymond, to the singers in America to wish them Christmas cheer.

Several bright young things include recipes for Christmas cocktails in their cards.

One woman, who is an excellent cook, has printed in verse inside her card. She is careful to send a different recipe every year, and has lots of fun making it into verse.

Another girl makes her greetings into a cryptic little poem which must be carefully combed to be understood.

Her friends always treat the poem with respect nowadays, as one year it included invitations for a party as well. Only three people managed to decipher the message, and some furious ringing up had to be done before the party could happen.

A well-known commercial artist has great fun making her own cards. She just gets out her clear white linen cards, carefully splashes some ink onto them, and turns the blot into what it most resembles.

The results are often astounding, and her cards are always eagerly looked forward to.



A MERRY XXXMAS To EVERYBODY!

But How Can You Have A
Merry Time With Only
One "X" in Xmas?

By L. W. Lower

Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED
By Wep

That dirty, bearded, old (keep it clean) bloke is back again. I mean Daddy Christmas, or is it Xmas (he seems to spell his name either way), the well-known annual bane.

For this bearded (I wish you could understand that no harm is meant) fellow, countless fathers suffer. Saving their six-pences to put in the pudding. Buying size six stockings when she always did take fours, and how the devil you came to forget it is a complete mystery.

THANK goodness I'll be in the country while the wife is doing her Christmas shopping. She can find another pack-horse this year.

For the past eight years since she married me, every fat woman in Australia has bumped me, small children wiped their boots on me, and elderly gentlemen tried to

poke my eyes out with walking-sticks.

They used to carry umbrellas once, but most of the present generation are not afraid of rain. They have never seen it in their time, although their fathers have talked of it in the long evenings by the fireside.

And then there's the children. Always wanting bicycles. Then they

run into motor cars on Boxing Day and you've got to hang about the casualty ward until the races are over.

Oh, you can't tell me! Don't think I've finished yet. There's that horrible lethargic period after the Christmas dinner when you put the paper over your eyes, fold your hands over your vest, and snore slowly with your feet up on a chair until tea-time. Then you get the remains of the turkey and ham dished up the same as before, only colder.

The wearing of paper caps, too, is a barbarous custom. And what's more, there is the influx of relatives. I hate to mention this, but what about the (I asked you before to keep it clean) children?

Don't they drive you mad? The rows we've had at home about the brats! "Get rid of that" (don't you dare talk to that poor child like that).

To My Enemies . . . !

ANOTHER thing. What the blazes (I wish you wouldn't do it) is the use of hiding the Christmas presents a couple of days before when everybody in the house knows the plan?

I have an idea that it would be far better if Mrs. Lower found a pen-rifle or a catapult in her stocking on Christmas morning and the young son found a pair of stockings and immediately suspected his father, which he would.

This sentence is getting a bit mixed up. What I mean to say is that it would be much better if one could track down the girl you're giving the gift to and say, "Here's a pair of stockings with the compliments of the donor. Now where's my box of handkerchiefs?"

Furthermore, I intend to send all my enemies a lot of conversation lollies and bon-bons.

It is my ambition to see all the people I don't like dressed up in paper caps, pulling bon-bons, reluctantly trying to crack nuts, drinking claret cup and trying to be friendly with their wives.

Everybody Happy

I DON'T wish to be nasty about this so-called festive season, but where do you get off after I've done the rent on the dogs? Really, I need somebody much cleverer than Daddy Christmas to keep me festive.

I'm giving Mrs. Lower a bag of wheat for her Christmas present this year—quite unique, isn't it, and within the reach of the purse of the working journalist.

Something useful I say is always the best kind of present.

She'll pass it on to the fowls for their Christmas present, and it will come back to the Lower family in the form of eggs.

These go back into the Christmas pudding, made personally by Mrs. Lower, most of which will go to the fowls, and all the Lower entourage will thus have a happy Christmas.



To the countless thousands to whom he has neglected to send greetings or presents, L. W. Lower extends good wishes and asks them to accept the above illustration as a gesture of goodwill and all that sort of thing.

How does she keep that Perfect Figure

HER figure is shown off to perfection in her new surf costume—not an ounce of surplus fat anywhere, thanks to her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, ensure internal health, and melt away all surplus fat.

Don't forget, the swim suit is the supreme test of your appearance: so make sure of having that perfect figure, and looking your best on the beach this Summer by commencing now with a couple of Bile Beans nightly.



"I work in a large shop and hardly a day passes without someone telling me what a lovely figure I have and how nicely my dresses fit. At one time I weighed 19st. 8lb., but Bile Beans have reduced me by 20lb. I feel more like a girl of 18 than 26."
—Miss E.L.M.

"Three months ago I began putting on weight until I was much heavier than I had ever been before. Bile Beans have removed all this surplus fat. They keep me in splendid health and make me feel years younger."
—Mrs. E.M.H.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU SLIM WITHOUT DIETING



"Henry I'll help you DO IT"

STRANGELY enough, it is sometimes the wife who hinders the husband in his efforts to assure himself adequately for her protection. She wants to spend the money on something else; she has an immediate, or fancied, need, and the difficulties of the future seem a long way off. Such a wife is always the sufferer in the end.

The wise wife will urge her husband to assure himself adequately so that ALL THE FAMILY may be protected against the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

"Henry! I'll help you do it," she will say, when he suggests a further A.M.P. policy to lift the mortgage off the house, or provide the money for a trip to Europe when they are 50, or to build up a dowry for each of the daughters. "I'll save half the premiums out of my housekeeping allowance, just to show you that I understand and appreciate what you are doing for me."

It is in that spirit that men and women acquire financial comfort and peace of mind.

Phone, write, or call on the nearest A.M.P. office, requesting that an experienced adviser be sent to discuss this matter of ADEQUATE ASSURANCE. Probably you haven't nearly enough. Do it to-day.

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Only a Jantzen can stand this true Fashion Test

Probably you've always chosen your swim suits because you liked the cut, or the color, or some new gadget that intrigued you. They probably looked well on you, too—that first day in the fitting room. But weren't they often a disappointment later in the season—losing their shape, stretching or shrinking, looking "old before their time"? Now you can test your swim suit before you buy it! Test its smartness by testing the permanence of its fabric and fit!

Here's what to do:



Before you buy your swim suit, prove the superior smartness and fashion of Jantzen by giving it this test. Take the Jantzen fabric firmly in your hands and stretch it—as far as it will go. Then let it snap back. Notice that vibrancy? That amazing elasticity, possible only with Jantzen-Stretch.

Is what gives a Jantzen its sleek, firm, figure-controlling shape—and it's what guarantees to keep that shape, right throughout the life of the suit. Now hold the fabric up to the light. No thick spots—no flimsy patches to weaken that elasticity! And that elasticity is permanent—give your Jantzen the same test in mid-season and see! It will be just as firm, just as vibrant, just as smart as the first day it was worn. You get more style in a Jantzen because Jantzen smartness lasts!

You'll be thrilled with the season's new designs—new fabrics—new colors. See them right away!

The sleek Jantzen illustrated is made of fancy fabric with regular fabric trunks underneath, to avoid bulk. The straps form a neck-cord, tying in front. (Style 41.)

The SETTLER-ESS

Continued from Page 5

LEAN, hairy pigs of the razor-back variety roamed the island, and the gentleman pigs at intervals fought, killed, and ate one another. Occasionally Jane got a chop from one of these. With the nigger whipped to heel, Jane had her garden refuse wheeled to one of the old Portuguese stone enclosures, which had been in its day a slave barracoon, and the pigs adopted the habit of the free lunch.

Jane was mannish in rig and other habits, if you like; but she never could rise to those heights of indifference which make the butchers. However, with the nigger's help, they had pork once a week and set up a salt-pan, and were able to sell bacon to calling ships, which was usually relished but sometimes a comparatively sound article. Still, to a Portuguese coaster who had probably been living for weeks on high bacalhao, when he had been lucky enough to get it, Jane's bacon, even at the ridiculous price of fivepence a pound, was food for the good things they had turned out of Lisbon before presidents were thought of.

Imperfectly dried fish does have that effect on the mariner's appetite, and makes him waste good money on luxuries.

An unclimbable dyke of intrusive volcanic stone thirty feet high cut the island into two parts. There were three navigable gaps in this, and Jane made the nigger wall up two of them; so that there was only one left for egress and regress to the bare peninsula whereon stood her fortress and dwelling-house. The nigger, being a Sierra Leone krobboy with too small a brain to know what was really good for him, had shown one or two signs of niggerishness that were not entirely wholesome. So, when the volcanic wall was mended, Jane pointed out that only during the daylight hours was the peninsula wholesome for niggers, and that she could shoot by dark quite handily.

She gave exhibitions of same, and scalded the nigger's legs with splashes of lead off stones beside the track one evening when he thought that free niggers had as much right to walk where they liked as white gentlemen.

Again, what would have happened if the nigger had discovered she was a mammy and not gentleman, I do not know. However, that does not matter, as the question did not arise.

Joao and Domingo were the two next additions to the colony. They came off in a boat from a becalmed fishing schooner to loot what they could find, and—well, were detained. During a convenient rain-squall their boat blew away to sea and got swamped. The schooner picked up the boat, found it empty, and did not go through the formality of making further inquiries, and though within two days Joao got saucy and met with a fatal shooting mishap, Domingo knuckled under and did as he was told.

THE nigger's small brain, too, absorbed the point of the incident, and though he had been getting a trifle out of hand during the previous weeks, he promptly reformed and became a better nigger than before, till once more memory failed and he had to be chidden for selecting the downward path.

Jane's expenses were small. She grew all necessary food, including coffee for drink, together with goats and sugar cane for its trimming. She distilled a liquor out of palm toddy, sugar, and guavas which I thought one of the nastiest tipples I had ever tasted, but which she liked, so nothing further need be said about it. She grew and cured a reasonable tobacco, and acquired the dago knack of rolling cigarettes out of maize husks.

She had to indent on the slop-chests of calling ships for white trousers, coats, shirts and shoes; for pipeclay, mosquito bars and Enos; and occasionally for 380 cartridges for the Hopkins-Allen, as the climate of St. Gregory's is not good for powder and misfires play the dickens with prestige. The gossip of the local seas she absorbed as it came. News from Europe and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland she said bored her stiff, and changed conversations which drifted that way to the more native topic of pig prices.

"Now, captain, can't I tempt you?"

A nice lean ham, sugar-cured by myself, not a sour bit even near the bone, and weighing, I should say, nearer twenty pounds than seventeen, well-hung and fit to eat pronto or sooner, though you'll have to soak it well first. My tip is boil, and then bake and baste with beer. That gives you the fine brown crisp fat you get in the Ritz and Adelphi and the other best hotels. It would cost you two bob a pound at home, but I'll take one and a penny and let the present weight rip, as it's been maturing so long, and call it a quid. I'm a dead loser, but I want to keep your custom."

So things went on, and one day—or rather one evening—by the light of an island-made rushlight, Jane inspected her banking-account, which she kept under a tilting floor-stone which the old Portuguese had used before her. (It took her over two years' search to find the secret of that safe-deposit, and she was respectfully thrilled with the idea of dropping on the usual hidden treasure. What the hole really contained, besides a fusty smell, was a dozen pairs of punctuated woolen stockings and seventeen and a half sets of slave irons.)

"Phew!" said Jane. "Averaging up the various coinages as well as I can, it works out at £3161/12/2. Phew! I'm quite a little heiress. Good thing I'm wearing trousers, or I should be run after."

And when the next coaster worked up to the anchorage for wood, water, pork and vegetables, Jane's cheeks, jaws, and upper lip showed that she had not shaved for at least two days. Common wood charcoal, properly applied to parts of the face of a black-haired woman, has a very gentlemanly effect.

WHEN Pat Johnston blew into St. Gregory's, Jane had a staff of four working for her, to wit, two blond but hairy Souwegians who answered to the names of Nils and Ole, Domingo and the nigger. The Souwegians, by reason of many years' hard labor in ships' forecabin, thought the island, with its pleasant climate, and its bountiful food supplies, was lotus land, and found gardening merely an amusement. Domingo did as he was told, having noted the wages of mutiny, as earned by the late Joao, was death. And the nigger, being the nigger, had to be basted between whiles—Nils did that now—but on the whole remained a good nigger.

Please turn to Page 36



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Usually at $1\frac{1}{3}$ and $1\frac{1}{6}$ each

Thrilling climax to this big Christmas hankie sale! Beautiful sheer linens with desired details like hand rolled hems, hand embroideries and applique corners. Spots of spoke-stitching here and there. Be at Farmer's early and take your pick—they're all at one amazing Christmas price of only

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● Hankies on the air cooled ground floor, Pitt St. Building. ● If ordering by mail quote the letter next to the hankie preferred!

BOOK NOW FOR FARMER'S HOGMANAY DINNER DANCE, 6.15 to 8.15 p.m., THURSDAY, DEC. 31st. ——— TABLE D'HOTE, 4/6



9/6 Us. 11/11
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Girls' Sale

Nowadays little girls are keen enough on dress to love new frocks for presents. Any one of these attractive "printeds" would be a big success for Christmas. All reduced!

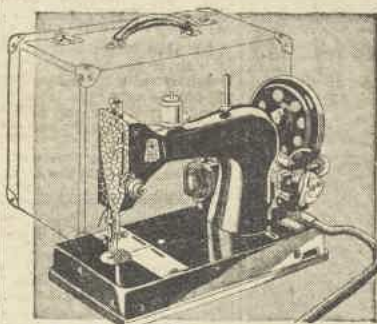
- Us. 11/6. Washable cambric, in blue, pink, or green. Lengths 39, 42, 45 ins. **9/6**
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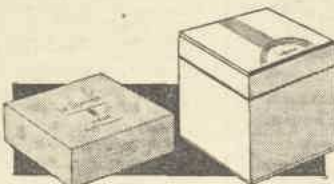


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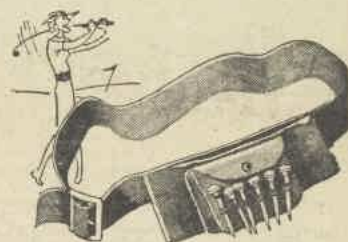
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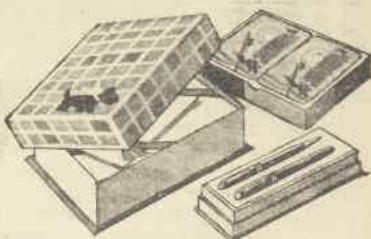


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with place for tees, score-card and pencil! A perfect gift!

This is the thrilling new idea you'll see any day you chance to be at Kensington or the Lakes. Unbelievably practical belts with space to carry everything a lady golfer needs. Super suede leather, in blue, brown, light or dark green, black or navy, at **2/11**

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IMPORTED STATIONERY. Various good quality types of notepaper. 24 sheets in a box, at only **4/6**

GOODALL'S PLAYING CARDS, attractive picture backs and gilt edges. Double packs, assorted designs. **4/11**

"PARKETTE" PEN SET, by the renowned Parker Co. Beautiful pen and pencil in green or scarlet. **16/-**

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FAULDING'S ALL CHEMISTS & DEPT. STORES

BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

Why Not a Home Tote with the "Bookie" Calling Like the Gas Man?

By BETTY GEE

I didn't go racing last Saturday because of sickness—purse sickness. So I thought I'd cut "exes" by staying away and having a few bets at home. But never again.

Saturdays are meant for being out on the race-courses, mingling and jostling with the multitude, and getting a tip here and a tip there. It's the atmosphere. At home you're like a lonely traveller in the wilderness, with no one to consult, nobody to say to, "I told you so" if your horses win, and nobody to blame when they lose.

If it hadn't been for the Daily Telegraph Turf Guide giving me three winners I'd have had nobody to talk to.

In the first place they ought to bar broadcasters tipping over the air.

It cost me 7/9 in telephone calls. One of these air-bags would say he'd had "the oil" that such and such was a good thing, and you'd ring up your bookmaker and get on, and then later he'd have a shaded, mumbling conversation with somebody, and would then gush forth the information that another horse was a good thing for the same race.

Later he'd proffer something else, and when you'd rung up three times and backed three horses, something else had beat them all. You'd just get back on the wirelets again in time to hear the broadcaster claiming that "he thought that one would win," the plausible rascal!

Many Disadvantages

AND then there's that trouble, too, about the bookie. I rang up feverishly with a Telegraph Guide tip, but he said "I'm sorry, but I'm already overloaded with that. Can't take another shilling." And me wanting to put £1 on it.

Of course it won. They always do when you get caught like that.

£500 a Year For Sitting Still

By Air Mail from Mary St. Claire, Our Special Correspondent in London.

FRED ARCHER, of South Harrow, is paid at the rate of £500 a year for sitting still. Tired of his occupation as a motor mechanic, he decided to become a "living model" in the shop windows.

Archer now claims that he can sit still without even the twitch of an eyelash for thirty-five minutes.

It was not easy at first trying to keep a straight face when watched by curious crowds, many of whom made witty remarks, but practice made him perfect.

Another time when I rang up, knowing that perhaps I was a little late with £1 for what the broadcaster said was an "XX Par Excellence Special," the bookie politely said, "My word you're a good picker to-day. That's just won by four lengths."

Sarcasically, like that. He thought I knew it had won, and now I think the broadcaster knew before he gave it out.

So that was two winners I'd been kept away from. Woe is me!

What I say is that at-home betting isn't half catered for. It isn't fool-proof or accident-proof.

Paris has its pari-mutuels off the course, and London has depots where you can make bets. But even those are behind the times. Why not a betting booth in every home?

Have the tote, too, on the race-course, but that's only a branch business. The head office is in Sydney, but everybody who wants a line can have one, like a phone. Put a gadget at your end like a cash-register with keys on, and a till beneath.



IT'S ALL very well to remain at home to "beat the books," but there's too much "certainty" about it.

But all days are alike during the Christmas holidays. You wouldn't know if the town clock fell on you what with all that food and festivities generally.

But I've got a tip for Birthday Boy for the Nursery, before I forget it. It came from somebody who knows a girl who goes out with one of the lads in Jack Jamieson's stable, and he ought to know. Their Lynch Law's winning everything about the place, and is a good thing for Boxing Day—if you're there.

And Ransom's one you can remember for Saturday. "Boiled up" for the Novice. I told you about Distinguished for the Villiers, and it's still going to do it, because a friend of Norman Elliott, who owns it, has whispered it to the young lady who serves me in Farmer's.

Now For Randwick!

WELL, now that we've got the Tote-in-every-home movement started, let's get down to tin-tacks.

Let's revert to Royal Randwick on Saturday for the Villiers and the A.J.C. races again there on Boxing Day, with the Summer Cup. Then comes Tattersall's Club on December 28, a Monday, for the Carrington Stakes, and New Year's Day, a Friday, for its Summer Cup. What funny days!



It isn't frying that makes a pan look "worse-for-wear"...

... IT'S HARSH CLEANING !

Some frying-pans are better kept out of sight—but it isn't the cooking that's to blame—it's harsh cleaning! Every time you scour your frying-pan with a harsh, gritty cleanser, you leave unhygienic scratches that hold dirt and germs. But with Vim-cleaning the surface stays smooth and shiny, because Vim grains are soap-coated and polish as they clean. If you take a pride in your home, give your kitchen-ware smooth Vim-cleaning!

A LEVER PRODUCT



VIM REMOVES THE DIRT .. BUT SAVES THE SURFACE !

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A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

WE HAVE now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

The Oculist may be consulted at our rooms at 378 Pitt Street

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J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist, 378 PITT STREET
(Opp. Anthony Hardens)
SYDNEY, and at Newcastle.

FASHIONS & PICTURES



Christmas Eve!

IT is long past the usual bedtime, but this is an occasion, and two little heads ponder deeply on the problem of the expected presents from Santa Claus. Happy childhood dreams! It is symbolical of the tender imaginations of children in homes all over the world.

Romance of the American Civil War

"Gone With the Wind" is the American best seller of the moment, over 400,000 copies having been sold within three months. It is not hard to see the cause.

MISS MARGARET MITCHELL has written an historical romance with the American Civil War as a background, which literally teems with character and color.

There is historical fidelity and a fine sense of imagination to be found throughout the book, and the lives of the characters unwind against the glamorous south with its shuffling

darkies and its soft Georgian sunsets.

In this tempo the author has written with the emphasis on romance. It is a very long book, but it is not overwritten, being particularly free from padding.

Scarlett O'Hara, the heroine, spirited and self-centred, is a fine study. Rhett, the rugged dare-devil, whom she eventually loves, is drawn with fine insight, and the dreamer,

LIBRARY LIST

"Old Heart Goes on a Journey" (Hans Fallada)

"Cities of Refuge" (Sir Philip Gibbs)

"The Brothers Ashkenazi" (I. Singer)

"South to Samarkand" (Ethel Mannin)

"Gone With the Wind" (Margaret Mitchell)

Ashley is treated with sympathy and understanding.

It's a story of broad lines and swift action and the strong flavor of romance which pervades it will appeal greatly to women readers. (Macmillan, 10/6.)

NEWBOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

ELFIN CHARM of New Hans Fallada STORY

Rosemarie and the Professor

Those who acclaimed "Little Man, What Now?" which was published as a novel supplement in The Australian Women's Weekly, as a great book, will find Hans Fallada in a delightfully different vein in "Old Heart Goes on a Journey."

WHILE "Little Man, What Now?" was terse, forthright, and vigorously human, this new book has an elusive quality which is not easily reduced to terms of cold print.

The first impression gathered is surprise that Hans Fallada had written such a book—a feeling which is quickly followed by gratification that he did.

There is the same Fallada skill in the clear and vigorous writing, but some strange new touch has entered his fingers.

There is a fairy tale atmosphere about it—a curtain of unreality, soft and tenuous, which separates the characters from the outside world where nations war, dictators strut, and people go hungry to bed.

Not even the reverberations of these things are heard by a retired schoolmaster immersed in his writings. But one day a letter comes to his study telling him a half-forgotten godchild of his, Rosemarie, is in need of his aid. The comfortable Berlin study is forgotten, and the professor makes for the wilds of Mecklenburg. It appears that the youngster is in danger of losing her farm to money-grubbing relatives. The professor

steps in and the battle of wits goes on to a happy conclusion.

There is commonplace enough, but character drawing of the country folk is a sheer delight. The magic of Fallada's pen is evident in every line. The whole book has a homely touch, and a bewitching feeling of fantasy which shows the author to possess an admirable sense of proportion.



HANS FALLADA has written a delightful story of delightful people in "Old Heart Goes on a Journey."

portion in writing of children, it's not a children's story—it's everybody's story—that is everybody who believes in the high heart, and the road to adventure. (Putnam, 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"SOUTH TO SAMARKAND." Ethel Mannin. This is the lengthy record of a trip Ethel Mannin and a companion, Donna Nachsen, made through Russia and along the golden road to Samarkand. The book is simply a travel book, and when political comment does obtrude it is merely by the way, and without very much point.

Apparently Miss Mannin feared her book would be thought just another book on Russia. This she decided to avoid at all costs, and signs of this avoidance are to be found in every chapter. It's a rather boring book in consequence, with a lot of vain repetition about long waits at out-of-the-way railway stations. And there is more tea-drinking in the book than in any of the longer-winded plays by Anton Chekhov.

However, nobody says "By St. Nicholasvitch," which is a blessing. (Jarrolds, 12/6.)

"LUCID INTERVALS." Walter Murdoch. Prof. Murdoch, of West Australia, is probably the best exponent of the essay in story form to-day. He has humor and humanity. These two things do not always go together, and he has a delicate word-sense which makes for musical prose. "Lucid Intervals" comprises essays which have been published in newspapers and magazines throughout Australia. It's a tribute to his writing to be able to truthfully say that they have lost none of their pristine freshness. (Angus and Robertson, 4/6.)

"CITIES OF REFUGE." Sir Philip Gibbs. Sir Philip Gibbs has never forgotten the war. In many ways this is a good thing for his novels with the war as a background have been the best of their kind. But the theme is wearing a little threadbare now. So, too, is the treatment.

The vivid reality of his earlier novels has gone. Characters seem ineffective and unconvincing. A little shabby and subdued like the figures on a well-worn tapestry. This story of the refugees of General Wrangle's White Army is competently told, but somehow the true depth of their suffering and bewilderment seems to escape the author, and the reader as well. It's not a profound story, but it's competently written, if a little overlong. (Hutchinson, 8/6.)

"THE AUSTRALIAN AUTHORS AND ARTISTS' HANDBOOK" (1937). A reference book for literary and artistic workers edited by W. E. Rieufer (of "The Bulletin"), and Richard Geraint, has been greatly improved and enlarged since its last issue in 1935, and many new features have been added.

It is the only book of its kind in Australia, and journalists, free-lance writers, and contributors will find it a handy guide to the placing of their work. It also serves the larger purpose of a general directory for the literary craftsman. Published by Richard Geraint, Box 2455MM, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 3/-.

At Xmas Time-

B.G.E.

as usual
to the fore!

Whether you decide this Xmas to give something worth pounds . . . or just a few shillings . . . the sort of practical useful gift that you will really like to give will be found in the large range of B.G.E. Electrical Domestic Helps . . . available from all good stores and electrical dealers.

Make sure that you inspect B.G.E. Electrical Gifts before you decide on your Xmas purchases this year. They will find ready acceptance, and years hence will prompt a happy reminder of the thoughtful gesture of the giver.

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GOLD

By

J. JEFFERSON
FARJEON

The gipsy girl, whom he saw for the first time on that night of tragedy, called to him across the world.



I VE knocked about the world, and I've heard most of its sounds. I've heard thunder in the tropics, and ice crack in the Arctic. I've been in the whirlpool of war. I've heard a burglar break into a house, the rusty noise a hungry eagle can make, cries from a sinking ship, and more than one earthquake.

But—it's odd! The sound that affects me most is rain on a palm roof. It takes me back to an evening in South America, bringing a sensation I could never describe.

It was rain on a roof that gave me my first knowledge that night that I was not, as I was beginning to fear, alone in the world with a storm. I had been riding almost blindly on Lou, my dripping horse, over a desolate land of drowning darkness.

But the surly sound of the rain on the palm roof brought an end to my loneliness—or, rather, to my sense of it. I knew that I was reaching a spot where humans dwell. And a few moments later I just saved myself from riding full-belt into the sodden side of a barn.

Well, a barn was better than nothing, but a house would be better than the barn. I looked around for the house to which the barn belonged. It seemed at first that there was none. No light glimmered anywhere. Then a flash of lightning, followed in a second by a deafening crash, revealed to me vividly what I was looking for. The house developed for an instant twenty yards away and was then blacked out again.

I TURNED my horse's head and squelched across the twenty yards. The house was low and in darkness. I wondered why there was no light. Then the obvious reason occurred to me. It was after midnight. I had lost count of time as well as of bearings. I leaped from my saddle and knocked on the dead door. Nothing happened.

I knocked again. I knocked three times. Each knock was louder than the last, but each was equally ineffective. At last I jumped from my horse and began battering.

Then a face appeared at the lower window.

I had only a momentary glimpse of the face, for it dissolved the instant I turned towards it. It was white and frilled with a beard.

"Hey!" I shouted. "Let me in! I'm drenched!"

Three minutes later the door—in another three it would have been smashed—opened. I found myself facing two men with revolvers.

One was the man I had glimpsed at the window. He was an old man, but his whiteness did not seem to be the whiteness of age. The other was younger. A grim, squat fellow of about forty, it one could judge. Behind them, peering at me with troubled brown eyes, was a girl. A beauty, South American, with all the vivid Spanish beauty of her type.

She was dark and gipsy-like, and when I saw her she was smoking a cigarette. But there was something about her that spoke to me immediately through the silence that followed the opening of the door—something I've never been able to

Complete Short Story

shake quite clear of. It softened me and my voice was quiet when I broke the silence.

"Thank you," I said, trying not to be ironical. "May I come in? I'm not a robber. Just drowned."

"Of course, shoot me, by all means if you want to," I continued, since they still stared, "but spare my horse. She's been a good girl, and she deserves a feed if I don't."

"I'm sorry, but you can't come in," the young man then answered shortly. The old man shook his head in agreement. But the girl pushed by them.

"I'll take your horse," she said. "Please enter."

I preferred her company, however, to that of the two men, and I decided to accompany her to the barn.

"I'm afraid there's some trouble," I said.

"No," she answered, her tone thoroughly unconvincing. "It's nothing."

"Well, a magnificent imitation," I commented. "Anyway, whether there's trouble or not, I'll try not to add to it." She gave me a quick, grateful look.

THE horse was housed and given a feed. Then we returned to the house.

The front door was shut again, but not bolted. As her hand reached for the handle I closed my hand over hers for a moment, arresting her movement.

"Do you want me to go?" I asked. "I will, this instant, if you say so."

"Thank you—but I want you to stay. I mean, of course, you must," she answered.

"That settles it," I replied, and removed my hand from hers. She threw open the door.

I wondered what sort of a reception I was going to get this time from the two men. It was possibly as strange a reception as a weary traveller has ever received. There was still no light. Only while the door was open could I dimly see the room, and the two men standing like armed spectres in the farthest corner of it, and an old cupboard they were standing by. I was conscious, also, of something else in the room that I could not

see. Its presence, though not its nature, shouted voicelessly, and for some reason I cannot explain my eyes rested on the old cupboard.

"Shut the door!" The order came in a hoarse whisper. The girl obeyed the order, and then walked back to her chair.

I decided on my policy. The dark air needed clearing.

"I seem to have visited you at an awkward time," I said. "It may help you to know that I'm wet, but not curious. I can always lend a

Of course, I knew then that there was and that it was in the old cupboard.

"Well, now you've been told the position, my daughter will show you up to your room," said the younger man. "Take him up, Carlita. The back one. And come back at once, don't forget."

Evidently I was to have a bed, but no food.

I felt a touch on my arm. It was Carlita. Guided by the sound of her rather than the sight of her.

Carlita was sitting alone—a beautiful gipsy with a far-away look in her eyes.

"Oh, I see. I shall be in the other room."

"What about your father and grandfather?" A voice rose from below. "Carlita!" it called. "Come down."

But I caught her arm before she could go.

"I ought to sleep in the parlor," I said.

"Oh, no. They wouldn't think of it!" she gasped.

"You mean they're going to sleep there themselves?" I asked.

I let her arm go. Then suddenly found her lips close to my ear.

"No, I don't mean that!" she whispered. "They haven't been to sleep for a week! Please don't ask any more questions—and, please, please don't leave this room!"

Then she left me, closing the door after her.

A queer position! Elusive, nothing to get hold of. While I waited for her return with the towel I tried to figure it out. There was something in that old cupboard, obviously. It must be pretty interesting if it had to be guarded with revolvers, and in darkness!

"I wish she hadn't asked me not to leave the room," I fretted. "It's the one thing I want to do! And when is she going to bring me that towel?"

Glamorous Gipsy

hand if it's wanted, or refrain from asking questions if it's not."

"Questions? What's all this about questions?" the old man cackled with startling shrillness. "Do you think we're hiding anything?"

His voice ceased abruptly. I gathered from a little squeak that he had received a quiet poke in the ribs from the girl.

"My father's not very well." The young man said sullenly. "Nervous, see? Thinka everybody's a robber and won't have any light. Getting old."

"That's right—old and foolish," mumbled the old man. "Because there's nothing here to steal!"

I followed her out of the room, up a small staircase and into another room on the upper floor.

"I'm sorry about the light," she said. "The bed's on the left. I'll bring you a towel . . . Are you hungry?"

"Neither hungry nor thirsty," I lied. "And it doesn't matter a bit about the light. But wait a moment," I added, as I heard her going away. "How many bedrooms are there here?"

"Two."

"Who am I turning out?"

"No one."

"That doesn't sound mathematical."

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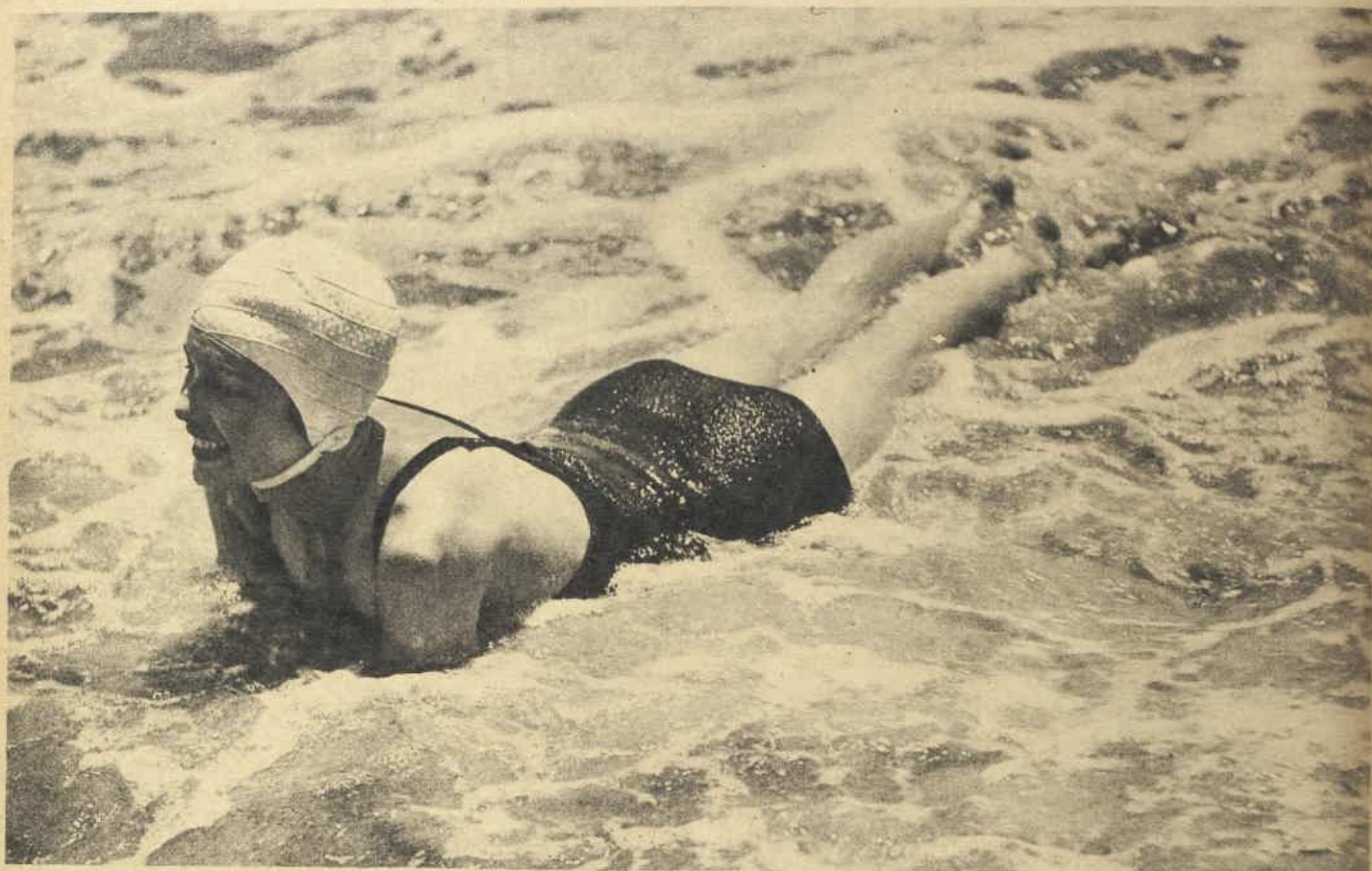
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Please turn to Page 26



MAKING FRIENDS *with the* WAVES



THERE'S A JOYFUL BOISTEROUSNESS about the big waves, but when they break and ripple and eddy along the shallows of the beach, the foam-flecked, sun-spangled water acquires new beauty. Making friends like this with the waves is then a sheer delight.



LIKE MERMAIDS who have come from the sea to play happily along the quiet beach. Dancing hither and thither the gay sprites make a gay silhouette of youth and beauty.

When Quintuplet Eyes Are Smiling—



(DORABLE YVONNE DIONNE smiles—the sweet, sunny smile that mirrors a child's perfect happiness. She's the largest, strongest, and most precocious of the famous Canadian "Quins," the world's wonder babies.

—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

The Fashion Parade *sketched by Petrov*

FILMY FROCKS

Planned for Present Wear on Lines that will be Modish for Months

IF you have made up your mind to have a midsummer evening gown you will want it to be suggestive of the new season's styles, so that you can wear it into autumn without feeling it is "dated."

The tunic and full-skirted silhouettes still appear in the new collections; to these is added the princess style—the waistline brought high under the chest, and no belt, and the skirt that is straight in front but very full in the back.

Tunic and peplum frocks are most popular. Made of taffeta, stiffened lace, and organza, the tunic, whether hip, finger-tip, or knee length, flares out at the hem. Short peplum tunics jut out over the hips, the basque being flared from the waist. Tunics of heavier fabrics, such as satin, crepe, and floral crepe, are

tighter and longer. They can be split in the centre-front or have a pleated godet inserted at the centre-back. Skirts under these are straight and narrow—they can be finely pleated, and they can match the dress in color or be dark.

Skirts under the flared tunics can still be straight, or they can be tight over the hips and around the knees, and then flare out at the hem as seen in the pink lace dress on this page.

Full-skirted, bouffant frocks will carry you right through to the winter—chiffons and lace and printed sheers, tulle and nets, the latter embroidered with sequins and beads. Low décolletés, super-wide hems, belts, and flowers are features of these dresses.

Belts can be wide and stiff of colored velvet or beads and



• **PALE BLUE** crepe ensemble, the dress showing the princess line. Trimming of bead embroidery—wide bands of dark blue, pale blue and green beads.

• **FULL-SKIRTED** chiffon dress and loose jacket—a very summery ensemble. Emerald chiffon with white dots and a narrow royal-blue velvet belt.

• **AT LEFT:** Pink crepe lace tunic frock. The lace is stiff and has a shiny and dull pattern. The tunic is flared, as is the skirt at the hem. Very narrow shoulder straps.

with sequins thickly embroidered. Contrasting sashes of velvet, taffeta, or satin tie in big bows at the side-front. Two or three different-colored bands of velvet ribbon tie in little bows, centre-front. When elaborate belts are not worn, flowers are. Huge bouquets resting on your bosom or tucked in to the waist, every known species of flower, life-size and larger—tulips, peonies, daisies, hyacinths, delphiniums, violets. With print dresses flowers are often made out of the print.

Colors for these frocks are all the pastels—especially mauve and the cyclamen shades, pale grey, violet and

black, and, of course, a lot of white.

The princess silhouette can only be worn successfully by a slender figure. The very short bodice is low-necked, with narrow straps, and is softly draped over the bust. The skirt comes up high above the waist, either in a point or straight; the dress fits smoothly through the waist and hips. Skirts are not full; the front is plain and might be slightly flared at the hem. The back might be plain or have fullness obtained by a flared godet, shirring, or gathering right in the middle.

Heavy fabrics are best for these simple frocks, such as satins, crepes, or lame. Their only trimming is jewellery.



• **BLACK ORGANZA** tunic frock. The skirt is pleated, as are the bands at the neck and sleeves of the tunic. Black taffeta pipings edge the tunic.

• **PRINTED SHEER** with a full skirt shirred in a panel centre-front. Loose drapes around the armholes. Flowers matching the print at the waistline.

P E T R O V .

Airminded Hats

Tall Crowns and Flyaway Brims



• **THE TALL** toque above is modelled from novelty grosgrain ribbon in a variety of shades. It is pulled well down over the right eye, and its depth at the back renders elastic unnecessary. A large black quill adds to its height. The veil is of stiffened net.

• **AT THE** right of the page is pictured a very piquant model from a leading Viennese house. It is made of black pique and is of the new halo type which is so much more sophisticated than any of its predecessors. Its sole trimming is a rabbit's-ear bow of pique.

Highlights of New Evening Fashions Abroad

THE following are fashion points from the new autumn evening collections abroad:—

Lavish use of gold lame for tunics, for bodices and little jackets worn with dark skirts, for sashes, for bands round the hems and down the sides of skirts; for long aprons that tie over black skirts showing gold in the front and black at the back. Lame is often combined with a dull fabric such as black crepe, bottle-green rosiné, violet crepe. There are plain sculptured frocks all of glistening gold.

Beads and Sequins

BEADS and sequins are used as trimmings or to make a pattern on the fabric. Part of the pattern in a face frock may be outlined with beads.

Beaded or sequined flowers are worked here and there on plain crepe and chiffon. Beaded yokes and bodices adorn frocks. Little tailored sequin jackets go over plain frocks.

Beaded bands trim the hem of a skirt, the cuffs, and round the edges of jackets. Beaded shoulder straps are used in varied colors, and the whole dress may be sparsely embroidered with beads or sequins.

Colored bands—usually of velvet—edge hems, necklines, and outline the waist. Often they run down the sides of straight skirts or around the hems of tunics. These vary

from an inch to several inches wide and are seen singly or two or three in different colors.

Two and three different colors are used in one dress. For example, a black dress is slashed to the waist at the side front and a set-in godet is made of stripes of emerald, coral, and royal-blue crepe. A wide twist of emerald and mulberry cre ribbon runs down the centre back of a violet dress—the green ribbon forming one shoulder strap, mulberry the other. Skirts are split up the front to show tight, colored slips beneath.

Color is everywhere. There is a lot of black, but black broken by colors—a cyclamen sash, gold lame bands, emerald-green shoulder straps, yellow flowers, tomato-red jacket, turquoise beaded yoke.

Chief colors are mauve, violet, and cyclamen, cypress and emerald-green, turquoise, ink-blue, and white.

Lavish Color

HEADS are decorated with velvet bows, ostrich feathers, feathered birds, flowers, twisted velvet.

Large pieces of jewellery are worn—clips, huge brilliant brooches, bracelets, earrings that follow the line of the ear, jewelled flowers as brooches. Chunks of colored stones are set in gold for necklaces and bracelets, four and five strand pearl necklets. A quantity of gold costume jewellery is worn with black or dark frocks.



• **ABOVE:** A saucer-brimmed hat of white pique is perched high on the wearer's head. Though its hold appears to be precarious it is really firmly mounted on a deep crown which takes a firm bandeau-grip on the head and needs no elastic. On the back of this bandeau is a flat black ribbon bow.

• **AT RIGHT:** A charming model of fine black ball-huntle with a most becoming brim-line and a crown which varies in depth from a couple of inches at the front to double that at the back. The trimming is a double row of small arum-lilies made of white organdie with centres of yellow organdie.



MARCH OF THE MODE by *Rene*

Use Lace on your Black Frock

It Makes a Flattering Accent!

● **COCKTAIL FROCK** of navy suede crepe. Yoke of white organdie and lace, buttoning with tiny white buttons and frilled at neck. White hat. Navy veil.

● **ENSEMBLE** for afternoon. Frock and finger-tip coat of black taffeta. Coat and waist bouquet outlined with lace or embroidered organdie. Black baku hat with white grosgrain rolled round crown and edge of brim.



● **FOR** luncheon. Navy frock. Magyar top. Cleverly scalloped and outlined in white val. lace.

● **BLACK** double sheer for a hot day. Short sleeves open from shoulder, V neckline and pockets outlined with applied lace flowers, and frilled val. lace edging. The same treatment repeated on pockets.

● **BLACK TAFFETA** makes a lovely evening gown. Note the clever use of lace on this frock. Two lone strips of the dress material are caught to a low V-front neckline with a cluster of vivid tulips, then draped across the shoulder-line to be caught by shirring at the base of the low V-back and then to fall loosely in two tails to the floor. These two strips are outlined with white hand-crocheted lace. Now imagine the same model with the color scheme reversed. Picture it in white taffeta with the same cluster of brilliant flowers on the front décolletage and the drapery outlined with black lace. Don't you agree that this treatment, also, would be very charming?

Rene's Fashion Advice

LACE is the loveliest of accents for black or navy. Use heavy lace for cut-outs and appliques and tiny valenciennes lace for outlining edges. Try embroidery or organdie or very fine linen allied with frothing white lace for collars and fronts.

Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:
MANDRAKE: A worthy magician of great magical powers, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, who are helping
SIR OSWALD: An Englishman, and
JANE: His lovely daughter, to recover the Star Sapphire stolen
 from them by
SAKI: Brilliant thief and master of disguises. Saki manages
 to elude Mandrake by clever impersonation, and, finally,

dressed up as the family chauffeur, kidnaps Jane. Telling
 her he intends to marry her, he takes her to a house
 reputed to be haunted. Mandrake, however, from Sir
 Oswald's home, "smells trouble," and, using his powerful
 magic, transfers Lothar and himself to the scene. Leav-
 ing Lothar outside, he enters just in time to overhear
 Saki, who is trying to pacify Jane, declaring he for one
 is not afraid of ghosts. NOW READ ON.





'California Syrup of Figs'—Califig.
It's a natural fruit laxative which safely cleanses and purifies the bloodstream and creates a fine healthy appetite.

If I were you, I'd make a point of giving them a dose once a week. You see, there's nothing harmful about it—and you must be so careful with growing children. It always annoys me to see Mothers giving their children cheap, concentrated purgatives.

Do keep on with the weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs,' Mrs. Evans. It's a fine laxative for young and old. As a matter of fact I use it myself and advise you to adopt it for the whole family.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Califig' on the package.

'California Syrup of Figs'
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

GOLD

I TIPTOED to the door. The memory of her voice begged me not to be disobedient. I turned back, feeling as though I were bound by invisible hands. I took off my coat, hung it over what seemed to be a chair, felt for the bed and threw myself upon it.

"I'll give her ten more minutes," I thought.

Then I fell asleep. I awoke with a guilty start. How long had I slept? A minute? An hour? As I turned my head I found something soft beside me. A bath-towel.

She had brought it while I was asleep. I jumped from the bed, tiptoed again to the door, and listened. The house was filled with an unpleasant silence.

I wondered where the others were and what they were doing.

"I'm sorry, Carlita," I thought, "but I am going to disobey you this time!"

I opened the door softly and crept out into the narrow passage. It was so narrow that I nearly hit the door opposite before I saw it. The fact that I could see it gave me my first inkling of the time. It was no longer pitch dark. A faint greyish light drifted like the wraith of light up the staircase.

I listened at the door. I heard no sound of breathing. On the point of knocking, I desisted, restrained by the sudden vision of two men below, and instead, committed the social breach of opening the door unbidden and peeping in. Faintly, through the greyish, I saw the bed. It was neat and smooth. It had not been slept in.

Continued from Page Three, Pictorial and Fashion Section

Closing the door, I turned to the staircase and descended. The door to the parlor was open, and as I reached it I looked instinctively towards the corner where the old cupboard was. The cupboard door, also, was open. It was empty. So was the room.

But as I stood, hesitating as to my next step, there was a sound outside the front door, the handle turned, and the girl came in.

"They've gone," she said, dully. Her eyes were on the open cupboard.

"And took something with them?" I asked. She nodded.

"What? I think it's time I knew."

"It won't help—but it won't matter," she answered. "Just a gold nugget, worth—they reckoned—five thousand pounds. Wonderful luck, isn't it—for people who have scraped all their lives?"

"I'd like to believe it is luck."

"You needn't try. The luck has turned my grandfather's head, and changed my father into—" her voice trailed off.

"Well—now for the rest, please," I said.

"You may tell others."

"If I promise not to?"

"On your oath?"

"On my oath."

I knew that they found it five miles away from here. We own a bit of land they've poked about for years. I know they got drunk on the evening they returned with it. I know that they were frightened," she said.

"NATURALLY, thinking somebody might steal it before they could bank it," I suggested.

"They've taken a week to bank it," she smiled faintly. "But you say the right things. I know a man called that night. They didn't want to let him in. I was in bed, but I recognized his voice. He owned—owns—the next claim. I know there was a quarrel, and they all went out together, and my father and grandfather didn't return for three hours. . . . It was at about this time. I saw them come in—"

Her eyes sought the front door, seeking them again in imagination. "And I know we've hardly been out of the house for a week—until now—and that the door has been boiled, and that we've had no lights at night, and that they've never been to bed. . . . That's all I know, and it's nothing, really, is it?"

"Nothing," I assured her.

"Then I'll get you some breakfast," she said, "and afterwards you'll want to be going."

You might have stayed. I didn't. I knew that she wanted me to go, and was afraid I would learn the end of the story. She may have regretted that she had told me the beginning.

But I had to learn the end of the story, and my horse and I haunted the district till late in the afternoon, when the two men returned. I watched them coming along the track from behind a boulder. The young man was cracking loud jokes and the older man cackling at them with neurotic mirth.

I spent that night in the city from which they had returned. Over my supper I read of a local prospector who had fallen from a high rock and killed himself. From the condition of the body when it was found, the report stated, it must have been lying there for some days.

I did not go back with the news. Nor did I carry any news to the police, though I could have put them wise to the fact that the prospector's fall was no accident. I've broken heads in my life, but never an oath.

But when I went back a year later I learned that the police had not needed my information. The old man had babbled to a doctor just before drinking himself to death, and the younger had paid a more public penalty. Gold always does its work, one way or another—especially when it's not your own.

Of course, I found that lonely house again. There didn't seem to be any other point in the world to make for.

Carlita was there, alone. She was sitting, smoking, the beautiful gipsy with that far-away look in her eyes. Her first words were ingeniously simple: "No one comes here," she said, "but I thought you would."

I took her away.

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

WRONG SCHOOL SPIRIT

AN undesirable spirit is being bred in schools to-day by the feverish competition for priority of class position, fostered by the vanity of parents.

A child is encouraged to overwork, even to the detriment of health. Hours that should be recreative are spent everlastingly studying, not because the children want or need a scholarship, but merely to eclipse others.

School speech day is a sad occasion for most children. What heart-burnings for the honest trier.

If teachers cannot develop a genuine love of learning for its own sake in the children, then they have failed in their duty.

£1 for this letter to Jessica Farsch, 8 Penfold Rd., Magill, S.A.

WISE INTERFERENCE

WHY is it that when some people find one of their friends interested in a person whom they know to be undesirable, they keep silent instead of telling the truth? We find them saying, "We will get no thanks for interfering." But isn't it far better to be cruel to be kind and tell them?

What do other readers think? Mrs. E. Cowan, 84 Porcher St., Hamilton, N.S.W.

DEFINE "A GOOD TIME"

WHAT does having a good time mean?

Some people, afraid of finding things dull, throw themselves into every passing vortex of pleasure, and soon find that to them there is "nothing new under the sun."

Striving for pleasure is not happiness. We must define those things that bring us lasting satisfaction, and strive for and enjoy them.

Miss B. Noll, Wood's Flat, via Blanchetown, S.A.



Adolescent Youth Doesn't Appreciate Home!

I READ with interest the remarks of Miss Robin Nelson (28/11/36) concerning young people growing up. She complains of the lack of respect shown towards their parents. But do modern parents expect or appreciate "respect" from their children? Surely they prefer the comradeship of their children, which engenders a truer, more genuine affection than frequently existed in the homes of an earlier generation!

Nor do I think modern youngsters are more ungrateful than their parents were in a previous generation. No doubt the youngsters of to-day will make similar sacrifices for the children of the future; and perhaps will be hurt by their ingratitude.

Miss Margaret Berry, 19 Glenview Street, Greenwich, N.S.W.

Showing Independence

MISS NELSON, 28/11/36, has touched on something that worries many parents. I think that children of about sixteen or seventeen years are inclined to be disrespectful and ungrateful, because they have come to an age when their distant ancestors would have shown independence of their parents. Wise parents realise that their children are growing up, and make allowances.

All of which seems to show that, at this difficult stage of their children's lives, it is the parents who have to rise to the occasion, and with great patience steer their offspring along the road to good citizenship. H. P. Guyder, Vauxhall Flats, James Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

Reward Not Wanted

THE last thing in the world modern parents want is to be "repaid" for any sacrifice they have made in the past, nor do they want to be "respected" by their children. Their desire—and I mean both the mother and the father—is to be considered the children's best pals, and that any service should be done through love, not gratitude. Surely this outlook is far sadder than the old-fashioned one of "payment for services rendered."

Mrs. M. Wallis, 7 Westley St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

Christmas Spirit and Thoughts on Festive Season

CHRISTMAS will be with us in a few days, and for a brief—only too brief—time we shall be inspired with the true Christmas spirit of goodwill and kindness to all.

What a pity to let it stop at that! It behoves us—especially at a time like the present when world affairs are in a perilous state—to exert ourselves in the interests of goodwill.

We pride ourselves that women are capable leaders.

Let us then be careful to lead in the right direction by consistently practicing in season and out, the glowing, heart-warming Christmas spirit.

Mrs. Emma Clark, Market Street, Trontham, Vic.

Dying Christmas Spirit

IS the old generous Christmas spirit fading out, I wonder? On more than one occasion recently I have heard trumbles about "this silly business of swapping presents." At such a time as Christmas, one might well discard the practical aspect of this exchange of gifts, and give more

Australians Too Fond of the Sun?

I THINK that we Australians are rather foolish in our excessive fondness for surfing and sun-bathing. Surely such large doses of King Sol cannot be good for the health. During the week-end, old and young indulge in an orgy of sea-bathing and sun-soaking. As a result the skin is burned, and noses freckled and peeled. On Monday morning tempers are frayed because of the strain imposed on them.

The week-end holiday should be spent in the fresh air, but why not rest the body more and conserve nervous energy?

Mrs. J. M. Turnbull, 18 Rae St., Leederville, W.A.

What is Reason Behind This Social Pretence?

W. J. BAYLES (28/11/36) says that there are people who try to misrepresent their social status.

This is true, but in many cases it is an instinctive barrier against the snobs and petty hurts dealt by a class-conscious community. Every day we encounter people who judge us, not by our character or personality but by the clothes we wear, the suburb we live in, or the work we do.

Most of us will, when the occasion arises, therefore, pretend that we are just a little better than we really are.

Miss Allison Hawke, 188 Victoria St., King's Cross, N.S.W.

Haven't Grown Up

THOSE people who try to misrepresent their social status are not developed.

We are amused at the small boy who struts about claiming to be Napoleon, or jingling spurs like Tom Mix, or the wee girl who in play is quite convinced she is either Princess Elizabeth or Shirley Temple.

When, however, this self-same boy and girl are grown up, and would have people believe they are what they are not, we condemn them.

We should all strive to conquer this very childish desire to "show off." It is not becoming, and it does not really "wash down" with our friends.

Mrs. A. J. Virgil, Kingaroy, Qld.

Just Snobbishness

PEOPLE who misrepresent their social status do so in order to impress their friends and acquaintances. This is simply a form of snobbishness, and offenders in this direction would do well to remember that "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

Mrs. Mavis Clacher, 544 Brunswick St., New Farm N1, Brisbane.

IT'S YOUR PAGE!

Letters on this page reveal the things our readers are talking and thinking about this week. Read them. Then write your opinion on the topic that interests you—or on some new topic of your own.

EVIL OF TIPPING

WHO inaugurated the silly custom of tipping? It seems that while travelling one must tip everyone from hotel porter to ship's librarian. If the tips are not handsome enough the tipper is labelled mean, so one must pay exorbitantly for any services rendered, having previously paid for them in hotel bills or passage money.

Those receiving the tips are already well paid by their various employers and yet expect easy money from trippers, who in many cases have denied themselves over a period of years for this one holiday.

What do other readers think of this lopsided state of affairs? Miss M. R. Pearson, 36 Cornelia Av., Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.

HOSPITALITY DYING

IN the old days—and not so long ago either—if we were passing the residence of a friend we assumed it our privilege to call; nay, they considered it an offence if we did not do so.

And we felt comfortable. But to-day a new atmosphere seems to have entered social life, and unless an appointment is previously made one may not call.

I am concerned about this lack of spontaneous cordiality in the world to-day, as it is in home life and social intercourse that we find perfect happiness.

Mrs. C. Madden, 85 Gurwood St., Wagga, N.S.W.

TAX ON BACHELORS

IS the time opportune for imposing a bachelor tax, or taxes on childless couples, in view of the serious decline in our birthrate?

True, in some cases it is not the couple's desire to be childless, but many conscientiously evade married responsibilities on the ground that it "cramps their style" in the great chase after pleasure.

What do you say? G. Powell, Andover, Tas.

Evening in Paris XMAS CASKETS



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regard to the expression of love or goodwill which is conveyed in the presents.

E. Fale, 428 Main St., Bairnsdale, Vic.

Looking Forward

I OFTEN hear cynical young people suggesting that Christmas should be cut out. They say there is little religious significance in it to-day.

But don't you agree that Christmas is something to look forward to in a year—if nothing more? It is a landmark. Everybody expects to have a good time. The decorations, the gay shops, Santa Claus, yes, and the presents, all create a wonderfully festive spirit, which I, for one, would sadly miss, if it were dispensed with.

Esme Bowden, Fourth Avenue, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Study What You Want

WE are all just now excited doing our Christmas shopping, but how many of us give a thought to the extra work thrust on the shop assistant at Christmas?

People go shopping at the last moment with no earthly idea of what they wish to purchase. The assistant is expected to know and to turn the contents of her department upside down.

A little more thought for others and careful study of our requirements would also help us to purchase more satisfactorily.

Mary Burns, Carlyle St., Byron Bay, N.S.W.

Thought That Matters

I HEARD a young woman bemoaning the fact that she could not afford to give anything expensive this Christmas. Is that not a wrong conception of its spirit? Surely people realise it is the thought, and emphatically not the value of the gift, that makes the giving and receiving of Christmas presents worth while?

Ruby M. Adcock, 119 Angar St., Adelaide.



thanks to her Friday night's
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★ Friday Night is Amami Night

She Wears Such Lovely Clothes

You'd never guess she dyed them herself... with Fairy Dyes, of course. They're so easy to use, and give new life and freshness to clothes and household furnishings.

Fairy Dyes
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

"O.H. give 'em the slip!" said Ludovic carelessly. They rode softly forward off the road into the shelter of the trees. "Thought as much," he said. "They're searching the thicket. Mustn't give 'em time to find the pony tracks. Now keep quiet and hold on to that pommel."

His gyrations after that were bewildering, but apparently purposeful. It seemed to Eustacie, dutifully grasping the pommel, that they were circling round the thicket to the north. She could now hear plainly the sound of trampling hoofs and snapping twigs.

"We must give the poor devils something to think about," said Ludovic in her ear. "Don't screech now!"

It was as well that he uttered this warning, for the immediate explosion of his pistol made Eustacie jump nearly out of her skin. She

TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 9.

managed by the exercise of heroic self-control not to scream, but when a shot almost at once answered Ludovic's she could not forbear a gasp of fright.

"I thought that would tickle them up," said Ludovic. "Now for it!"

He wheeled the snorting, trembling Rufus and let him have his head. Rufus plunged forward, crashing through the undergrowth with the maximum amount of noise and alarm; a shout sounded somewhere in the rear; another shot was fired, and Eustacie had the satisfaction of knowing that she was now fairly embroiled with His Majesty's Excise Office. She removed one hand from the pommel and took a firm grasp of Ludovic's coat, which seemed to her to afford

a safer hold. He glanced down at her, smiling.

"Frightened?"

"No!"

"Well, we're going to have a trifle of a gallop now, so cling tight."

THEY came out from the cover of the trees as he spoke on to a tract of more open ground. The moon was momentarily obscured by a drifting cloud, but there was light enough for the fleeing horse to be seen by its pursuers. Two shots cracked almost simultaneously and Eustacie felt the arm that cradled her give a queer jerk and heard her cousin catch his breath sharply.

"Winged, by gad!" he said. "Now, who'd have thought an Exciseman could shoot as straight as that?"

"Are you hurt?" Eustacie cried. "Devil a bit!" was the cheerful response. He looked fleetingly back over his shoulder. "Four of 'em, I think. Riding hard, too. You can always trust an Exciseman to follow his nose. That's better."

They were under cover again, and he let Rufus slacken his pace to a trot, bending him easily this way and that through the outskirts of the forest.

It was fully half an hour later before they finally lost the Excisemen, and Ludovic was swaying in the saddle.

"You are hurt!" Eustacie said, alarmed.

"Oh, no; only a scratch!" he murmured. "Anyway, we've led them in such circles they'll be hunting one another till daylight."

Eustacie put her hands over his and pulled Rufus up.

"Where are you hurt?" she demanded.

"Left shoulder. I think we'd better take the risk and make Hand Cross." "Yes, but first I will bind up your shoulder. Are you bleeding very much?"

"Like a pig," said Ludovic. She slid to the ground, stiff and somewhat bruised, and said imperatively:

"Get down! If you bleed like a pig you will die, and I do not at all want you to die."

He laughed, but dismounted and found himself steadied by two small but capable hands. He reeled and sank on his knees, saying:

"Dammie, I must be worse hit than I knew! You best take the horse and leave me."

"I shall not leave you," replied Eustacie, busily ripping the flounce off her petticoat. "I shall take you to Hand Cross."

EUSTACIE looked closely at Ludovic and found to her dismay that he had fainted. For a moment she was at a loss to know what to do, but when she touched him and brought her hand away wet with blood she decided that the most urgent need was to bind up his wound, and promptly set about the task of extracting him from his coat. It was by no means easy, but she accomplished it at last, and managed as well as she could for the lack of light to twist the strips of her petticoat round his shoulder. He regained consciousness while she was straining her bandage as tight as possible, and lay for a moment blinking at her.

"What in—oh, I remember!" he said faintly. "Give me some brandy. Flask in my coat."

She tied a firm knot, found the brandy and, raising his head, held the flask to his lips. He recovered sufficiently to struggle up and to put on his coat again. "You know, you'd be wasted on Tristan," he told her. "Help me into the saddle and we'll make Hand Cross yet."

"Yes, but this time it is I who will take the reins," said Eustacie. "Just as you say, my dear," he replied meekly.

"And you will put your arms round me and not fall off."

"Don't worry, I shan't fall off."

Eustacie, finding a conveniently-fallen tree-trunk, led her weary horse to it, and by using it as a mounting-block, contrived to get into the saddle. She then rode back to Ludovic and adjured him to mount behind her. He managed to do this, but the effort very nearly brought on another swooning fit. He had recourse to the brandy again, which cleared his head sufficiently to enable him to say:

Please turn to Page 34

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

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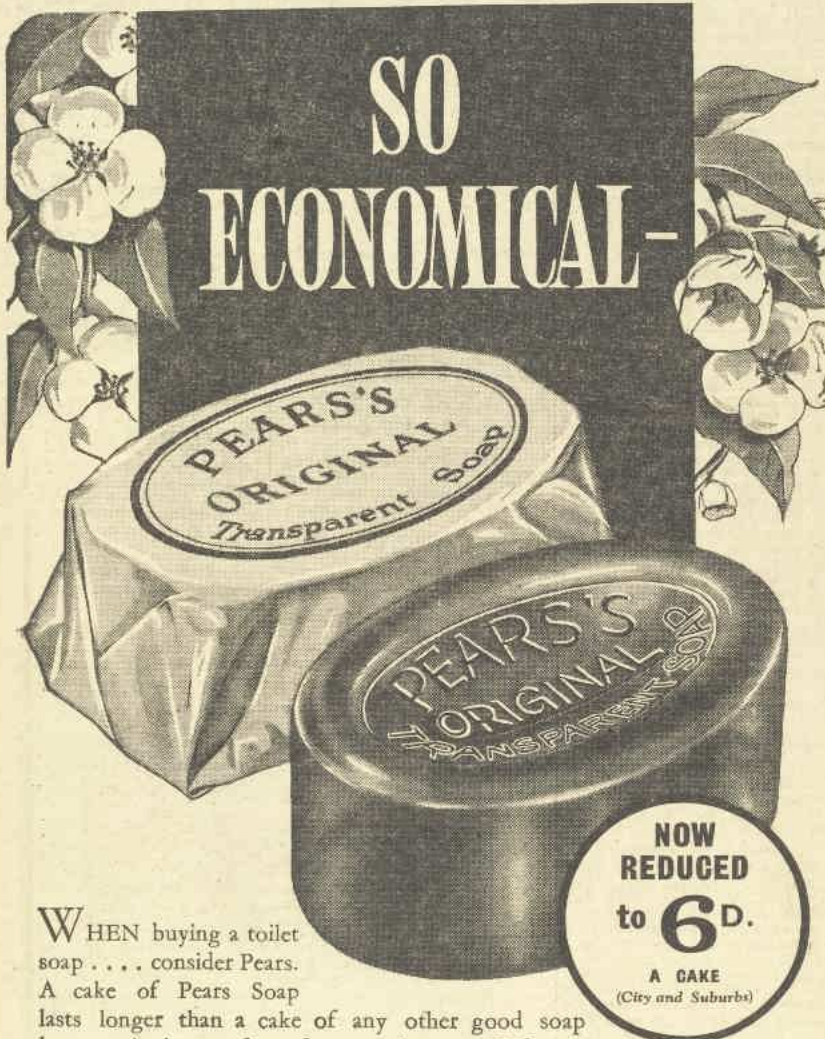
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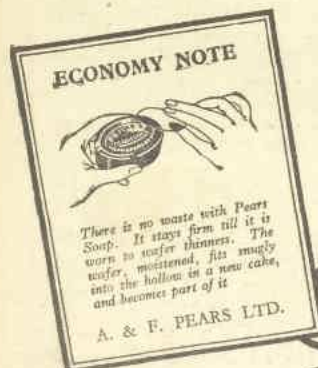


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MARVELLOUS TOUR for Girl CRICKETERS

Matches at The Oval and Old Trafford



MRS. RANALD PEDEN, captain of the N.S.W. women's cricket team and one of the Test selectors.

Fifteen happy girl cricketers, chosen for the English tour, will have a marvellous six months ahead of them when they sail for England by the Jervis Bay on March 16. From the moment they reach England they will be England's guests, with all accommodation and travelling expenses paid.

Of 60 girls who hopefully sought inclusion in the team, not one who had a chance of being chosen was kept from applying through financial reasons.

EACH team member put up £75 towards expenses, but out of that she will get back 15/- a week while at sea and 30/- a week while on land.

The Australian Council and the State Associations are paying the rest of the expenses.

Luggage is limited to one cabin trunk or large suit-case, and another suit-case and cricket-case. Each girl must provide her own bat, pads and gloves, three divided skirts, six cream shirts, two pullovers (one long-sleeved), also the Australian team's green blazer.

The English Council sent helpful letters about clothes for the English climate. Luggage will also include dark green tunics for exercising, and play suits or divided skirts of uncrushable material for use on the Jervis Bay.

Intensive training of the team begins on the day of selection. On the voyage players will be expected to take part in deck games and do exercises every morning. Questions of diet rules will be left to the discretion of the manager, Mrs. Peatfield.

Visit to Holland

SOON after arrival in England, on May 3, the team will break up, and will be the guests of various hostesses, and will get excellent experience playing with various clubs.

After a visit to Holland for friendly matches, they will return to England on June 1, and play 19 matches in various parts of the country, including three against England.

The English Association prefers these should not be called test matches—one match will be played at Blackpool, one at Northampton and one at the Oval. First of all will

My Favorite Page

BLUSHINGLY I admit to turning to Betty's "Racey" Narratives first.

Oh, the satire and humor of them! The ups and downs of those incurable optimists who "invest" on the Sport of Kings make ever-interesting reading—and, coming nearer home, listening.—Mrs. L. H., Tempe.

come practice at Great Comp where both Miss V. M. M. Cox, hon. sec. and Mrs. Herroon Maxwell, president of the English Women's Cricket Association live.

On June 2, the team will play Kent at Gravesend. Betty Archdale, who captained the English team on its Australian visit, is captain of Kent. Grace Morgan, who was reserve wicket-keeper with the English team out here, captains the Civil Service team to be met on July 15.

Historic Grounds

THE matches against England are on June 12, June 26, July 10. The girls will play on historic cricket grounds such as The Oval and Old Trafford, which are world-famous. It is impossible to say how much interest the matches will attract, but England's touring team when it played a match on the return from Australia attracted a gate of £100. In Australia women have been playing cricket for 35 years. England has centuries of women cricketers behind it. But while they have played cricket they have not indulged in the game in the specialised way of to-day.

"Fairy godmother" gives aid to beauty



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Erasmic Vanishing Cream 2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube. A delightful protective powder base. Erasmic Cold Cream, 2/6 Jar — softens and nourishes as it cleanses.

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ACHIEVEMENT!

From the sun-baked plains of the outback to the busy uproar of metropolitan centres, the Rural Bank has steadily progressed to provide constantly improving banking facilities to farmers, home builders, businessmen and the public generally.

Tangible evidence of this achievement is the completion and opening of the new Head Office building of the Bank at the corners of Martin Place, Elizabeth Street and Phillip Street—in the financial heart of Sydney. Its foundations are firmly planted on 11,200 sq. ft. of ground and its walls rise to a height of 185 feet.

This new building, in its dignity, efficiency and substantiality, symbolises the Bank's progress and solidarity, and its ramifications of service in country and city throughout New South Wales.

Rural Bank

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Head Office: MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY
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PING



"Do you mean to tell me that you thought of me—as a child—or otherwise—ever?"

He took a step towards her, his fingers tightening on her hands; then he shrugged his shoulders and smiled:

"Of course, one always thinks of one's friends."

"Yes," murmured Ishbel. "I suppose so." But she knew he had not thought of that night in the garden, had not remembered it, nor even for a moment realised or stopped to think of what it might have meant to her. "Here's John," she said. And John came, shook hands casually with Denis Strong, then took her away.

She saw very little of Denis in the days that followed. She heard Margot tell Rosemary that it was just another of his flying visits, that it would only last a week or two at the most.

"And I don't think," said Rose-

ARMOR Around ME

Continued from Page 10

mary, a bit smugly, perhaps, "that he's leaving any even partly broken hearts behind him this time. He hasn't gone out of his way to try breaking any. And it isn't as if the old fire were lacking for there's the same devil lurking in his eyes and the same magic on the tip of his tongue. He just seems to lack the will to conquer."

But he came to the club dance the following week and again he was the Denis of old, as gay, as fascinating, as gallant as ever he had been. The girls, the young ones especially, flocked to him now, and Ishbel, in the dressing-room, between dances, heard him discussed, heard plans laid for capture or surrender. He made youngsters like John and Jeremy seem only boys, seem awkward and callous. Laughing, he claimed

Ishbel towards the end of the evening and swung her into the witchery of a waltz. She trembled at his touch. All her strength seemed to be leaving her.

"You're quiet to-night," he said.

"And you're gay," said she.

"Gay, yes. I'm laughing to-night—at myself."

"But why?"

"Oh, it's a story, little Ishbel—a long story. Some day when you're older, when I'm very old, I'll tell you. Perhaps when I come back here again I'll tell you."

"You—you're going away?"

"To-night—after the dance is over."

"And—oh, I didn't know." Why couldn't she be casual, indifferent even? He came and he went, Denis—he was always like that.

"I DIDN'T know myself," he said, "till I took stock of things. When I took stock I began to laugh, to see what a fool I had been. I—well, you knew it, Ishbel—was the sort of man who thought he wore a suit of chainmail as armor against womankind. Hardboiled, cynical, unromantic Denis—that was I. Then like any chap in a romance or on the films I take one moment that doesn't belong to life and build all my life on that moment. And the world plays havoc with men who do that, Ishbel—women never do it, I think."

"That moment," she began. "I don't—"

"Perhaps some day I'll tell you that, too. I must give you up now," John was at his shoulder. "I'll see you again before I go, perhaps. If not, good-bye—and good luck."

Then he was gone, swallowed up in the crowd and there was a wall in her heart and he didn't even see John or hear him the first time, when he said, "What are you looking so down in the mouth about, Ishbel? You don't look like the woman I have chosen." But when he said it again, almost suddenly, she looked up at him and said, "Oh, John, I'm sorry, but I'm not—not the woman you have chosen. Not at all. I can't be. I don't love you. Let me go now. I must go."

He let her go. He didn't even try to stop her. A bit of the light went out of his eyes, but it would come again, for it hadn't really died—not as she had seen light die in a man's eyes, die and give way to the artificial brightness of a gay spirit.

SHE dodged the crowd, Ishbel, and walked, careless of the dew of the brambles, of the shell-pink beauty of her gown, across the links and along the path and over the bridge. And she slipped into the moonlight and shadow of her father's garden and flitted down the winding path of silver-white stones to the pool.

A car stopped by the hedge. Ishbel sat back in the shadows. The wicket-gate opened softly to a familiar hand and he came slowly along the walk round the fountain's rim and stood, gazing at him, as a man who would look long upon a scene the better to impress it on his heart.

Ishbel stood up and walked towards him. He turned. She saw him start, then stand stock-still as he had stood that other night. Then he walked towards her and there they were, face to face, their bodies almost touching. His hands tilted her chin until her eyes looked up into his.

"Last time," he said. "I could not kiss you because you were a child and I thought you could not know what you were doing; this time you're a woman—and you must know—you must, Ishbel! This was the moment I remembered, on which all my life since depended, the moment I wanted again—"

"You have it now, Denis."

Her arms went about his neck, his hands dropped from her shoulders and he held her close and kissed the long lashes resting on her cheek and kissed the parted lips. And there in the garden was stillness broken by the soft voice of the water running in the pool, and the rustle of the leaves, while moon and stars looked down, and they who stood there were as one with each other and as one with all the world.

(Copyright.)

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The exquisite Charmosan Christmas Gift Caskets are astounding value, for they cost you nothing... you just pay the ordinary price for the goods in them.

No wonder these caskets are selling in tens of thousands at chemists and stores everywhere, for they are the greatest sensation of the year. Fashioned in lovely colors, with a beautiful silk lined, these caskets contain FULL SIZE goods.

Let us tell you about them:—

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No. 2 casket contains a FULL SIZE box of Charmosan face powder and a FULL SIZE tube of Creme Charmosan, and costs 3/6.

No. 3 casket contains a FULL SIZE box of Charmosan face powder and a FULL SIZE jar of Creme Charmosan for 5/-.

These Charmosan Christmas Gift Caskets solve your worries for you can use them, for you will be proud of them.

Charmosan Xmas Gift Caskets

SUNBURN



Apply Rexona Ointment to that tortured skin. It's the simplest, most effective remedy for sunburn. Rexona soothes the inflamed skin and stops blistering. After a few applications of Rexona, the skin becomes normal. If the skin has blistered Rexona is even more necessary. It is a splendid safeguard against germs; and its healing medications help to form a new, healthy skin.

TREATMENT: Rub Rexona Ointment lightly over the surface; or, if the skin has blistered smear Rexona thickly on a bandage and apply gently.

When you are washing the tender skin use mild Rexona Medicated Soap—it contains the same soothing, healing properties as the Ointment. Extract from a letter: "Recently I suffered a very bad sunburning. My face and arms were swollen and sore for days, and my skin became dry and flaky. Then I heard about Rexona Ointment. After three applications my skin was not only normal, but exceptionally clear and healthy. P.W.—Coogee."

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STUBBORN STAINS

Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. To remove these stains you must remove the film.



TOOTH DECAY

Film is judged one of the chief contributing causes of tooth decay. It glues "decay" germs to the tooth enamel.

when FILM is

linked with these conditions

Make sure you use the special film-removing tooth paste which removes film effectively and safely.

It vitally concerns you that most dental authorities agree on the dangers of film. Many consider it the greatest cause of "off-colour" teeth, decay and serious gum disorders.

The way to remove film safely

Common sense says that dangerous film should be removed and kept away regularly. But how? Many dentifrices may claim to remove film. But are they safe? To millions of people, Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste.

The simple reason for Pepsodent's efficiency is the use of a revolutionary new cleansing and polishing agent. This material is unexcelled in film-removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it and it is so safe that in impartial tests Pepsodent has been proved the least abrasive... therefore safest—of 13 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders.

So, if you really want naturally white teeth and greater freedom from common mouth disorders, take the first step now. Start removing ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepsodent Tooth Paste.

Along with daily brushing, eat foods your dentist would advise to promote strong, healthy teeth. And be sure to see your dentist regularly twice a year.

BLEEDING GUMS

Film combines with minerals in the saliva... to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.



To help keep breath pure

In many cases, offensive breath may be traced to decaying food particles between the teeth. Daily brushing with Pepsodent Tooth Paste helps remove these food particles... thus acts to combat one of the most common causes of unpleasant breath.

SAVE MONEY!

Buy Pepsodent in the new 10% larger tubes at the old prices. You can't afford to take chances on cheap "bargain" brands now that it costs no more to insist on the special film-removing Tooth Paste.

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THE 2-1/2" SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

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Beloved New Rulers of the Empire



Her chiefly in the laboratory

CULMINATION of the Empire's anxious week was the abdication of King Edward and the accession of the Duke of York as King. Our new King and Queen are shown on this page. Australia has happy memories of the occasion when, as Duke and Duchess of York, their Majesties visited these shores.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S Sad Task in ROYAL CRISIS

Attended Discussions, Comforted All, in Difficult, Anxious Days

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

For the first time for 400 years an Elizabeth is again Queen of England.

The last Queen Elizabeth saw the first adventurous beginning of an Empire—the twentieth-century Queen Elizabeth sees a vast Empire, much of which she has visited.

FOR eight anxious days while the attention of the world was focused on the Royal Family, the Duchess of York carried on calmly and unobtrusively, conscious of her high destiny if fate thrust her towards the throne.

During the eight days of terrible anxiety she spent all the time possible with the children at the Royal Lodge at Windsor Great Park and her town house in Piccadilly, finding time to devise little surprises and seasonal games to keep the children's attention from the momentous events which cast a shadow over the Royal House of Windsor.

On the eve of her accession she remained quietly at home in Piccadilly, while her husband spent anxious hours dashing between Marlborough House and Fort Belvedere.

Shortly before Mr. Baldwin announced in the Commons that Edward was no longer King, a black limousine drove up to the Piccadilly house through silent, waiting crowds. Ventriloquist cheering broke out. The car brought Queen Mary.

All through the fateful sitting of the House of Commons Queen Mary and her favorite daughter-in-law sat side by side in the dimness of the green and mauve drawing-room—one well-beloved Queen of the immediate past, the other a Queen of the immediate momentous future.

New Home

AND now No. 145 Piccadilly, the home of the Yorks for many years, will be forsaken by them for the Royal magnificence of Buckingham Palace.

Queen Elizabeth will be sorry to leave the unstentatious home—planned, designed, and managed by herself—wherein she has known so much simple family happiness.

The new Queen is of small stature and has a bright coloring and a demure personality which enables her to wear less sophisticated clothes than many other women in the Court circle.

When she became Duchess of York the fringe of her softly waved hair immediately influenced fashion of the coiffure.

Royal Homemaker

WHEN, shortly before their marriage in 1923, the Duke and Duchess of York were busily preparing White Lodge, in Richmond Park, as their future home, the Duchess expressed an ideal which, she said, she intended constantly to hold before her.

She declared that no matter whether she and the Duke were to live in a palace or a cottage, she was determined to make their house a home in the best sense of the word.

She brings an endearing and beauty-loving personality into the stately houses where she lives.

She was also responsible for the return of blue as a fashionable color. In fact, one shade was named after her—"Betty Blue."

She has always been a staunch supporter of British industry in the matter of her clothes.

She wears many velvet frocks and coats in pastel colors, and at the recent British Exhibition she bought blue lace which immediately became popular for this season.

"Reville," the Court dressmaker, makes most of the new Queen's clothes.

Queen Elizabeth's friendly straightforward nature, her well-known domesticity, and her singular personal charm have already endeared her to the women of the Empire.

Their sympathy and their heartfelt and most ardent hopes for her future in the greatest responsibility a woman can know will follow her accession to the throne of the world's mightiest empire.

Yet throughout the dark days of suspense she was a figure of consummate womanly strength and quiet dignity.



THE ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR, where the King and Queen, as Duke and Duchess of York, spent much of their time.

Although she could, because of her high position, come forward into the blaze of limelight, she preferred to remain in the background, ever at hand to comfort Queen Mary day and night, and to minister to the needs of her husband, and to answer the childish questions of the little Princesses.

Her feelings were mixed as she considered the situation.

She and Edward have always been the firmest of friends. In fact, on her return from the Empire tour, Edward was the first to smilingly welcome her and the Duke of York home.

To her children Edward always has been the beloved "Uncle David."

At the first hint of the dawning crisis, she and her husband were being acclaimed at historic celebrations at Edinburgh.

Their hearts were heavy, though their eyes smiled.

Immediately they heard the fateful news they travelled to London to hold themselves ready for any family or national emergency.

When they left the train at St. Pancras Station in the

early hours of a bleak London morning streets were placarded with news posters, "The King," "Grave Crisis."

The first thought of the Duchess was for Queen Mary. She hurried to Marlborough House.

Keen Readers

WHEN as Duchess of York she went to live at Royal Lodge, Windsor, she had the servants' quarters entirely overhauled and even extended—a gesture that was particularly appreciated, in view of the fact that it was made at the time of the national economy campaign.

It is evident that from every angle the Queen is an efficient home organizer and knows from a practical standpoint exactly how to run a Royal residence.

When they took over Royal Lodge, the Royal pair, who are keen readers, made the removal an opportunity to relieve the congested state of the library at 145 Piccadilly, where the books were threatening to overflow from the shelves.

The gardens, too, have had the personal interest of the Queen. Before moving in at Royal Lodge, alterations were made to the flower beds and the general layout of the gardens, as well as to the trees.

HOW ROYAL FAMILY *Stood* TOGETHER



QUEEN MARY, the dignified and understanding mother (left) and the Princess Royal, who attended the family councils at Fort Belvedere during the Royal crisis.

Mother, Brothers and Sister Did Not Fail

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special Representative in London.

At a time when King Edward faced his great crisis, when his need was for sympathy and help, his mother, his sister, and his brothers did not fail him.

How this closely-knit family group assisted the King with their sympathetic understanding and practical counsel was one of the most moving chapters in this Royal drama.

FAMILY life in the Royal household has always been quoted as the ideal example of domesticity.

"That fierce light that beats upon a Throne" has revealed among other things the simple personal tastes of members of the Royal Family. It has, too, shown that the Queen's children have been trained to think of the family as a unit, and at the same time to assume their responsibilities as individuals.

During six days of the critical period the lights in the King's apartment at Fort Belvedere were not dimmed throughout the night, and day and night ears bearing couriers travelled to and from London.

Love and Duty

ONE of the outstanding facts, while the King was torn between love and duty, a drama which focused not only the eyes of four hundred and fifty million of his subjects, but of the entire world, upon him was the unswerving devotion of his three brothers.

The Duke of York, who, rumor alleged, was preparing to ascend the throne, was, on the contrary, a constant visitor and brotherly adviser to the King, making several midnight journeys from his home, Royal Lodge, in the bitterest weather of the year.

The Duke of Kent and the Duke of Gloucester were also frequent visitors, staying long into the night.

One or another of his brothers was always with King Edward during the crisis.

When the crisis first broke, the King immediately visited Queen Mary at Marlborough House—like any other

man turning motherward in trouble and perplexity.

Since he retired to Fort Belvedere—retired to the country to spare his Ministers any embarrassment—Queen Mary was in constant touch with him by telephone, and while his brothers rallied around the King, the women of the Royal Family did their part.

There was later another dramatic meeting between mother and son.

In the greatest secrecy Queen Mary paid a visit to the Duke of York's country home, the Royal Lodge, Windsor, for an eleventh-hour conference with King Edward, whose final decision was expected that night.

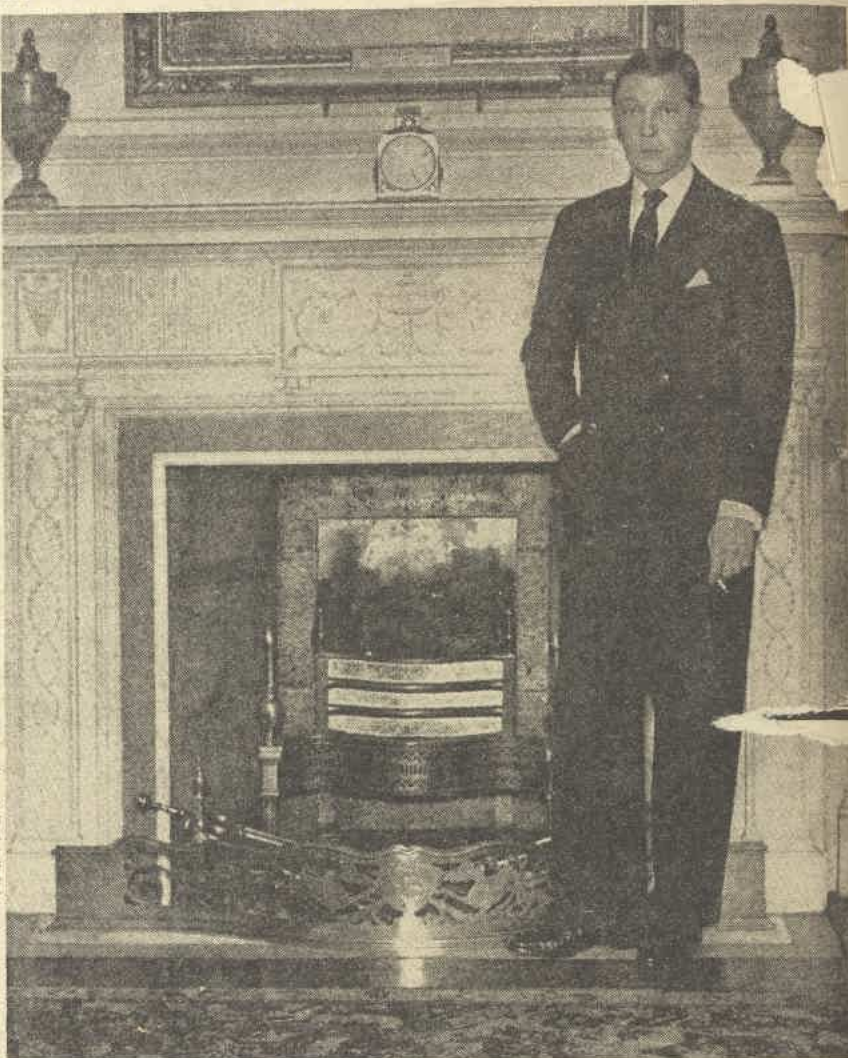
The servants were told to retire to their own quarters, and King Edward, informed of his mother's arrival, walked across the grounds



THE DUKE of Kent



KING EDWARD as a child. In this photo (from left) are the new King, the Princess Royal, King Edward, and the Duke of Gloucester. The picture was taken in 1902, just before the birth of the Duke of Kent.



KING EDWARD at his fireside. An informal home study of the central figure in the Royal crisis.



THE DUKE of GLOUCESTER, and the Duke of York, arresting figures in the Royal drama.

to the roadway, where a car was waiting.

The talk lasted half an hour.

Princess Royal, after King Edward's departure, went to Marlborough House, where the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were frequent visitors.

Queen Mary, with her customary thoroughness, did not allow her private troubles to interfere with her public obligations, and she fulfilled several engagements in the cause of charity, while her thoughts, as a mother, must have been of her eldest son.

This attitude on the part of the Royal Family, as well as the King's punctilious observance of his constitutional duty throughout the crisis, relieved the age-old conflict between

desire and duty, in the face of the most sensational developments.

There was a comp to absence of any desire to capitalise the position. There was only sympathy for a brother and son who faced such an unhappy decision.

The dinner party which took place at Fort Belvedere must surely have been one of the most momentous gatherings in history.

With the King, in addition to the Duke of York and the Duke of Kent, were his personal lawyer and treasurer.

Princesses Play

THE Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, blissfully ignorant of the strain surrounding them, continued to work and play, as children

will, at the Royal Lodge, thrilled by the first snow of winter, and the promise of early skating.

They were excited by riding their ponies at Windsor in the great park, but Elizabeth expressed disappointment that the Duke of York had not joined them as usual. She was frequently asking, "Why is Daddy so busy?"

The Duchess diverted their attention by choosing powder-blue velvet party frocks made in Early Victorian style for them in readiness for Christmas festivities, which gave the sisters a foretaste of their coming holiday.

Tragedy of Love

WHEN news of the situation first broke, sympathy for the King was nationwide, and instantaneous, but the attitude towards the woman he loved was divided.

She, however, left England immediately, journeying through the bitter foggy night towards France, and from there making a 48 hours' journey to Cannes, pursued by the blaze of publicity, without sleep, and scarcely pausing to eat.

Her tragic journey away from a King who publicly avowed his love awakened public sympathy, especially among women, who, contrary to the oft-expressed view that they are less charitable and less kindly than men to their own sex, took the most tolerant attitude toward her almost from the start.

The intuition of many women was justified when from the Villa Louvet, Cannes, came the announcement that Mrs. Simpson was willing to make the great renunciation rather than see King Edward endanger his great heritage.

Here, too, drama was robbed of its sensationalism by evidence of the sincere, tragically human, sorrowing woman.

So these days with King Edward at Fort Belvedere and the woman of his choice far away in France added another poignant chapter to one of the greatest love dramas of the ages.

What Women Are Doing

Getting in Trim

MISS SUSANNA MUKHERJEE, the wealthy Indian girl who plans to fly from England to Australia shortly, has been accustoming herself to climatic conditions by trudging sturdily in foggy, stormy, and chilly weather.

It is said she becomes quite annoyed when a fine day comes along to interrupt the "hardening" process.

Wanted a Play, So Wrote It Herself

BECAUSE she could not find a suitable play for the annual concert Miss Mabel Hardy, headmistress of Stawell school, Mt. Lofty, South Australia, wrote one herself, "The Pioneers," which is a simple story of the everyday life of an ordinary settler and his wife and children.

Miss Hardy is very interested in drama. "The Pioneers" is the second play she has written, the first being adapted for broadcasting.

To Be Matron of Perth Sanatorium

AFTER 16 years' service at the Hepatation Hospital, Keswick, South Australia, Sister R. I. Rush-ton has been appointed matron of the Edward Milten Sanatorium, Perth.

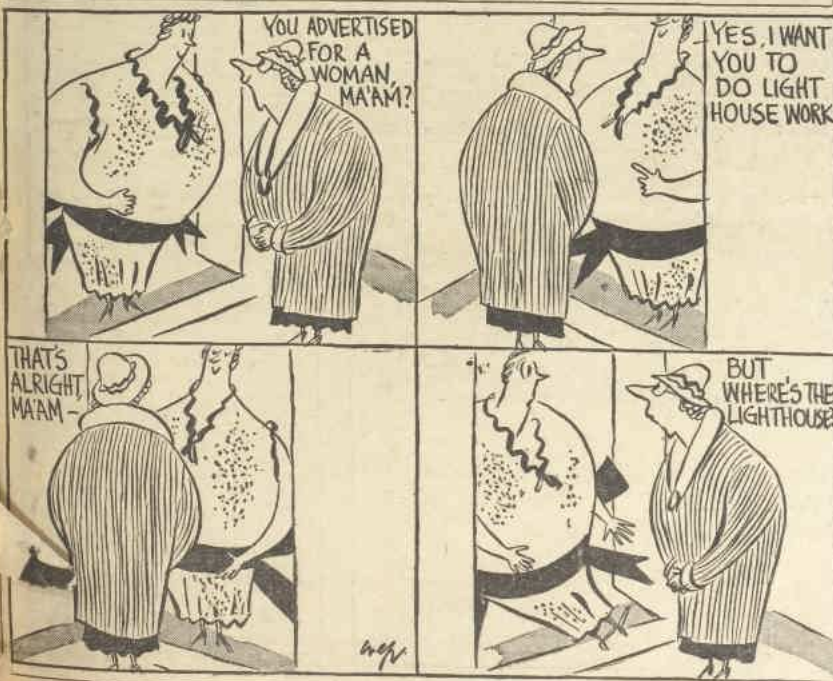
Her work at Keswick has been chiefly in the theatre and the laboratory, and she has been there since her return from the war. She is a trustee of the Adelaide Children's Hospital and the Queen's Home.

Champion Woman Diver Of Australia

MISS IRENE DONNET, holder of the Victorian and Australian diving championships, who has been invited to take part in the Adelaide Centenary swimming carnival at the end of December, will make a hurried trip from Adelaide in time to leave with the Victorian team for New South Wales on January 7, and will compete for the Australian high-diving championship.

From there she will go on to the Brisbane carnival to compete in the springboard diving championship.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY - - By WEP



Designed Model Village

MISS EDNA WALLING, who will lay out the grounds of the new Women's College now being erected at the Melbourne University and supervise their upkeep, is a very well-known landscape designer. She has designed some of the loveliest gardens in Victoria.

Her cottage, built and designed entirely by herself, and set in a lovely four-acre garden, is one of the show places at Mooroolbark.

Miss Walling derived such joy from this home of hers that she founded the Bickleigh Vale Village Scheme, designed all the cottages according to the owners' requirements, planned the gardens and supplied all the shrubs and trees from her own nurseries, and has made this one of the most attractive little villages in Victoria.

Founder of Mothers' Clubs In Victoria

MISS IDA BODY, Infant Mistress at Albert Park School, founded one of the first Mothers' Clubs in Victoria over fourteen years ago at this school.

The idea was to make learning pleasant, to get mothers together, not only for social purposes, but to raise money to supply comforts for children. With the first money raised by the mothers, the fathers called a meeting every Saturday and built one of the finest shelter-sheds in the State. After three years, Miss Body, inspired by the splendid results of one club, decided to form a Federation of Mothers' Clubs throughout Victoria. She was elected president, but when this was well established retired in favor of a married woman. She has, however, continued as an active member ever since.

Expert at Judging Fancy Costumes

NOT many people know as much about fancy costumes as Mrs. Freudenberg, of Brisbane. She has been the judge at thousands of charity dances, and sums up the winner in quick time, with great consideration to detail.

But helping the poor and needy is what makes Mrs. Freudenberg really happy. During the winter she organized a party at Lennon's, and with the money raised she provided 36 frocks, 36 pairs of stockings, 42 cotton dresses, and 10 pairs of blankets for those who needed them. Mrs. Freudenberg is social convener for the Catholic Daughters' Association and senior vice-president as well.

Two Hundred Prizes In Two Years

MORE than 200 prizes for needlework at the principal shows of the Commonwealth during the last two years is the record held by Miss Edna Pierpont, of Stanthorpe, Queensland.

She received a letter recently from the secretary of the South Australian Royal Agricultural and Horticultural Society, stating that she had won the 1936 Girls' Handicraft Championship, having gained with her six entries six first prizes.

Miss Pierpont is only sixteen, and in Melbourne her success included three first awards, one second and one highly-commended, while at the Sydney Show she gained three firsts and one second out of four entries.

Honorary Adviser for Slum Abolition Board

THE six women inspectors appointed by the Housing Investigation and Slum Abolition Board to make a survey of housing conditions in Melbourne have started work with Mrs. G. Woinarski as honorary adviser.

These women inspect one particular area in an industrial suburb and prepare a report for the Slum Abolition Committee.

Mrs. Woinarski has had a good training in social work. She was the second woman in Victoria to be put on the committee of the Melbourne Benevolent Asylum some years ago, and has done a tremendous amount of work with the Melbourne Ladies' Benevolent Society.

Has Now Some Extras to Pack

MISS GERTRUDE McLEOD, of Brisbane, who leaves in the Orion in February for England, has to find room in her wardrobe-trunk for a few unexpected "extras."

The last seven years she has been honorary secretary of the Indooroopilly Golf Club, and associates presented her with a unique waterproof gadget which, when unfolded, turns itself into a golf bag; also a travelling cushion. The men gave her a fountain-pen and pencil.

Popular Golf Club Secretary Retires

MRS. R. H. CUMMING has just retired from the position of honorary secretary for the Royal Queensland Golf Club. She held a similar position in 1931, 1932, and 1933.

Pull of tact, and patient and kind to everyone, Mrs. Cumming has endeared herself to all associate members, especially to beginners, whom she has encouraged, and always has found time to have a game with.

Authoress Maintaining Traditions of Her Family

MISS L. A. B. HENEY, whose book, "The Shadow Tree," was published recently by Andrew Melrose, London, is one of those young women who should have "writing in her blood."

Her maternal grandfather, the late Mr. Henry Gullet, was a journalist, being first editor of the "Australasian," and editor of the "Sydney Morning Herald." Her father, the late Mr. T. W. Heney, was also editor of the "Sydney Morning Herald" for many years.

Miss Heney was born in Sydney, and has been a contributor to newspapers and magazines since childhood. She has lived abroad a great deal, but is now residing in Sydney.

New State Secretary of N.C.W. in Victoria

MISS M. A. WILLIAMSON, recently appointed State secretary of the National Council of Women of Victoria, brings a wealth of experience to her task. For more than thirteen years she has been interstate secretary and Laws Convener of this council, and was a member of the Australian board of the council when the headquarters was in Melbourne.

She has attended all interstate N.C.W. conferences, and acted as proxy for the president, Mrs. I. H. Moss, at Brisbane and Perth.

She also represents the Charity Organisation Society on the National Council and is honorary secretary of the Girls' Employment Movement.

Miss Williamson was honorary secretary of the Women's Centenary Council, Melbourne, and has just retired as vice-president of the Victorian Women's Citizens' Movement.

By Overseas Liner to TASMANIA

Book your passage to Burnie in the T.S.S. "Largs Bay" or T.S.S. "Moreton Bay," which sail from Sydney:—

"Largs Bay"—leaves Sydney January 12th, 1937.

"Moreton Bay"—leaves Sydney February 9th, 1937.

Travel one-class and have the run of the whole ship.

ABERDEEN and COMMONWEALTH LINE

For details of fares, etc., apply to:—

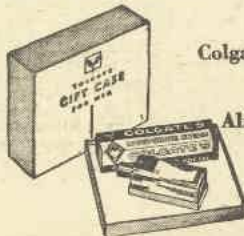
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DEAR MARY



Isn't Christmas a hectic business buying just the thing for everyone on the gift list. . . . I was about distracted until I saw a display of Colgate's Christmas Gift Boxes, and they will solve my whole problem. I'm giving Mother the Cashmere Bouquet Gift Box which only costs 5/- . . . And Father will have a lovely



Colgate's Gift Case for men priced at 2/6.

Alice will get one of the Gift Boxes which contain Cashmere Bouquet Soap, Tale and Face Powder . . . It's only 2/6



and John will receive a Palmolive Gift Box . . . really



great value at 2/6

Then for Aunt Jane I've got a lovely box of

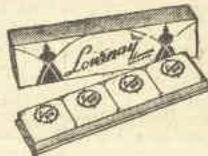
Cashmere Bouquet Soap for 2/6.

and Aunt Marion a Box of Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder costing only 2/6



. . . and finally . . . for all

those last-minute gifts that always crop up I've bought several delightful boxes of Colgate's Lournay Soap at 1/-. Why don't you see these Colgate's Christmas Boxes yourself? . . . They are really lovely and so very, very economical.



Your sincere friend,

Cashmere Bouquet

P.S. I've just bought Betty a Cashmere Bouquet Gift Box for 3/9 . . . containing Foundation Cream, Soap, Face Powder and Brilliantine.

The SETTLER-ESS

Continued from Page 14

JANE in her tower acquired wealth, and said that being a miser amused her, and kept repeating to herself every Monday morning as she dressed for breakfast that she was not bored. Pat did not arrive surrounded by dignity and circumstance. He had journeyed down coast, as a matter of fact, in a particularly stinking Canary baccalao schooner, and made his entrance to the island in a dinghy under threat of the knives of skipper, mate, and two members of the crew.

On rising from the beach to which he had been kicked, he explained to Jane, who had come down as usual to receive visitors, that he had made himself unpopular on the ship and had been tarred as a consequence, and could the lady give him work?

The lady could — for board and lodging, explained curtly that the laborer worthy of his hire lived at the other side of the thirty-foot volcanic dyke; and pointed out that the unworthy got shot neatly but with promptness.

"Mid-day chop will occur in three and a half hours from now," said Jane. "Get across through that gap, find the sugar-cane patch, and ask for Nila. He will find you a job till close time."

"Thank you," said Pat, knocking his forehead in the way he fancied for'sle Jack did it, and blessing Allah that Jane hadn't spotted him. As for Jane, she kept a stiff upper lip — a well-charcoal upper lip and chin and jaw. "Didn't know me from Eve-Adam, I mean," said Jane to herself. "I feel I look quite the gent."

So Pat joined what I suppose we may bluntly call the slave-gang, and promptly showed a taste for irrigation schemes which seemed to double the bearing of the gardens every month. Also he introduced the use of kelp as manure. Also, having been bred in a country vicarage, he showed real art in the matter of curing pigs.

Pat even kept the nigger in order without his having to undergo his bi-monthly chastisement. Pat, as became his breed, had a way of handling inferior races. Earthquake and eclipse arrived from without in the shape of Captain Pedro something-or-other and his evil-smelling flashing schooner. Captain Pedro was a mathematician and could put two and two together and make them sum up to the x-to-the-nth as well as the next man.

"THAT-A Senhor Jane," said Pedro, translating with his hands as he went along. "He sell-a all the time. He spend-a nothing. Where the money? Ha—in that castle. You hear-a me?" His crew (and two additional friends) did hear—and took steps.

They arrived in that sleepy hour before the dawn, sprayed Jane's four-inch front door with petrol, and set against it a keg of tar which was already thoroughly lighted.

Jane, who by this time had shipped an iron door inside the wooden one, waited, and for a wonder didn't shoot.

It was the down-trodden slaves who swept up to the rescue, headed (I'll trouble you) by the undesirable nigger.

Pat Johnson acquired a bump on the head during the scrimmage which looked like being all he would want in this world, and to him went Jane, and gave herself away with tongue and lips. The nigger said he was blown, and was kicked to his own side of the volcanic fence by the austere Nila. Pat was taken into the castle, and the door slammed in the face of possible intruders.

"You big fool," said the gentle Jane later, "to think I haven't known you all along. You're my man and you've got to marry me."

Pat Johnston grinned on the one sound side of his split mouth. "That's nice, old lady. But I suppose you'll find out one of these days that the old uncle popped off after the Governor died, and so I got the title and Firbank. The land's gone down, of course, but it's still worth seven to eight thousand a year."

"I think," said Jane thoughtfully, "I mentioned before that I don't care about anything but you."

(Copyright.)



Intimate Jottings

Do You Know—

That to mark the flight of time, Dr. Elsie Leonard gave a diamond wristlet watch to her daughter Nildra on her 21st birthday?

That Mrs. Billy McIntosh has converted her bejewelled timepiece into a brooch and uses a pocket mirror to reflect it when she wants to know the time o'clock?

Greyleaves Is Chosen

HAVING the choice of three homes, the Godsell family have decided to foregather at their country residence, Greyleaves, Bowral, for Christmas, instead of doing their usual trek to Palm Beach. Dr. Godsell's sister, Mrs. Barlow, has come from Too-woomba, and is occupying the cottage on "Pill" Hill—so called by Palm Beachites because of the number of medicos who own residences there.

Pot Long Innes should finish her bout of windjamming aboard *L'Avenir* and reach Sydney towards the end of January. She has had a lovely time in Europe, and particularly enjoyed her visits to Ireland.

Youthful Amazons

THE Frensham girls put it all over their parents on "Father's Day." Most of the fathers, who had been sternly admonished not to dare to make a "duck," clutched the bat nervously after tearing all over the place in their efforts to field the ball, and simply couldn't stand up to the girls' bowling.

The next ordeal was speech-making to a critical young audience. Meeting Dr. R. A. Eakin twenty-four hours later, he remarked, "I'm aching in every single ounce of me." Well, that's saying some!

"Happy Landings!"

AIR-MINDED Peg McKillop, who recently married Colin Kelman in London, is having just the honeymoon you'd expect her to choose.

In Colin's newly-purchased Monospar (taking turns at the joystick) they left England on December 5, and are flying by leisurely stages to Australia. They'll visit Athens, Cairo and Delhi, as well as the usual airports on the route, and expect to reach Darwin on Christmas Eve.

After a short sojourn at Colin's station home, Malaraway, Moree, they'll be looking up their Sydney friends in January.

Number 307 Edgecliff Road, home of the Master in Equity, Mr. W. A. Parker, has been sold. The new owners, who will move in early next year, are the J. A. Schofields, of Hunter's Hill.

A Personal Interest

THIS week Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Hindmarsh Stephen are taking their daughters, Mary and Audrey, on a visit to South Australia.

The Adelaide anniversary celebrations have a special interest for Mr. Stephen, as he is a grandson—on the distaff side—of the Hindmarsh who was first Governor of South Australia.

Lucky Lessees and Lessors

HAVING arranged everything else regarding their proposed trip to Europe next year to their entire satisfaction, the John Bruntons' crowning bit of luck is in having secured just the tenants they desired for their home, The Three Threes, in Edgecliff Road.

The Alec Spences are equally delighted with this charming house, which was designed by the late Mr. H. Joseland for his daughter (Jocelyn Brunton).

The Spences are leaving for their annual visit to New Zealand a month sooner than they intended in order to be back for the move into 333 Edgecliff Road on January 24. John and Jocelyn will probably stay with Mr. Spencer Brunton at Gladwood Gardens before setting forth to England in February.

Ideal for Entertaining

DURING the month that Mr. Phillip Bushell is away in New Zealand, Mr. Theo Marks will keep an eagle eye on the alterations that are going on at Kismet, and everything should be ripe for a grand welcome-home party in the new year. The big room, with its parquet flooring that stretches right across the harbor front of the house, will be just ideal for dancing.

No Place Like Home

MRS. GRIFFEN was thrilled at receiving a cable from her son, Ray, shortly before he and his wife returned from China, asking if she would like to have him and "Peter" stay with her for Christmas and New Year. Well, would she? Yes, their address will be Billyard Avenue, Elizabeth Bay, for the festive season.

Fancy being able to soften the heart of a Customs official! Lorna Bragg, who became Mrs. Kenneth Forster in Yokohama a few weeks ago, managed to do it and was allowed to take in her somewhat voluminous library without paying any duty.

Youthful "Lady Owner"

FIVE hundred guineas' worth of horseflesh, to which she gave the name of Lynch Law, was a present from Mr. Alan Lewis to his daughter Nancy a while ago, and wasn't she thrilled to bits at getting that cabled announcement of "First start, first win!"

Nancy has left her finishing school in Paris and is in London.

Meudon, Patts Point, will be the address of the Arthur Simpsons, of Oban, Inverell, for the summer.

Sun Worshippers

THERE is plenty of room to move about in the immense sunroom at the top of 52 Macleay St., Ltd., and Captain and Mrs. Elgar Payn wisely chose it as the setting for their first party since their recent return to Australia. An outside in cocktail "dos" at which Mrs. Payn saw to the mixing of her own special concoction. Very good it was, too!

Captain Payn is in accord with the sundial in feeling that sunshine is one of life's essentials, and is very enthusiastic about our climate. He has spent five successive summers in Sydney, and will remain till this one is over before departing for the Channel Islands again.

Did You Hear—

That at the A. C. Davidsons' Christmas cocktail party an orchestra contributed auxiliary sound effects, but was hardly noticed above the loquacious chatter of over 100 guests?

That the Frensham girls' Christmas play, "Iris," was written by Mrs. Kennedy, who is a sister of the headmistress, Miss Winifred West?



Change From Sumatra

EVER since John Collins and Betty Goddard were married they've been living in Sumatra, but this year they've been enjoying a trip to England and are topping it off now with a visit to Sydney and Betty's aunt, Miss Gertrude Goddard, of Ocean Avenue. With them are their two small daughters, Deirdre and Cynthia.

Family Reunion

DR. BILL UTHUR found himself deserted for one week while his wife grasped the opportunity of motoring from Cobarr to Sydney with some friends to pay her parents, Professor and Mrs. Sandes, a surprise visit before Christmas.

Next week, John Sandes is going to drive his father and mother to Nombi, Gunnedah, to stay with their younger daughter Greta and her husband, Jim Vivers, to sample Greta's first attempt at making plum pudding.

Peggy Geill



Distinctive...

"Evening Garden" Perfume is the one masterpiece of the Perfumer's art—DISTINCTIVE fragrance of a beautiful garden on a Summer's evening. The Face Powder, too, is carefully blended, and will suit the most delicate skin.

XMAS GIFTS THAT WILL BE APPRECIATED

"EVENING GARDEN" Floral Gels No. 336, price 8/6.
"EVENING GARDEN" Perfume, handbag size, 1/6; others from 4/6 to 25/-.
"EVENING GARDEN" Face Powder, price 2/6. At all chemists and stores.
Send to Imex, 404 Kent St., Sydney, for free sample of Evening Garden Face Powder. We pay postage.

"Evening Garden" By IMEX

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Noted
Critic and
Author

ARNOLD HASKELL, famous author and critic, who will discuss the art of the ballet from Station 2GB.



ARNOLD HASKELL to Broadcast FROM 2GB English Authority on Art of the Ballet

Mr. Arnold Haskell, perhaps the best-known authority on the ballet in the world, will be interviewed by Dorothea Vautier from 2GB on Monday, December 21, during The Australian Women's Weekly session.

An Englishman of charm and distinction and a noted critic and author, Mr. Haskell is travelling with the Monte Carlo Russian ballet and is regarded by the dancers as their friend, conversing with him in Russian, French, German and English.

ACCORDING to the story he tells about himself, Mr. Haskell started to write when convalescing from an appendix operation. He had time to kill, and he killed it by writing "Studies in the Ballet."

Talking of the male ballet dancer, Mr. Haskell says most male ballet-dancers can hold their own with any so-called he-men at boxing, running, and many other sports. On the stage they leap to a height that in the athletic field would create records.

"Dancing in England has not attracted enough men," he added, "although the home of the ballet is among Anglo-Saxons."

As guide, philosopher, and friend, Mr. Haskell has travelled with ballets for many years. He thinks the present ballet has definite possibilities. The members are young and enthusiastic.

One aspect of the present company

Electric cooking is cheaper

**TO COOK FOR A
FAMILY OF FOUR
PERSONS COSTS
LESS THAN 1/9
PER WEEK**

Just imagine — 1/9 a week for all the benefits of electric cooking. That is a generous estimate too, for the average cost of electric cooking is less than three farthings per person per day. There's economy for you!

The other great saving of electric cooking is in labour. Electric cooking is automatic and requires the minimum of attention, and because an electric range is flameless, smokeless and fume-free, cooking utensils stay bright and the kitchen is always spotlessly clean and cool.

You may like your kitchen but you don't want to spend needlessly long, wearisome hours there, cooking by laborious old-fashioned methods. Decide to have an electric range and save money, do less work, have better food and more leisure for yourself.



**The Sydney County Council
offers to install FREE any
approved Electric Range**

An approved type of electric range may be purchased on exceptionally easy terms. Installation is Free up to £6 (the average cost of installing a range).

30% REDUCTION

By having an electric range you secure a reduction of 30% on the cost of all your secondary kilowatt hours (units). This means that in addition to the saving in cooking costs, you will also save on the operating cost of your lighting and any other electrical appliances you may use.

A FREE SERVICE

The series of domestic cooking classes now being held at the Electricity Undertaking has proved immensely popular. This service is absolutely free, and those who are interested are invited to write in for further particulars.



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E.B.6-48

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, December 16—
11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 3.30 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, December 17—
11.45 a.m.: Featured Talk. 3.30 p.m.: Dance Rhythms.

FRIDAY, December 18—
11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 3.30 p.m.: Musical Moods.

SATURDAY, December 19—
6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: New Light Symphony Orchestra and Comedy Harmonists.

SUNDAY, December 20—
6.10 p.m.: Featuring Ellis Price and his players.

MONDAY, December 21—
11.45 a.m.: Interview with Mr. Arnold Haskell. 3.30 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, December 22—
11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 3.30 p.m.: Afternoon Tea Selections.

which he finds distinctly commendable is that there are only two mothers touring with their daughters, and these have work to do as wardrobe mistresses.

When Mr. Haskell first started travelling with the de Basil Ballet, no fewer than 17 mothers went with their daughters. They were generally more temperamental than the girls and caused a good deal of trouble in the company.

Mr. Haskell will tell listeners of his experiences with the ballet when he is interviewed by Miss Vautier.

Joy For Kiddies

WITH Christmas at hand, Station 2GB is looking like a toy shop. As usual, Mrs. Steiner has been gathering toys from hundreds of listeners, who have been contributing to her giant Christmas tree, which she will donate to the poor children of Sydney. Also, each branch of the Happiness Club will have its own Christmas tree for the poor children.

Among the many gifts received for these trees are toys from children who, in anticipation of new ones this Christmas, have decided to give their older ones to children less fortunate than themselves.

THE MOVIE WORLD

December 19, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

CALLING Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and
JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Mad Marx Wedding

WORD has leaked out that Harpo Marx has been married to Susan Fleming since September 24. No one knew, not even the other Marx brothers. The reason it was kept such a deep, dark secret was to foil possible pranks by the other Marxes.

When Chico married Betty Karp 20 years ago, Groucho and Harpo broke up the ceremony by eating leaves off a rubber plant. The clergyman walked out and they had to get another.

When Groucho and Ruth Johnson were being married 16 years ago,

What's In A Name? Says Carole

CAROLE LOMBARD has been to the Hall of Records to legalise her professional name. Her original name was Jane Peters and by marriage she added the word Powell, but she wants to get rid of them both. The nearest guess movie-land can make regarding her future is that she will become Mrs. Clark Gable.

Harpo crawled under a rug and afterwards tried to stage a wrestling match with Chico.

In typical Marx fashion Harpo says he can't remember the town where he was married, but it was somewhere in California. To conceal his identity, Harpo wore a hat, stiff collar with a string tie, and a suit several sizes too small for him. Susan wore an old dress, left off all make-up, and pulled her hat down at a funny angle.

Laughton's Triumph

THE Press rings with the praises of Charles Laughton as Rembrandt. Seldom has there been such unanimity of opinion among the critics, who hail his work as being among the world's greatest.

And with all these plaudits in his ears, Charles—accompanied by his wife, Elsa Lanchester—slipped across to Holland for the premiere presentation of "Rembrandt," at The Hague.

The crash of applause that followed the final fade-out almost wrecked the dome of the theatre, and did Charles get an ovation when, rather hesitantly, he went on to the stage and said how happy he was that "Rembrandt" had been given such a wonderful reception in Holland.



VICTOR JORY and MARGARET DARE in "Rangle River"

Bill and Jean

EVIDENCE—and not so circumstantial at that—points to serious developments in the Bill Powell-Jean Harlow friendship. The fact that Jean Harlow is wearing a diamond and ruby ring on her engagement finger, and that William Powell went shopping for pots and pans with the actress, has naturally caused Hollywood to conclude that they are engaged.

Jean says the engagement ring was a gift from her mother, and doesn't mean a thing, but Powell has no explanation of the pots. Well, weddings are in the Hollywood atmosphere at the moment, and these two popular stars would get a good send-off.

Of Possible Interest

CLARK GABLE intended to stay in New York ten days. He left in three. The clawing of the fans was too much for him. Before leaving, he bought a gun at a leading sports shop with the initials C.L. Can it be that Carole Lombard is going in for target practice?

Eleanor Powell is so afraid her grandparents will be homesick in Hollywood that she is having a room at her Beverley Hills home made into a duplicate of their quarters in New York. She'll bring the old folks out here to live after Christmas.

Greta Garbo wears flakes of real gold in her hair to give it added lustre for scenes in "Camille."

English Star Recovers

THE old sparkle is coming back into the dark eyes of Jessie Matthews, at home again with husband Sonnie Hale following her tragic collapse on the set and her six weeks in a West End nursing home.

It will be a long while before Jessie is fit to face the cameras again, but she is looking forward to a holiday trip with Sonnie as soon as the doctors pronounce her fit. Meantime she is having quite an interesting time at home, choosing dresses for that hoped-for holiday and doing those hundred-and-one jobs about a house which, no matter how good the management, somehow never seem to be done in a wife's absence.

Acid In Your Blood Kills Health and Vigour Kidneys Usually to Blame

There is nothing that can so quickly undermine your health, strength and energy as an excess of Acid in your Blood. Every time you move your hand, take a step, or use even the slightest amount of energy, cells are broken down in the body and create Acids. This process goes on even when you are asleep.

Fortunately, nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess Acids. To get rid of these Acids nature provides that your blood circulate 200 times an hour through 3 million tiny, delicate tubes, or filters, in your Kidneys. It is the function of the Kidneys to filter out these health-destroying Acids, and to purify the blood so that it can take energy and vitality to every part of your body. But if your Kidneys slow down and do not function properly, and remove approximately 1 pint of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, run-down and worn-out.

Causes Many Diseases

If Kidney troubles cause you to suffer from Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Circles Under Eyes, Backache, Loss of Vitality, or Burning Itching and Smarting, don't waste time worrying and waiting. The natural thing to do is to help your Kidneys with the doctor's special Kidney prescription called Cystex (pronounced Size-Tex). Cystex works directly on the Kidneys and Bladder, and helps the Kidneys in their function of washing impurities and Acids from the system and in maintaining the purity of the blood.



Dr. G. B. Knight

Chemists and doctors in over 51 different countries throughout the world recommend Cystex for its purity and prompt action as a Kidney medicine. For instance, Dr. Geo. B. Knight, Physician of Camden, N.J., recently wrote: "Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome Kidney troubles. It is assimilated by the system in short order and starts its beneficial action almost immediately. Cystex contains no harmful or injurious ingredients." Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, another widely-known physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

\$2,000 Money-Back Bond

If you feel older than you are or suffer from any of the dangerous symptoms mentioned, your Kidneys may be the real cause of your trouble. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex today. Put it to the test and see the great good it can do in your own particular case. Cystex is offered under a written money-back guarantee that by helping your Kidneys it will make you feel Younger, Stronger, and more Vigorous and satisfy you completely and thoroughly in 8 days, or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded immediately. Your word is final. This written money-back guarantee is backed by a fund of \$2,000 deposited by the Knox Drug Company, manufacturers of Cystex, with the leading banks of the world, such as English, Scottish and Australian Bank, Melbourne; Bank of New South Wales, Sydney; Westminster Bank, Limited (Gray's Inn Branch), London. You can't afford to endanger your Health—you cannot afford to waste time and you can't afford to take chances with cheap drastic, irritating drugs, which might injure your delicate Kidneys. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex from your chemist today, under the written money-back guarantee that it must make you feel well and strong and satisfy in every way or cost nothing.

COMM: Dec. 19, PRINCE EDWARD, Sydney
Dec. 18, REX, Adelaide
Dec. 26, AVALON, Hobart
Jan. 1, PLAZA, Launceston

NOW SHOWING: CAPITOL, Melbourne

GARY COOPER
MADELEINE CARROLL

"The GENERAL DIED AT DAWN"

A Paramount Picture with
AKIM TAMIROFF (as General Yang),
WM. FRAWLEY, DUDLEY DIGGES,
PORTER HALL, J. M. KERRIGAN.
Directed by Lewis Milestone.

Intrigue and danger
as the mysterious
Orient slave, with
adventurous action
filled with romance, Gary
Cooper and Madeleine Carroll
give their greatest performances
to date.

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ SING, BABY, SING

Adolphe Menjou, Alice Faye. (Fox.)

THIS picture comes so near to being in the three-star class that I'm not sure I haven't done wrong in denying it this highest award. But—there are one or two sequences in which the quick-moving comedy is slowed up to allow a crooner to wail his stuff into the sound equipment, and these blots just succeed in robbing the picture of that wholly satisfactory quality which would allow it to be described as "excellent."

Nevertheless, it remains a film to recommend: one of those offerings that a reviewer tells his friends about. The story is concerned with the linking-together, by the Press and an unscrupulous theatrical agent, of the names of an unknown song and dance girl and a famous lover of the screen and stage, and the action is about as humorous as Menjou and a good gag-writer can make it.

Laughs are frequent from beginning to end. Not only is the versatile Adolphe at his top, but he is aided and abetted by as bright a team of wit-wits as one could hope for. Ted Healy and Patay Kelly are prominent in humorous roles, with Gregory Ratoff, coming as a surprise as a comedian, and, for good measure, Fox have thrown in the Three Ritz Brothers—top-notch vaudevillians who are masters of every branch of their profession.—Regent; showing.

★★ DISHONOR BRIGHT

Tom Walls, Betty Stockfeld. (B.E.F.)

AN amusingly naughty little picture that should amuse almost all and offend none. It opens in the divorce court, with co-respondent Tom Walls standing up to the attack of a very self-righteous counsel for the plaintiff. (By the way, is it the plaintiff in these affairs? I lack experience; touch wood.)

At any rate, the situation gives Mr. Ben Travers a chance to slip in some bright wise-cracks, and lays the foundation for a story in which the gay

Week's Best Release

SING, BABY, SING

Fox Feature. A good item in a fair field.

co-respondent marries the lady in the case (after the decree is made absolute, of course), falls for the wife of his barrister enemy, saves her honor while he and his wife are honeymooning on the Continent, and . . . But one of the virtues of the film is that you can't guess how it will end; and far be it from me to spoil it for you.

Tom Walls is his usual amusing self; Betty Stockfeld is both competent and decorative; and Diana Churchill is surprisingly good as Ivy Lamb, the slightly nit-witted divorcee whom the gallant Mr. Walls marries.

A sophisticated comedy, with a final fade-out that tells its own story.—State; showing.

★★ EVERYTHING IS THUNDER

Constance Bennett, Douglas Montgomery. (G.B.D.)

IN spite of an unsatisfactory ending—in which tragedy is turned into an unconvincing piece of melodrama—the story, direction, and acting value of this offering place it well in the two-star class.

Following very faithfully the novel of the same name, the film deals with the efforts of an English officer during the war to escape from a German prison camp. After several unsuccessful attempts, a final desperate break gets him as far as Berlin, and here he encounters a girl of the streets who befriends him. Before she discovers his true identity the two have fallen in love. The action then develops into a joint effort on the part of the pair to get out of Germany, with Detective Goetz, who is in love with the girl, putting in some heavy work in the background.

Except for a slight tendency towards wordiness, the picture maintains a high level of drama and in-

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three Stars—
excellent.

★★ Two stars—
good films.

★ One star—
average films.

No stars . . . no good.

terest. Constance Bennett and Douglas Montgomery do splendid work as the girl and the escapee respectively. Homolka, too, is good; it is not his fault that his characterisation falls to pieces at the end. The best thing to do would be to skip the last reel; but what normally curious human being would do that?—Embassy; showing.

★ THE DEVIL DOLL

Lionel Barrymore. (M.G.M.)

THIS would have been a good picture had it not been necessary for Lionel Barrymore to masquerade at such length as an old woman, wearing an unconvincing wig and alternating, vocally, between a burlesque falsetto and his natural baritone. As it stands, however, the film still has considerable merit, combining, as it does, an unusual story with equally unusual photographic effects.

The plot is built up on the efforts of an escaped convict, Lavond (Barrymore), to revenge himself on the three men responsible for sending him to prison. His vengeance is achieved by means of the discovery of a fellow convict, a scientist, who escapes with him and reveals to Lavond his secret, which is the power to reduce living things to miniature size. These living dolls become Lavond's tools of death. Rafaela Ottiano, who plays Malita, the scientist's wife, does the most striking work in the cast. Maureen O'Sullivan appears, but has little to do.—Cameo and Clivie; showing.

★ DANIEL BOONE

George O'Brien, Heather Angel. (R.K.O.)

DANIEL BOONE was an American frontiersman; a pioneer, an Indian fighter, a blazer of new trails. He is presented to us by R.K.O. In the person of Mr. George O'Brien. To do George justice, he does a more convincing and satisfactory job in this role than he has in any of his recent pictures; probably because the story gives him more scope. Without being, by any means, a Paul Muni, he at least manages to give some flavor of reality to his characterization.

The story is a simple one. Dan has discovered new, rich territory, and organises a band of settlers to go forth and colonise it. Two factors are against him: redskins, led by the notorious renegade, Simon Girty, and treachery in his own ranks. He overcomes the former—after much howling and excitement; the treachery, however, personified by Ralph Forbes, defeats him. We see him, at the close of the picture, leaving his hard-won territory, and setting out to conquer new ground, the dauntless Heather Angel beside him.

Of its type, this offering is well done. Enjoyment will depend on how you react to whooping Indians.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ MISTER CINDERELLA

Jack Haley, Betty Furness. (M.G.-M.)

A VERY fair comedy, in which the laughs far outnumber the dull spots. Action centres around Jack Haley, who, as a barber helping out a millionaire patron young Mr. Meriweather, finds himself in the rich Randolph home, accepted as a scion of the plutocracy, and hopelessly in love with none other than Miss Randolph, to whom he is, of course, the rich if eccentric Meriweather.

Complications unnumbered arise out of this situation, the fun being speeded up by Arthur Treacher (still butting), Raymond Walburn, and Robert McWade. Betty Furness is the girl in the case.

You'll be amused.—Clivie and Cameo; showing.

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STARS, SONGS, DANCES
MAKE "POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL" SHIRLEY'S GREATEST

SURROUNDED by a cast of Hollywood's favourites and introduced five new song hits, Shirley Temple is a new standard of entertainment in her Christmas show, "Poor Little Rich Girl."

Darryl F. Zanuck, 20th Century-Fox Production Chief, was so enthusiastic of the story of this film that he determined to make it the greatest Shirley Temple picture to come to the screen.

Zanuck personally selected every member of the cast. Almost every prominent actor in Hollywood was considered for the various roles, and careful elimination the following as porting cost was chosen. Alice Faye, Gloria Stuart, Jack Haley, Maureen Whalen. Composition of musical numbers was entrusted to Gordon and Ben Hollywood's ace song-writing team.



In "Poor Little Rich Girl," Michael Whalen plays the part of Shirley's wealthy father, far too busy to pay much attention to his motherless little girl. Shirley runs away, and after many exciting adventures is finally "adopted" by Alice Faye and Jack Haley, a not too-prosperous vaudeville team, hoping for a break on the radio.

How Shirley brings success to the team and romance to her daddy is the most modern and most deeply human story Miss Temple has ever had.

Among the song-hits in this film directed by Irving Cummings are, "I'm With You," "But Definitely, You've Got to Eat Your Spinach," "My Goodness" and "Military Man."

**A 20th CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE
FOR EARLY GENERAL
RELEASE**



Simone Simon—Fox's Latest European Discovery

HOLLYWOOD TAKES to the AIR

Stars Lured to Radio by Big Money

By MARY OLIVIER

HOLLYWOOD, notorious for stealing from the ranks of the legitimate stage and radio some of their white-haired boys and girls, is having the tables turned on her. Screen stars have just discovered that they can add a few more thousand dollars to their weekly pay cheques by going in for broadcasting and have, accordingly, taken to the air.

There isn't a star of any standing in the film colony at present who can sing, dance, play a mouth organ or deliver a speech who hasn't been offered a very tempting bait to transmit his or her talents to the thousands who take their entertainment in an armchair before the fire.

A FEW of the stars who refuse to allow commercial firms to cash in on their popularity are still holding out against the broadcasting companies, but the majority have succumbed, and from Mary Pickford down to Freddie Bartholomew they are shouting all over the country from stations N.B.C., X.Y.Z., C.O.D., and R.S.V.P.

All this might have happened years ago, as some stars have been broadcasting for ages, but it is only recently that they have realised that there's gold in them thar sponsored sessions—since the big radio rajahs have discovered that a certain brand of soup or beans tastes better if some famous personality tells the world so.

With television just around the corner (but which one I just don't know and neither does anyone else) the radio and movies are getting closer together than ever, exchanging goodwill ambassadors in earnest. When radio christens a new sensation Hollywood loses no time, these days, in snapping him or her up. Take for example the latest screen find, Don Ameche, who was a radio discovery before 20th Century-Fox grabbed him. On the other hand, programme-sponsors, more spendthrift than ever since prosperity returned, are signing screen stars at fabulous salaries as super-salesmen of their wares.

"Rajahs" Scared

TRUE, the radio rajahs had a severe attack of the jitters only a short time ago, when the best of their stars started heading towards Hollywood, for fear that they would be unable to replace them with other big names. It was then much easier for them to bring to the microphone the crowned heads of Europe than to persuade a king or queen of the movies to say a few words. Furthermore, there were the studio executives to contend with.

The movie moguls were in no frame of mind to allow their stars to gallivant all over the ether advertising razor-blades and corn-plasters. In the first place there was their prestige to be upheld. Furthermore, they feared that it might interfere with their screen work. Last, but not least, there was the box-office angle to be considered. The radio seemed at that time, to be a forthright menace to the box-office.

Still the broadcasting people persisted, urged on by thousands of listeners who, demanding something new, directed their gaze towards Hollywood. The radio had previously enticed this famous band and that eminent singer, but Hollywood stars presented an entirely new and novel field which promised rich harvesting and contented customers. To

• **ABOVE:** Joan Crawford, who has been booked by the radio rajahs for an over-the-air session with other Hollywood big-shots.

• **RIGHT:** The camera CAN lie. Here is Shirley Temple shown in front of a mike. Shirley has never broadcast.

present the stars in dramas, specially-condensed versions of popular plays and pictures, others who could warble a song or two and the few who could put over some bright wise-cracks, was the aim of the broadcasters, backed by rich sponsors—and they aimed straight for the film colony.

Mary Pickford was the first to break the ice, leading the way for others to follow. The news of Mary's radio debut dropped on Hollywood like a bombshell. It had been assumed that, because of her allegiance to the screen, she would never sign on the radio dotted line. But the ravages of time had taken their toll, and Pickford was done as a screen star. Nobody knew it better than she. Radio, however, was something entirely different. It opened up a new and heavenly vista of re-found fame, greater perhaps than they had had on the screen, not only for Mary but for the legion of has-beens who visibly are done, but who, audibly, remain evergreen.

Pickfair Parties

NO Mary started her weekly session, entitled "Parties at Pickfair" in which she is assisted by Crawford Kent, another old screen personality, and several young people whose names are unknown to you, so I won't bother mentioning them. But the highlights of Mary's sessions are the guest artists, among whom are some of the biggest names in the film colony, who, for the sake of the old school tie and from 1000 dollars to 3000 dollars apiece, say a few words into the mike and thrill the thousands of flappers and their boy-friends scattered throughout America. Following quickly upon Mary's



• **ONE OF** Hollywood's steals from broadcasting. Don Ameche, who deserted the air for celluloid.

capitulation to the microphone the sponsors turned to Hollywood for more and better stars—preferably those who are currently enjoying the scenery from the top of Mount Popularity. And what was good enough for Mary, decided the others, was good enough for them, particularly when they collected a nice fat cheque on the way out.

The radio rajahs lost no time in signing up not only Hollywood's biggest stars, but buying the broadcasting rights to plays and pictures which have proved their box-office appeal. Such hits as "Seventh Heaven," "The First Year," "The Barker," "Morocco," "What Price Glory," "Journey's End," "Men in White," were put on the air with star casts which would make any Hollywood producer turn green with envy.

Turn to Page 10, Movie Section

ALL in NAME of RESTING Stars Strike Trouble Between Films

CINEMITES are a crazy bunch of people, who usually do things totally different to everybody else . . . but, then, Hollywood is a topsy-turvy town, and its film folk are, perhaps, only a reflection of its many and varied idiosyncrasies!

Which brings me to The Question! How many times have you read in the fan magazines, in the newspapers, in the divers publications which devote space to moviedom, of stars resting between pictures? How often do you see that phrase which invariably reads—"Annie Glutz, glamorous Continental star, has planned to New York for a well-earned rest between pictures"?

★
ANOTHER intimate story of the behind-the-scenes life of the stars. It shows just how human these celebrities are.

★
By JEANNETTE
MacMAHON

★ ★ ★

YES, I know! I've seen it myself, more times than I care to remember. And it's always the signal for a kind of suppressed snort on my behalf. Because I happen to be fully cognisant of the kind of "rests" that these movie stars of ours give themselves every so often . . . of their return to the studios, and to work, with drooping eyelids, tired lines in their cheeks, and a highly-strung temperament bordering almost upon hysteria.

I'm telling you that if you, on your vacation, are just half as crazy as most of my Hollywood friends on their holidays, I never want to meet you, let alone accompany you on a "rest" tour!! Those movie stars get me down. They simply make no sense at all. For months they'll whine about the work they have to do at the studio, and they'll grouse to anybody who'll listen.

"Gee, but I need a rest," they say. "Five pictures straight, without a break. I'll go mad if I don't get a rest soon." And sooner or later, they get a vacation, and they'll do everything in the name of rest . . . but sleep!

Anything can Happen

IT'S possibly no news to you that when a star is making a picture she must keep very regular hours, with absolutely no dissipation that may jeopardise her efficiency the next day.

But when she starts on a "rest," you can be certain that things will be different. There will be new clothes, new homes, new fads, and new cars. Yes, anything can happen when a movie star "rests" between pictures.

The strange thing about it is that they honestly believe they are going to rest, when they go away on a

vacation. With all the sincerity in the world, they'll paint rosy pictures of what they'll do when they get to New York. How they'll see the folks; how they'll sleep just so long as the mood takes them; and how refreshed and eager for work they'll be when they return to Hollywood and movie-making.

But when that day does come along, and the returning prodigal pokes a haggard face inside the studio door, the executives just take one agonised look, swoon, and postpone the star's next cinematic assignment for another month until the circles under her eyes have disappeared. That is, until she's recuperated from her "rest"!!

Joan's Week-end

I REMEMBER Joan Bennett telling me of a spare week-end she had recently, when she thought it would be a good idea to get away from the old town for a bit of a break. And when her publicity man suggested it would be a good idea to go to San Francisco to make one personal appearance, with all expenses paid, she thought it'd be a grand idea. The "appearance" would only take five minutes, and then she could have a nice exhilarating rest before starting work on another picture when she got back to Hollywood.

First of all, she missed the train on which her reservations had been made; then she arrived by a late plane, just in time to run on to the stage without powder or make-up or without anything at all to eat. And just as she was about to wrap herself round a nice juicy steak after her appearance, the Press of San Francisco burst in, led by her publicity man, all eager for photos and interviews. She couldn't be rude, so the steak had to go cold. . . . Then just as she was about to order some more and the journalists had departed, her Press agent informed her that she was billed for another three performances—"and you can't walk out on your fans, can you, sweetie?"

Well, to cut a long story short, she finally arrived home and buried her head in her pillow and cried and cried from sheer exhaustion!

I recall a "rest" which Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess took some time ago . . . and though it tried hard to be a sincere one, it just didn't work out that way, and the reasons why make darned funny reading.

It was like this: they both decided that they needed a rest in a big way. A friend had told them of a delightful little sand bar about seven miles off the coast of Long Island, so the two pals had a launch take them over and made the boatman promise that he wouldn't come back for two days. Then they erected their tent, fried their steaks, and settled down to a swell forty-eight hours of complete rest and health-giving sunshine. "Isn't it lovely here," said Bill. "Think of all those other mugs in the smoke-laden night-clubs."

But . . . then came the mosquitoes, big and vicious. They had to sleep with their underclothing over their faces and their socks on their hands, but the mossies still drilled their way through. Round about midnight a cold wind blew up, which dispelled the insects, but at the same time wrecked their tent. They tried to get some sleep again, with the stars forming a canopy over their heads, but a little while later they were awakened again, with the water lapping at their feet, and all their provisions either washed away or water-logged. They learned later that it was the highest tide around those parts in the last seventy years.

The next day the sun came out in all its strength, and brought with it about a million different kinds of insects. What with insect bites, a severe dose of sunburn, and a very light larder, they both resembled a couple of wizened-up lunatics when the boat arrived back for them at the end of two terrible days.

Back to Nature

THEN and there both Bill and Dick decided that they'd spend their next vacation in the lounge of the Biltmore Hotel, sipping cocktails and breathing that foetid "smoke-laden atmosphere."

When little Janet Gaynor goes on a vacation, she works just about three times as hard as she does at the studio. She owns a little cabin up on the lake at Wisconsin, and she generally spends her time there sawing up wood, going for long rows on the lake, doing the laundry, and generally making herself about as physically exhausted as a hard day before the cameras at the studio. Then, when she finally gets back to town, her hands are blistered by hard work, and her back is chafed up by the fiery sun . . . and those treckles!

Turn to Page 10, Movie Section

● TOP: Bill Powell, who decided on a "back to nature" week-end. It wasn't much of a rest.

● LEFT: Going for a "rest" accompanied by a publicity man was Joan Bennett's big mistake.



CURRENT ROMANCES of the MOVIE GREAT Who Loves Whom In Hollywood

By

Barbara Bouchier

Our Special Correspondent in
Hollywood.

Really, we've got the best crop of romances blooming in Hollywood we've had in many a moon. Practically all our handsome leading men of the screen are agog over some beauteous damsel, not to mention the ones who had just been led to the altar.

Yes, sir, the poet was right when he, or was it a "she," said, "Tis love makes the world go round." Well, even if it doesn't, in case you're cynical, it at least provides headlines for newspapers, stories for the fan magazines, and plenty of gossip for everyone.

YOUNG women all over the world, right now, are having palpitation of the heart over Robert Taylor, who has topped the fan mail record of shadow heroes with 8000 fan letters in one week. And if you don't think they're sitting up nights wondering whether he and Barbara Stanwyck are altar-bound, you're just plumb crazy.

If ever I saw a couple in love, it is these two, Barbara, who has had a great deal of unhappiness, has a new light in her eyes, and Bob is certainly the devoted companion. They're together most of the time, and it was Barbara who met Bob at the airport when he came home from a recent trip to New York.

Then there is the case of Clark Gable, who, a short time ago, was quoted as saying that all he wanted out of life was a quiet time up in the wilds with his shotgun and fishing tackle. Remind us to say, "Oh, yeah" to Clark the next time we see him. Clark seems to have found the company of one Carole Lombard very interesting; in fact, there are any number of lovely ladies who would willingly see Carole given an arsenic sandwich to remove her from the picture. But Carole looks alarmingly healthy and very happy. Can

it be love? Judging from the grand time they seem to have together, I'd say yes.

Coming to young and attractive Jimmie Stewart. For a time there, it looked as though Jimmy was going to be safe by playing numbers. He took Eleanor Powell out one night and Virginia Bruce the next, and then again you'd see him with another fair charmer. But they do say now that Jimmy is very much that way about the red-headed Ginger Rogers. And, whether it is serious or not, they do seem to have a lot of fun dancing at the night spots.

Devotion

AND if you can give me a bigger indication of devotion than that, I'd like you to bring it to light. Why? Well, Ginger going out nights to dance is just a one hundred per cent, businesswoman's holiday. Don't you imagine she gets quite enough of the light fantastic after hours of going over new routines with Fred Astaire?

But that, of course, is business. Dancing with Jimmy is pleasure—sheer, unadulterated enjoyment. At least it must be, otherwise, can you see Miss Rogers doing it after a tough day's work at the studio?

There are rumors that the David Niven-Merle Oberon romance is on ice, but I doubt it. I was on the set recently where Merle was working and David was there to call for her



at five o'clock, and I was told that that was a daily occurrence. I know, too, that, when David was working in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," at Warner Bros., Merle used to dash over whenever she could to have luncheon with David or watch him work.

Hollywood had Francis Lederer and Mary Loos at the orange blossom stage, but I've been told on very good authority that Francis is now very much interested in the blonde Marjorie Grahame, despite the fact that she claims her marriage to her English actor-husband has not reached the divorce stage.

A great deal of fuss on the part of the Press followed a recent trip



● ABOVE: Principals in Hollywood's No. 1 romance—Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck. But 'tis said Bob's contract prevents his marrying.

● LEFT: Cary Grant, whose ardent passion for Mary Brian is reported to have cooled off.

of Jean Harlow's to San Francisco. It seems her favorite boy friend, no less than one William Powell, was up there too, on location, and the newspaper boys had them married. Well, Jean denies it vigorously, but there are a lot of wisecracks who will bet money these two stars are already married.

If Jean is really Mrs. Powell, she and Bill won't be the first to have been married and to have kept the ceremony very, very dark. How about Chaplin? The wisecracks insisted all along that he'd really done the deed—and the wisecracks were right. Anyhow, there's a strong feeling in Hollywood that Jean and Bill have taken

each other for better or for worse, and if they have, it might have been for either of them, much worse.

Then there is the romance between Tyrone Power, junior, and Susan Henne, the world champion skater who is soon to appear in the fifth Century-Fox production, "One in a Million." They do say that the first time Sonia saw Tyrone, she asked him to take her to a preview that evening, and that was the beginning of what looks like a real romance.

And what about Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson? As I've said you, Hollywood is convinced that Herbert's dash to England, per plane and airship Hindenburg, is mainly for the purpose of arranging a divorce so that he and the glamorous Gloria may become man and wife.

Serious Attachment

JUST how true this may turn out to be, one thing is certain: the two have been openly devoted to each other for a sufficiently long time now for the seriousness of their attachment to be apparent. In a world where three months is a long time for any love affair to continue, the Marshall-Swanson attachment seems, by comparison, to have taken on the permanence of the Rock of Gibraltar.

Oh, but we could go on for hours. Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable are a very romantic twosome. Cesar Romero seems to be dividing his time between Betty Furness and Virginia Bruce. The latest news just as we go to press, is that the Cary Grant-Mary Brian, for a time one of the most ardent romances Hollywood has seen, has definitely cooled. Mary is playing the field again.

They're Human

THE main point, of course, that emerges from all this is that movie stars, despite their ambitions, despite their preoccupations with the public, and with their publicity, despite the terrific demands on their time made by their work, still manage to find the leisure to be human beings.

We ordinary folk picture them as exotic creatures quite divorced from ordinary emotions, but so far as one of the greatest of human emotions is concerned they are no different to the rest of us.

Each one of them, even as we are engaged in the search for the perfect mate. Conditions make the perfect lover hard to keep—even if he or she be found—but Hollywood stars, like the ordinary man or woman, keep up the search. There will always be love affairs in the movie city to furnish gossip writers with copy.

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LOVELY LADIES



NO fewer than four well-known feminine stars share the honors in "Ladies in Love." Top left is Simone Simon with Paul Lukas. Top right, Loretta Young and Tyrone Power. Posing with these two, centre, is Constance Bennett. The gent in the pyjamas, with Janet, is Alan Mowbray.

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

THE other afternoon a telegram was brought to Frank Morgan on the "Maytime" set. He read the telegram and then, seeing that the director was ready for him, went right into his scene.

He played this hilarious comedy scene magnificently and then collapsed in a faint. Two hours later he was on his way to the airport to go East, where his mother was in a dying condition. That was the news the telegram had contained. Since then she has died.

DOTS . . . and DASHES

CONSTANCE BENNETT wearing some new, lace-toed sandal stockings. Garbo's guarded set being crashed by a small boy selling magazines, and, much to everyone's surprise, Garbo becoming a customer. • Luise Rainer receiving long-distance calls from Clifford Odets, playwright, now in New York. • Ross Alexander and Ann Nagel at the hand-holding stage. (Flash: They've eloped and married.) • Ruby Keeler limping around with a sprained ankle. • Lee Tracy and Florence (funny girl) Lake romancing.

YOU camera enthusiasts would be really envious if you could see the gigantic "snap" I saw the other day out at Pinewood studios.

The huge picture—it is 24 feet by 16—plays a very important part in the new B. and D. picture, "A Man With Your Voice."

Came about this way: Most of the action takes place in a Tyneside shipyard, but since the players could not be taken to the Tyne, the Tyne had to be brought to Pinewood.

A photographic unit went north and took thousands of "still" pictures. The best of these were selected, then the choice was narrowed down to four, which were made into a composite negative measuring eight inches by ten. After many delicate experiments, the huge print was made, declared "okay," then photographed by the movie cameras.

When it was projected on the screen, even the experts were deceived. The players will act in front of this huge background, which depicts idle ships, machines and cranes.

Florence and Fredric March are enthusiastically shopping a new baby "ironstone." What with little Penelope and Anthony March, the family is assuming proportions.

JOEL MCCREA has been wearing one of the most expensive shirts on record. It seems that Joe's arms are about four inches longer than ye average man, and when they went to buy an ordinary workman's shirt for Joel to wear in "Come and Get It," the Sam Goldwyn story of the logging camps, they bought one made by prison labor for a large shirt concern.

The material in the shirt was just right in the camera test, so the studio sent back to get more material and then zippers, and by the time they had finished with long-distance telephoning and telegraphing, and had got Joel a shirt with the sleeves the right length, it had cost them \$25.

NOW that Mischka Aner has done a hysterical imitation of a gorilla in "My Man Godfrey"—the picture's out—Mischka can't go to a party without being asked for his act, and he is getting just a little bit tired of swinging from the chandelier, and making a monkey of himself.

"Can you imagine it?" he protested the other day. "Here I spend years studying acting and English, and now I'm famous because of a stunt that I do only when I get to feeling high at parties."

HERE'S housekeeping for you! As things were rather slack when I called at Denham studios, I had a prow about the commissariat department. I discovered that when all seven sound stages are in operation—as they frequently are—2000 meals a day are turned out by no fewer than twenty-eight chefs.

There are four restaurants in the studios, and these use over 900 gallons of milk and half a ton of butter a week. Local bakers supply over 10,000 rolls weekly.

When you're locking up for the night, just spare a thought for the commissariat at Denham. It takes four of them two hours to bolt and bar all the doors after a day's shooting.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



HOLLYWOOD DIZZIEST REQUEST

UNIVERSAL'S PR. DEPARTMENT HAS ORDERED TO BUILD AN IMMENSE GLASS TANK, FILL IT WITH WATER AND STOCK IT WITH 4,000 LAMP PERCHES. ALL DRESSED IN HAT AND TAILS FOR A SCENE "TOP OF THE TOWN"

ALICE BRADY COLLECTS AUTO GRAPHS ON THE WALLS OF HER BATHROOM.

JOEL MCCREA

SPENDS HIS WEEK-ENDS BRANDING CATTLE ON HIS 1,000 ACRE RANCH.

"Your Ivory Castles are safe—thanks to Gibbs"



"Your Ivory Castles are the strongest and whitest I've ever seen," says Betty's dentist. He knows that she always gives them the very best of care—she puts them under the protection of the Gibbs Archer and his fairies.

Protect your Ivory Castles with Gibbs, too! Let the Gibbs Archer and his fairies fight old Giant Decay who would rob your Castles of their strength and polish.

LIFELONG BEAUTIFUL TEETH with GIBBS

Gibbs Dentifrice gives teeth gleaming whiteness safely—it never harms even the most delicate enamel. Its penetrating foam searches into every corner of the mouth—makes gums healthy, dissolves film, brings up the natural polish of the teeth.



YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES Defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

IN THE HANDY, WASTELESS TIN At all Chemists and Stores, small tins 1/- large tins 1/6, large refills 1/3.

For dental plates use GIBBS DENTURE TABLETS 1/6 at all chemists.

It is surprising how careless about some things stars are when they are so over-zealous regarding their careers. Three stars in the top-brackets, I hear, hadn't even made a will until they read the accounts of the auction sale of the late John Gilbert's effects.

The spirited rivalry in bidding for his possessions was so keen that his own daughter had a difficult time in gaining possession of some of his most personal effects. Incidentally, it was rather ironic that his daughter by Leatrice Joy, Virginia Bruce (his last wife) and Marlene Dietrich, were all bidding.

LILY PONS will tolerate no tenors in her pictures. The five-foot star came out violently with this pronouncement when she was advised that she was to be co-starred with Nino Martini. Not that she doesn't respect Mr. Martini as an artist and a gentleman, but if there is any singing to be done in her pictures, she wants to do it.

GEORGE ARLISS, starring in "His Lordship," soon to be seen by London audiences, is an art connoisseur, an inveterate bidder in Europe's leading salerooms—and a collector of pipes and pocket knives. George was chatting on the set at Gaumont-British recently with his

Pipes and Knives

young leading lady, Rene Ray. Rene pointed to one of the "props" and told George that she rather liked it. George smiled, gave her the history of the piece—which happened to be very valuable—and went on to tell her many interesting things about china generally.

That was just before Rene married Composer George Ponford. In the whirl of excitement that preceded her walk to the altar, Rene forgot the studio incident.

But George didn't. Rene was surprised and delighted to find among her wedding gifts a beautiful early-morning tea set in the very ware for which she had expressed admiration.

JIMMY DUNN has proved to be a man of his word. Two years ago, when Jimmy was on a personal appearance tour, his life was saved by a Boy Scout when Jimmy's automobile blew a tyre and crashed into

a telegraph pole near Springfield, Illinois. He was knocked unconscious and this lad found him, applied a tourniquet to his profusely-bleeding wound, and took him to the hospital. Dunn told the lad if he ever needed anything to get in touch with him.

One day recently, just as Jimmy was leaving the studio, he was approached by a tall youth. It seems that George Murray, for that is the lad's name, lost both his parents by death recently and he had hitch-hiked to California to remind Jimmy of his promise. Now Jimmy has a protégé in George, and is trying to find a job for him, caring for him in the meantime.

In spite of all the talk about the new rage for brunette hair, blondes are still predominant around the studios, cafes, and previews.

But the funny thing is the alarming number of pink heads that are appearing. Among them are Ginger Rogers, Anne Shirley, and Margie Grahame—a tint that is a cross between yellow and red, which seems to spell pink.

Ginger dyed her flaming locks all for nothing, because "Mother Carey's Chickens" has been postponed for three months, and now she goes into "Stepping Out" with Fred Astaire.

NO wonder the production costs on pictures run high. Yesterday I talked to the man who sells practically all the hosiery worn by the Hollywood stars in pictures or out. He tells me that for just one picture M.-G.-M.'s "The Unguarded Hour," he furnished 91 dozen pairs of hose. And that is a lot of stockings, my friends. The stars average, for their personal use, 12 pairs a month, and most of these are the extra sheer, 60 gauge one-thread hose.

SOME weeks ago, glamorous Anna Lee surprised film fans by saying quite plainly that she thought glamour was "the bunk." That she did not possess a fur coat—nor had she the faintest desire to possess one—and that, as far as clothes were concerned, she preferred a pair of old flannel "bags" and a comfortable sweater to the most elaborate Paris creation.

So there's an answer to those who think the stars just love the high life they're supposed to lead.

THEY WANT TO BE "MEANIES"...

Not Enough Fun In Playing Nice Young Girls



● TOP LEFT: Bette Davis refused to be content with ingenue roles. She wanted to be a bad, bad woman, and got her wish in "Of Human Bondage." ● TOP RIGHT: A "meanie" in spite of himself, Directors always seem to cast Basil Rathbone as the suave villain. ● BELOW: Ida Lupino, another one to rebel against "nice young girl" roles.

THERE was an old Hollywood superstition which persisted for many years. Once a heavy, always a heavy! It was admitted that a man might overcome such a handicap, but a woman never. Play a siren role once and never again would the audiences believe that little Tizzie Lish was the pluperfect heroine they had always thought her.

Then one day a young blonde crusader defied that old superstition. Bette Davis, against the advice of producers, friends and family, insisted upon playing the role of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage."

SHE played that part, one of the meanest "meanies" ever seen on the screen, and woke up to find herself in the top brackets of the profession. A little later she played another unsympathetic role in "Dangerous," and won the Motion Picture Academy award for her trouble.

Well, that practically started a revolution among all the ingenues in the village. Stars demanded parts with more character in them. They were willing to sin a little discreetly for their art.

"I had noticed something about the theatre and I couldn't see why it might not be true of pictures," said Bette Davis, speaking of her experience playing heavies. "Almost without exception the greatest actresses on the stage have made a lasting impression with roles that put them in an unfavorable light—Jeanne Eagles in 'Rain,' for instance."

Bette has courage and Gertrude Michael is very much the same type of girl. Where, a few years ago, would you have found a girl who would have been willing to play a part like Gertrude played in "For-

gotten Faces"? A woman stooping to blackmail her own daughter. No more unsympathetic role could be found. But Gertrude enjoys putting her teeth in a role like that.

Recently I came upon Ida Lupino playing the part of a drunken little

By . . .
Jean Paterson

chiseller on the "Yours For The Asking" set.

"Aren't you afraid of the effect of playing such a part upon your career as a romantic leading lady?" I asked, remembering her well-bred romancing in "One Rainy Afternoon" with Francis Lederer.

"Not a bit," said Ida firmly. "I want to play roles that have some teeth in them. I get pretty tired of being a pretty, spineless ingenue."

There are several of our other young stars who feel quite the same way about it. I found, much to my surprise,

Betty Furness, for instance, was

more than pleased at having the opportunity to play Fred Astaire's disagreeable fiancée in "Swing Time." She pursues him ruthlessly all through the picture.

Maureen O'Sullivan is another one who hopes for some parts in which she can be distinctly unpleasant.

"I'm tired of looking innocent and swinging from tree to tree in 'Tarzan,' with Johnny Weissmuller in pursuit."

Then there is Virginia Bruce. Where would you find one better cast by nature for romantic leads than the most beautiful blonde in the picture colony? But Virginia, you'll remember, played a "meanie" in "The Great Ziegfeld" and loved it.

"Playing the part of that girl taught me more about acting than all the good girls I've ever played."

Even Ginger Rogers says she gets a little fed-up with eternal romancing. Ginger admits she would have loved to play the part of Queen Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland," a heavy dramatic role, and Bette Davis is another who wanted to play Queen Bess in that film.

All these girls are willing, nay, anxious to play unsympathetic roles, to be the "meanies" of the play rather than the sweet and beautiful heroine who gets her man. Ah me! Times certainly have changed.



HOLLYWOOD TAKES to the AIR

CLARK GABLE appeared with Madeleine Carroll in "Men in White" for a well-known cigarette company and \$250 dollars—just a little extra pocket money to add to his annual income, already in the region of 150,000 dollars. The same sponsor has in store for its listeners Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Marion Davies, Herbert Marshall, Gloria Swanson—and for their pain in the bank-book.

Dick Powell has long been extolling the flavors of a well-known brand of soup for a cool 5000 dollars a week. For that amount of money ANYTHING would taste good to me. Dick ropes in for his entertainments lots of the movie great, and has recently

Continued from Page 4,
Movie Section

presented radio adaptations of "The Lady Consents," in which Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall appeared. "Dodsworth," with Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton, and at Christmas-time presents an annual Yuletide broadcast in which Lionel Barrymore always plays the part of Scrooge in Dickens' "Christmas Carol"—for a mere 1250 dollars. Just pin money.

Just by way of showing that they can do big things, too, a well-known soap company (you've probably had it in the bath yourself) engaged no

less an important personage than the great Cecil de Mille to put over a handsome presentation of "Morocco" with Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable in the star roles. That must have cost them plenty, but not enough, Jack Oakie, Helen Twelvetrees, Lily Pons, Joe E. Brown, Ginger Rogers, and Brian Aherne are heard from the same station, backed by the same sponsor for 5000 dollars a head. It is said that this particular sponsor spends a paltry 15,000 dollars a week in Hollywood star talent. That's what THEY think of the movie stars.

During the past twelve months practically all the film famous have been heard over the air. Exceptions are George Arliss and Charlie Chaplin, who have made brief speeches of about half a minute's duration, Greta Garbo, who is reputed to have turned down 10,000 dollars just to say "Hello!" into a microphone, Mae West, and Shirley Temple. Shirley Temple has been asked more than once to name her own figure for a radio appearance, but mother says "NO!" and mother knows best.

Coal and Cheese

OTHER kids aren't quite so choosy. Jackie Cooper landed a 10,000-dollar contract to do his stuff in the interest of better and brighter burning coal, and Anne Shirley gets 600 dollars a performance for her services.

Those who appear on the air with most regularity are Bing Crosby, who is sponsored by a well-known cheese company (no reflection on Bing); Al Jolson, who acts as master of ceremonies on an important Saturday regular night programme, and Eddie Cantor, who does a big collecting act at the end of each week after extolling the advantages of using a celebrated motor spirit. Fred Astaire is growing daily in popularity, and dances, vocalises, reads funny lines, plays the piano and other instruments for a weekly stipend of 5000 dollars, paid him by a world-renowned motor manufacturer.

Three of radio's pet prima donnas, all of whom have appeared in pictures, are hovering uncertainly at the moment between making more pictures or devoting their time to radio, concert and operatic engagements. They are Grace Moore, Lily Pons, and Gladys Swarthout. Here are three stars whom the movies MAY lose to the radio.

So much radio talent is being extracted from Hollywood, and so much more is yet available, that a big advertising agency which handles several elaborate air shows has opened up a Hollywood office solely for radio. Another agency let the information slip out that 3,000,000 dollars' worth of its programmes during 1935 had originated in the movie capital.

All in the Name of Resting

Continued from Page 5,
Movie Section

AFTER a good number of pictures, Clark Gable arranged with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to let him have a short vacation in Houston, Texas, where he could spend a happy and leisurely time with some of his family. But two days of being mobbed by enthusiastic fans, signing autographs, saying the right thing at the right time and dressing the right way, and Clark was only too pleased to get back to Hollywood where he could wear an old pair of slacks and a sweat shirt.

Every star who goes to Palm Springs to rest and get away from it all is usually greeted the first morning by a studio cameraman and several boys from the studio publicity department, all eager to get delightfully informal pictures of the star. After posing all day, naturally, the luminary has to go to the Dunes, the fashionable desert night-club, and gulp a few martinis, and after a few martinis she'll just naturally want to place one less dollar on number "41" at the roulette table, and, naturally, after that, she'll just have to gamble for the rest of the night. Then next morning she is not fit for anything.

Still, it's good fun anyway . . . and it all comes under the name of "resting" . . . !



ONE OF THE NEW "homely-faced" type of screen hero—Fred Astaire, who hesitated for a long time before entering pictures because he thought his features weren't good enough.

NEW FACES FOR OLD

Girls Demand Rugged Male Stars Now

By GRACE ARMOUR

Whatever became of the fair young maiden with the cherished picture of the Apollo Belvedere that hung in the honor spot in her boudoir? She's writing scented fan letters to Fred Astaire, Clark Gable, William Powell, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Randolph Scott, and Edward Arnold.

A year or so ago it was Ramon Novarro, "Buddy" Rogers and their prototypes. Before that it was Rudolph Valentino. And before that again, it was Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum, and J. Warren Kerrigan.

SOMETHING pretty terrible to contemplate has happened to this Greek god business. If Apollo and Adonis ever showed up at a studio they would be put to work shifting scenery from the stage back to the prop-room. Without any fanfare, and so gradually as to pass almost unnoticed, the boys with the profiles, and the dreamy eyes have been superseded by guys with little or no claim to manly beauty.

No longer does the hero have to be an apple-cheeked youth, and with the strength-of-ten-for-his-heart-is-true. He can have a face that a mother would need dark glasses to view with any equanimity. And he can be all sorts of a dirty cuss, if he reforms before the picture ends. The answers to a maiden's prayer of the past year or so have not been Galahads, nor of the matinee idol type. (Yes, yes, I know, there's Robert Taylor. Haven't you ever heard of the exception that proves the rule?)

Youthful beauty is no longer strictly necessary for screen success with either sex. It is strikingly true in the case of the men.

For some reason or other, in the old days, mature romance was considered a bit vulgar, like saying "legs" for limbs. The only heart-thrubs possible took place between two pretty youngsters who should have been home doing their algebra. But now dawns the day of the more mature hero and the chap with a face like a relief map of the Alps.

William Powell draws the flappers (and their mammas!) to the box-

office in droves. They like Bruce Cabot, Charles Laughton is the boarding-school delight. Homely young John Beal is another white hope. The sweet young things are all for Victor McLaglen. Presently Foster's popularity is increasing in leaps and bounds.

There's no getting away from it—of the most popular men in pictures to-day, not many are handsome.

Fred Astaire is an outstanding example of a "non-romantic" type attaining top-flight popularity. Seemingly-effortless grace and simplicity, humor airy as his footwork, gay goodwill and whimsical charm sum up the qualities that have made Astaire a name to conjure with in the movie world.

Gable's Appeal

HERESY this may be, but Clark Gable is not handsome; that is, if you judge by the old standards for Hollywood male pulchritude. Here, too, is no tender lover, no smitten cavalier throwing his mantle over a puzzle to save the tender tootsies of his fair one. Gable's popularity does not rest upon the foundation of noble deeds, tender passion, or self-sacrifice. As a lover he begins with indifference, demands utter submission, and ends with either complete and uncompromising domination or defeat.

The ladies and gentlemen of the audience have been fed up with too much super-human nobility, hearts of gold, and all that sort of thing. Hence the popularity of the more homely types who are now dominating the screen.



"Poor me, I feel sorry for myself this morning. What a night! What a night! But how CAN a girl get her beauty sleep when her skin's all over prickles and chafes?"



"Look what's come into our life! Bet if I sprinkled myself with clouds of this Johnson's Baby Powder, I'd like myself again."



"Mum — NOW I'm better. That smooth, soft powder makes me feel so nice — and smell so nice — and LOOK so nice. I'll just have to give myself a treat like this. THERE!"

Johnson's Baby Powder means a lot to babies. Its silky smoothness keeps them fine and fit . . . comfortable all day. Feel its smoothness yourself, between thumb and finger . . . compare it with other powders, and you will use Johnson's Baby Powder always.

Try Johnson's for your own toilet, too. You will love its luxurious fineness.

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Disappointed in Love, She Turned on Austria

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

"Life has been too dull since the War. Though another war is very likely, I shall be too old to play my part."

This was the farewell message left by a beautiful woman spy for the Allies in Austro-Hungary. She committed suicide at the grave of her father in Versec, near the Rumania-Yugoslavia frontier.

THE amazing life story of Maria Balan ended where it began. Her father was a wealthy merchant in Versec, Austro-Hungary, before the war. At nineteen, Maria fell in love with a Lieutenant of the Austro-Hungarian army.

She ran away with him, but army regulations prevented his marrying her. She was left abandoned in Vienna at the outbreak of the war.

Her thirst for revenge or her love for adventure, but more probably the lack of money, induced her to become a spy. Her exploits became legends in this part of the world; army circles believed that her activity saved part of the Rumanian army from disaster in 1917. She secured important secrets of the Austro-German headquarters on the eve of the Mackensen offensive.

Subsequently revealed as Spy B-9, she was arrested by the Austrian secret service. Sentenced to death by a court martial, she laughed. Next day she disappeared from her cell.

Richly Rewarded

HER escape was engineered by her first lover, who had become an influential Austrian staff officer.

After the war she was richly rewarded for her services, and led a luxurious life in Vienna, Paris, and Bucharest. She and her lover met once more in Timisoara, Rumania.

In 1921 she again disappeared, and for ten years nobody heard of her. Then she returned to her birthplace, Versec, now in Yugoslavia, where she opened a night club.

One morning a new poster appeared in front of her night club. It read: "Maria Balan to-night offers free drinks to her customers!"

That night the cafe was filled with gay crowds who drank and sang and danced to lively music. But Maria Balan had disappeared for the last time. She went to her father's grave and took arsenic.

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DON'T NEGLECT A CUT



THE lady with the candle said, with a twinkle in her gray eyes: "Don't be alarmed, I'm no ghost, I assure you. You woke me with your ring at the bell, and because I'm of a prying disposition I got up to see what in the world was going forward." She came down the stairs as she spoke and saw Ludovic. Her eyebrows went up, but she said placidly: "I see I've thrust myself into an adventure. Is he badly hurt?"

"I think he's dying," answered Eustacie tragically. "He has bled, and bled, and bled!"

The lady put down her candle and came to the nettle.

"That sounds very bad, certainly, but perhaps he is not desperate, after all," she said. "Shall we see where he is hurt?"

"Nye said I was not to touch him," replied Eustacie doubtfully. "Oh, he's a friend of Nye's, is he?" said the lady.

"No—at least, yes, in a way he is. He is my cousin. But you must not ask me anything about him, and you must not tell anyone that you have ever seen him!"

"Very well, I won't," said the lady imperturbably.

At that moment the landlord came into the coffee-room from the back of the house, followed by a little man with a wizened, leathery face and thin legs. When he saw the tall woman, Nye looked very much discomfited and said in his deep, rough voice: "I beg your pardon, ma'am; you've been disturbed. It's nothing—naught but a lad I know who's been getting into trouble through a bit of poaching."

"Of course, he would be poaching in the middle of February," agreed the lady. "You had better get him to bed and take a look at his hurt."

"It's what I'm going to do, ma'am," returned Nye, in a grim voice. "Take his legs, Clem."

Eustacie watched the two men carefully lift her cousin from the settle and begin to carry him upstairs, and turned her attention to the tall woman, who was regarding her with a kind of amused interest. "I dare say it seems very odd to you," she said austere, "but you should not have come downstairs."

"I know," apologised the lady, "but pray don't tell me to go to bed again, for I couldn't sleep a wink with an adventure going on under my very nose. Let me present myself to you. I'm one Sarah Thane, a creature of no importance at all, travelling to London with my brother, whom you may hear snoring upstairs."

"Do you, too, like adventure?" asked Eustacie, looking her over with a more lenient eye.

"My dear ma'am, I have been looking for adventure all my life!"

"Well," said said Eustacie darkly, "this is an adventure of the most romantic, and it is certain that my cousin Tris—that people will come to search for me. You must promise not to betray me, and in particular not my cousin Ludovic, who is not permitted to set foot in England, you understand."

"No power on earth shall wring a syllable from me," Miss Thane assured her.

"THEN perhaps I will let you help me to conceal my cousin Ludovic," said Eustacie handsomely. "Only I think it will be better if I do not tell you anything at all until I have spoken with him, because I do not know him very well, and perhaps he would prefer that you should know nothing. And now I shall immediately go up to him. You may come with me if you like."

"Thank you," said Miss Thane meekly.

Joseph Nye had carried Ludovic to a little bedchamber at the back of the house and laid him upon his side on the chintz-hung bed. The tapster was kindling a fire in the grate, and Nye had just taken off Ludovic's coat and laid bare his shoulder, when the two women came into the room.

Eustacie shuddered at the sight of the ugly wound, still sluggishly bleeding, but Miss Thane went up to the bed and watched what Nye was about. In spite of their size, his hands were deft enough.

By the time the shoulder was bandaged, Ludovic was showing signs of recovering consciousness. Miss Thane's harsh-rn held under his nose made his eyelids flutter, and a little neat brandy administered by Nye brought him fully to his senses. He opened a pair of dazed blue eyes and blinked uncomprehendingly at the landlord.

"Eh, Mr. Ludovic, that's better!" Nye said.

TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 34

Ludovic's gaze wandered past him to Miss Thane, dwell on her for a frowning moment, and returned to the contemplation of Nye's square countenance. A look of recognition dawned.

"Joe?" said Ludovic, in a faint, puzzled voice.

"Ay, it's Joe, sir. Do you take it easy, now!"

REMEMBRANCE came back to Ludovic. He struggled up on his sound elbow.

"Darn that Exciseman! The child—a cousin of mine—where is she?"

Eustacie, at the first sound of his voice, had flown to the bedside.

"I'm here, cousin!" she said, dropping on her knees beside him.

He put out his sound hand and took her chin in it, turning her face up that he might scrutinise it.

"I've been wanting to look at you, my little cousin," he said. A smile hovered round his mouth. "I thought as much! You're as pretty as any picture." He saw a tear sparkling on her cheek, and said at once: "What are you crying for? Don't you like your romantic cousin Ludovic?"

"Oh, yes; but I thought you were going to die!"

Please turn to Page 52



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TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 51

"LORD, no!" he said cheerfully. He let Nye put him back on to the pillows, and drew Eustacie's hand to his lips and kissed it. "You must promise me you'll not go farther with this trip of yours to London. It won't do."

"Oh, no, of course I shall not! I shall stay with you."

"Egad, I wish you could!" he said.

"But certainly I can. Why should I not?"

"Les convenances," murmured Ludovic.

"Ah, bah, I do not regard them! When one is engaged upon an adventure it is not the time to be thinking of such things. Besides, if I do not stay with you I shall have to marry Tristram, because I have lost both my hand-boxes, which makes it impossible that I should any longer go to London."

"Oh, well, you can't marry Tristram, that's certain!" said Ludovic, apparently impressed by this reasoning.

Nye interposed at this point. "Mr. Ludovic, what be you doing here?" he demanded. "Have you gone crazy to come into the Weald? Who shot you?"

"Some damned Exciseman. We landed a cargo of brandy and rum two nights ago, and I'd a fancy to learn what's been going forward here, I came up with Abel."

Nye laid a quick hand across his lips and glanced warningly in Miss Thane's direction.

"You needn't regard me," she said

encouragingly. "I am pledged to secrecy."

Ludovic turned his head to look at her.

"I beg pardon, but who in thunder are you?" he said.

"It's Miss Thane, sir, who's putting up in the house."

"Y" interrupted Eustacie, "and I think she is truly very sensible, cousin, and she would like infinitely to help us."

"But we don't want any help."

"Certainly we want help, because Tristram will search for me, and perhaps the Excisemen for you, and you must be hidden."

"And that's true, too," muttered Nye. "You'll stay where you are to-night, sir, but it ain't safe for longer. I'll have you where you can slip into the cellar if the alarm's raised."

"I'll be damned if I'll be put in any cellar!" said Ludovic. "I'll be off as soon as I can stand on my feet."

"No, you will not," said Eustacie. "I have quite decided that you must stop being a Free-trader, and become, instead, Lord Lavenham."

"T" THAT seems to me a most excellent idea," remarked Miss Thane, "I suppose it will be quite easy?"

"If Sylvester's dead I am Lord Lavenham, but it don't help me. I can't stay in England."

Ten minutes later Eustacie was ensconced in a chair by the fire in Miss Thane's bedchamber, gratefully sipping a cup of hot milk. Miss Thane sat down beside her, and said with her friendly smile:

"I hope you mean to tell me all about it, for I'm dying of curiosity, and I don't even know your name."

Eustacie considered her for a moment. "Well, I think I will tell you," she decided. "I am Eustacie de Vauban, and my cousin Ludovic is Lord Lavenham, of Lavenham Court. He is the tenth Baron."

Miss Thane, a sympathetic listener, followed the story of the talisman ring with keen interest, only interpolating a question when the tale became too involved to be intelligible. She accepted Ludovic's innocence without the smallest hesitation, and said at the end of the recital that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to assist in unmasking the real culprit. Eustacie also told her about her arranged marriage.

While she got ready for bed she discussed with Miss Thane the various ways in which it might be possible to discover the ring. Miss Thane entered into every plan with an enthusiasm which made Eustacie say as she blew out the candle:

"I am very glad to have met you. I shall tell my cousin Ludovic that he must permit you to share the adventure."

The excitements of the night had quite worn her out, and it was not long before she fell asleep, curled up beside Miss Thane in the big four-poster.

SARAH THANE lay awake for some little time. It seemed to her that she had undertaken a responsibility that would keep her well occupied during the immediate future. What would be the outcome of it all she had not the smallest idea, but she was fully determined, being entered into the adventure, to remain in it to the finish.

She was twenty-eight years old, an orphan, and for the past ten years had been living with her brother, an easy-going baronet, some six or seven years her senior. Having been left in his ward, she considered, upon leaving school, that her proper place was at his side. Sir Hugh had not the least objection, so in defiance of several female relatives, who one and all expressed the most complete disapproval, she assumed control of the old manor house in Gloucestershire; and when Sir Hugh took it into his head to travel (which was often) packed her trunks and went with him. For the first few years she had consented to take an elderly cousin with her as chaperon.

Please turn to Page 53

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TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 52

THE elderly cousin was indeed still nominally her chaperon, but she had long since ceased to accompany Sir Hugh and his sister upon their erratic journeys. For no one could deny that Sarah Thane was very well able to take care of herself, and the elderly cousin had not in the least enjoyed wandering about Europe in the wake of Sir Hugh's vague fancy. Sarah, on the other hand, enjoyed it so much that she had never been tempted to exchange the companionship of a brother for that of a husband.

She and Sir Hugh were, at the moment, on their way to town, having been visiting friends in the neighborhood of Brighton. They had passed a dull fortnight, and were now intending to spend two or three months in London. Their presence at the Red Lion was attributable to two causes, the first being an incipient cold in Sir Hugh's head, and the second the excellence of Mr. Nye's brandy. Their original intention had been to stop only for a change of horses, but by the time they had arrived at Hand Cross it had begun to snow, and Sir Hugh had sneezed twice. While the horses were being taken out of the shafts Sir Hugh, regarding the weather with a jaundiced eye, had let down the chaise window

to call for some brandy. It had been brought to him; he had taken one sip, and announced his intention of putting up at the Red Lion for the night.

THAT the excellence of the brandy was not a matter of interest to her was an objection she did not dream of putting forward. She was far too well used to Sir Hugh's vagaries not to accept them with equanimity, and she had followed him into the inn, resigning herself to a spell of inaction.

From this she seemed to have been miraculously saved.

In the morning she awoke before Eustace, and got out of bed without disturbing her. As soon as she was dressed she went along the passage to her brother's room, and found him sitting up in bed, with his night-cap still on, being waited on by the tapster, who seemed to combine his calling with the duties of a general factotum. A tray piled high with dishes was placed on a table by the bed; Sir Hugh was breakfasting.

He gave his sister a sleepy smile as she entered the room, and of habit rather than of necessity, picked up his quizzing-glass, and through it inspected a plate of grilled ham and eggs from which Clem had lifted the cover. He nodded, and Clem heaved a sigh of relief.

Miss Thane, taking in at a glance the proportions of this breakfast, shook her head, and said: "My dear, you must be very unwell, indeed! Only one plate of ham, and those few wretched slices of beef to follow! How paltry!"

Sir Hugh, accustomed like so many large men to being a butt, received this sally with unflinching placidity, and waved Clem away. The tapster went out, and Miss Thane thoughtfully handed her brother the mustard. "What are your engagements in town, Hugh?" Sir Hugh reflected while masticating a mouthful of ham. "Have I any?" he asked after a pause.

"I don't know. Should you mind remaining here for a time?" "Not while the Chamberlain lasts," replied Sir Hugh simply. He consumed another mouthful, and added: "It's my belief the liquor in this place never paid duty at any port."

"No, I think it was probably all smuggled," agreed Miss Thane. "I met a smuggler last night, when you had gone to bed."

"Oh, did you?" Sir Hugh washed down the ham with a draught of ale, and emerged from the tankard to say, as a thought occurred to him: "You ought to be more careful. Where did you meet him?" "He arrived at the inn, very late, and wounded. He's here now."

A PAINT interest gleamed in Sir Hugh's eye. He lowered his fork. "Did he bring anything with him?"

"Yes, a lady," said Miss Thane. "No sense in that," said Sir Hugh, his interest fading. He went on eating, but added in a moment: "Couldn't have been a smuggler."

"He is a smuggler, a nobleman, and one of the most handsome young men I have ever clapped eyes on," said Miss Thane. "Tell me now, did you ever hear of one Ludovic Lavenham?"

"No," said Sir Hugh, exchanging his empty plate for one covered with slices of cold beef.

"Are you sure, Hugh? He was used to play cards at the Cocoa Club—rather a wild youth, I apprehend."

"They fuz the cards at the Cocoa Club," said Sir Hugh. "It's full of Greeks. Foulest play in town."

"This boy lost a valuable ring at play there, and was afterwards accused of having shot the man he played against," persisted Miss Thane.

"I was very nearly done-up myself there once," said Sir Hugh reminiscently. "Found a regular Captain Sharp at the table, thought the dice ran devilish queerly—"

"Yes, dear, but do you remember?"

Please turn to Page 54

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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TALISMAN Ring

"Of course, I remember. Sent for a hammer, split the dice, and found they were up-hills, just as I'd expected."

"No, not that," said Miss Thane patiently. "Do you recall this other affair?"

"What other affair?" Miss Thane sighed, and began painstakingly to recount all that Eustacie had told her. Sir Hugh listened to her with an expression of considerable bewilderment, and at the end shook his head. "It sounds a damned silly story to me," he said. "You shouldn't talk to strangers."

When it was conveyed to him that his sister had pledged herself to assist these strangers in whatever perilous course they might decide to adopt he at first protested as forcibly as a man of his natural inclinations could be expected to, and finally begged her not to embroil him in any crazy adventure.

"I won't," promised Miss Thane. "But you must swear an oath of secrecy, Hugh!"

Sir Hugh laid down his knife and fork. "Sally, what the deuce is all this about?" he demanded.

She laughed. "My dear, I've scarcely any more notion than you have. But I am quite sure of my clear duty, which is to chaperon the little heroine. Moreover, I admit to a slight feeling of curiosity to see the wicked cousin. I am at present at a loss to decide whether Sir Tristram Shield is the villain of the piece or merely a plain man, goaded to madness."

"Shield?" repeated Sir Hugh.

"What's his club?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"If he's the man I'm thinking of he hunts with the Quorn. Bruising rider to hounds. Good man in a turn-up, too."

"This sounds very promising," said Miss Thane.

"Spars with Mendoza," pursued Sir Hugh. "If he's the man, I've met him at Mendoza's place. But I dare say I'm thinking of someone else."

"What is he like?" inquired Miss Thane.

"I've told you," said Sir Hugh, bustling a slice of bread. "He's got a right," he added helpfully.

Miss Thane gave it up, and went back to her own bedchamber to see how her protégée did.

Eustacie, not a whit the worse for her adventure, was trying to arrange her hair before the mirror. As she had never attempted anything of the kind before, the result was not entirely successful. Miss Thane laughed at her, and took the brush and pins out of her hand.

"Let me do it for you," she said.

"How do you feel this morning?"

Eustacie announced buoyantly that she had never felt better. Her first and most pressing desire was to see how her cousin did, so as soon as Miss Thane had finished dressing her hair they went off to the little back bedchamber.

NYE was with Ludovic, apparently trying to induce him to descend into the cellar. Ludovic, whose eyes were a trifle too bright, and whose cheeks were rather flushed, was sitting up in bed with a bowl of thin gruel. As the two ladies came into the room he was saying, carelessly: "Don't croak so, Joe! I tell you I have it all fixed." He looked up and greeted his visitors with a smile of pure mischief. "Good morning, my cousin! Ma'am, your very obedient! Have you seen any Excessmen below stairs yet?"

"Mr. Ludovic, I tell you your tracks lead right to my door, and there's blood on the snow!"

"You've told me that twice already," said Ludovic, quite unmoved. "Why don't you send Clem to clear the snow away?"

"I have sent him to clear it away, sir, but don't you realise they'll be able to trace you all the way from the forest?"

"Of course I realise it! Haven't I made my plans? Eustacie, my sweet cousin, will you have me for your groom?"

"But yes, I will have you for anything you wish!" said Eustacie instantly.

His eyes danced. "Will you so? Begad, if I can settle my affairs creditably I'll remind you of that!"

"Sir, will you listen to reason?" implored Nye.

An imperious finger admonished him.

Continued from Page 53

"Quiet, you! I'll thank you to remember I'm in the saddle now, Joe."

"Are you indeed, Mr. Ludovic? Well, I'll do no pillow-riding behind you, for well I know what will come of it!"

"TAKE away this gruel!" commanded Ludovic. "And get it into your head that I'm not Mr. Ludovic! I'm mademoiselle's groom, whom the wicked smugglers fired at." He cocked his head, considering. "I think I'll be called Jem," he decided. "Jem Brown."

"No!" said Eustacie, revolted. "It is a name of the most undistinguished."

Miss Thane interposed placably.

"Don't argue with him, Eustacie. It's my belief he's in a high fever." He grinned at her.

"I am," he agreed. "But my head's remarkably clear for all that."

"Well, if it's clear enough to grapple with the details of this story of yours, tell us what became of the groom's horse," said Miss Thane.

To Be Continued

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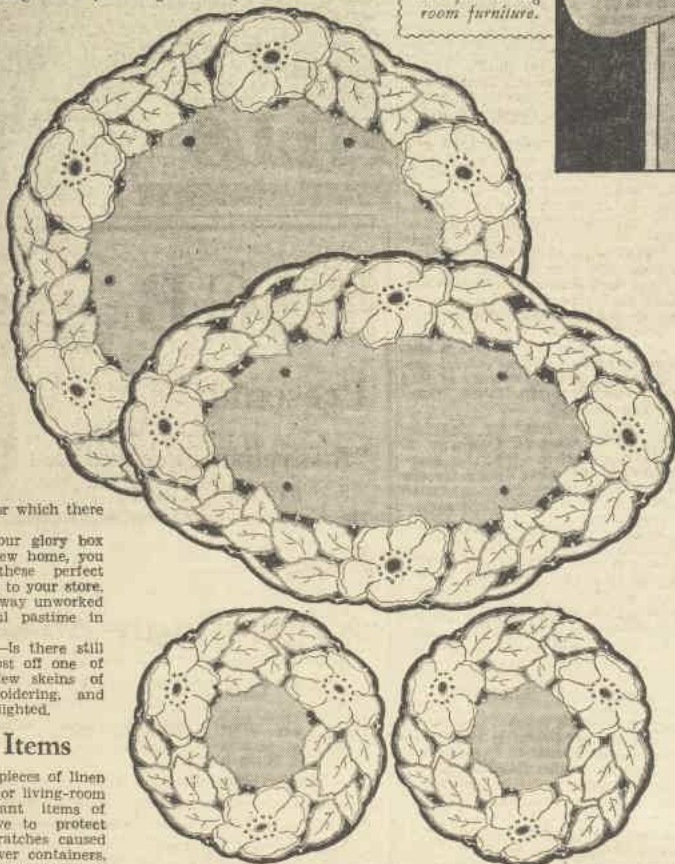
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THE roses are conventional enough to save the wearisome effort to make them naturalistic by difficult stitching, the leaves overlap strongly, yet gracefully, there is hardly a bar to delay the work, and when the design is worked there is no more to do, as it forms its own edge. Following are the attractive prices for these exclusive designs, procurable only from The Australian Women's Weekly:

Round centre, 17 by 17 inches, stamped on white or cream linen,

THESE MATS, embroidered in ecru thread on cream linen, in copper tones on green, or in salmon shades on primrose, would be most decorative for dining-room furniture.



SHOWING THE COMPLETE SET of mats in useful sizes. The round mat is 17 x 17 inches, the oval 11 x 17 inches, and the small mats 8 inches in diameter. These linens can also be bought separately, and all are stamped ready for working.

also linen in pastel shades of pink, blue, green and yellow, 2/3 each.

Oval centre, 11 inches by 17 inches, stamped on any of the above linens, 2/- each.

Round mats, 8 inches in diameter, on any of the same linens, 1/- each. Stamped on Cesarine in shades of pink, blue, green and yellow, the large round centre costs 2/-; the oval centre costs 1/6, and the mats cost 9d. each.

The oval centre and two small round mats make a lovely three-piece set for sideboard or dressing table: three-piece set in these sizes in any of the linens costs 3/6; in Cesarine, 3/-.

The charming little needle picots which appear throughout the patterns are seldom stamped on the

linen owing to mechanical difficulties. If you are fond of working them, and they are really fascinating to do, take a pencil and make a dot wherever they appear in the design; watch the illustration as a guide.

As you already know, they are made either like a little French knot in the middle of your buttonholing, or like a tiny little looped bar caught back into the buttonholing you have already worked and made firm with buttonholing again; then on to the end of the line.

Only Buttonholing

THE design is expressed in buttonholing, which is a truly marvellous stitch. Go down to a wharf or on to a ship, and see the wonderful knots and lacings made in this

way. Look with a magnifier into hand-made laces, and see what it can do. And here in your needlework it will form beauty and strength with very little effort.

Run a padding stitch round leaves and petals, just inside the outline; where there are double lines in the flowers, fill in the space with more padding to give emphasis to the flower forms. Then take the working thread, which may, of course, be the same as the padder, and just imagine you are working button-holes everywhere.

On the petals where there is extra padding, work widely and smoothly to bring up the flower shape. Centres

are open eyelets, or satin-stitched dots; and all the eyelet forms about the designs match the treatment you give the flower centres. Stamens are knots or dots. Veins are outline or worked over and over with a thread as padding.

Ecru Thread

FLOWERS are of all colors except blues and mauves or purples; leaves deep green. Lovely decorative effects are gained by working a thick ecru thread on cream linen, a fashion combination which is likely to endure because it is good in balance and harmony.

The Best Things in Life are THREE...

says KATHLEEN COURT.

1: HEALTH. 2: WEALTH. 3: HAPPINESS

Given these three factors, Life becomes perfect—at least I can't see why not!

I put Health first because without it, wealth is of little use, and complete Happiness impossible. Extreme Wealth seldom goes with complete Happiness. But I do think one wants a good margin over and above what is required to buy the ordinary necessities. In the last analysis—all one really requires of Life is Happiness. If a poor invalid is really happy, then the lack of health and wealth in that unusual case would appear not to matter. And I think, for a woman, cosmetics, rightly chosen and well used, are a great means to Happiness—that thrilling zest that often brings in its train both Health and Wealth.

Here are a Few Suggestions:

If you know that your skin defects are due to blood or liver disorder, take my Complexion Pills for a few weeks and see the difference in your looks. When "bad nerves" are an added worry, I can recommend Cream of Yeast.

Always cleanse your skin thoroughly. A comparison in methods, washing one half of your face with soap and water, and cleansing the other half with my Cleansing Cream, will show what I mean.

To nourish the skin, the Kathleen Court Night Cream is, I claim, the best medium. To soothe a dry skin my Cold Cream is excellent. For greasy, open-pored skins, my Skin Tonic is necessary. The Complexion Pills help.



To Make-up, an excellent way is to use a protective foundation of "Facial Youth" Cream or Lotion, followed by "Velvet Skin" Face Powder, and "Rose Petal" Rouge and Lipstick. If you want a really perfect Nail Lacquer—try mine. It's different and better.

PRICES: Complexion Pills, 2/-; Cleansing Cream, 2/6; Night Cream, 2/6; "Evening" Cold Cream, 1/-; Astringent Skin Tonic, 1/-; "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream, tubes 1/- and 1/6; Rose 2/6; "Facial Youth" Lotion, 1/6; "Velvet Skin" Powder, 1/- and 2/-; "Rose Petal" Rouge, 1/6; "Rose Petal" Lipstick, 1/6; Cream Nail Lacquer, 1/6.

FROM ANY GOOD CHEMIST OR STORE YOU MAY OBTAIN THE BEAUTY AIDS OF

Kathleen Court

P.S.—I have arranged with Francis Podg, the noted Ladies' Hairdresser, for a competent Manicurist to be present at all times in his charming new Salon in Hardy's Chambers, Castlereagh Street, opposite the Hotel Australia. I think this Girl gives the best manicure in Sydney.

Why sigh for lingerie sets

—collect them
in Duladene piece by piece



Both vest
and pantie in
pink, peach
white, blue
and sky.

Duladene's lace-trimmed vest with matching scantie—and that scantie! It's a masterful little trick of tailoring. Wide at the legs and next-to-nothing at the waist, where there's just a whisper of "Lustex" yarn to hold you "put". Vest 3/11. Scantie, 3/11.

EACH exquisite Duladene undie can be matched by other pieces—from the scanties you skip into each morning to the jamas you fall into each night.

Of course, if you're as innocent as a Spring lamb when it comes to judging the wearing qualities of a locknit fabric there's just one thing you must do. Ask the salesgirl to show you Duladene. And look for Bond's label on every garment. For Bond's Duladene is knitted from the very highest quality British rayon. That is why Duladene has scampered away with all honours as the loveliest and longest wearing lingerie that you can buy.

P.S. Bond's Duladene bloomers are cut with extra roominess. S.W., W., O.S. 2/11, X.O.S. 3/11, XX.O.S. 4/11.

Bond's DULADENE

Pronounced DULL-A-DEAN

Look for the Bond's label—it guarantees you more for your money



EIGHTEEN Women in Great CAR RACE

Mother and Daughter Will Travel
1700 Miles From Perth

Eighteen women from all parts of the continent will soon converge on Adelaide in the most exciting car rally yet held in Australia. They are among the 128 entrants in the great car race.

Three women from New South Wales, nine from Victoria, and four from Queensland have entered their names.

MRS. C. FORBES, of Perth, will be the only woman entrant to venture on the long trek of 1776 miles from that capital. She will be accompanied by her daughter, Miss K. E. Forbes. They will drive a touring model.

The two are as happy-go-lucky a pair as any who have ever crossed Australia, and they have done it before.

"We trust to luck," said Mrs. Forbes, discussing the trip with an Australian Women's Weekly representative. "You can always get someone to help on the road. We may take a passenger, but it will have to be someone who knows something about a car."

Miss Forbes is a twenty-year-old, shy slip of a girl, less than five feet tall and less than six stone in weight.

Careful Provision

BEFORE making the difficult and dangerous trip across the Nullarbor Plains and through the Madura Pass two years ago, their only experience of a country trip of over a hundred miles had been on a well-populated road into the lush south-west.

Their first experience of city traffic was on their arrival in Melbourne. They had always parked their car outside the city traffic area in Perth before.

As far as feminine wisdom is concerned they are making careful provision for the trip. "Plenty of food and water," said Mrs. Forbes, "anyone can get lost."

Mrs. Forbes and her daughter arranged to leave on December 17 in the same car in which they overlanded to Melbourne two years ago in the Royal Automobile's conducted tour for the Melbourne Centenary.

Drivers on the Perth route of the rally have a possible of nearly twice as many points as can be gained on the next longest route. There are bonus points for passengers.

They will travel over the wildest and most difficult section of the South Australian Centenary car rally from all points of the Commonwealth.

Under Canvas

THE whole rally is timed to arrive in Adelaide on December 22, in time for the participants to have a short rest before going to Victor Harbor for the Grand Prix.

One South Australian woman has travelled to Sydney to take part in the contest back to Adelaide.

She is Mrs. C. G. Oates, who, with her husband, has left for a holiday in Sydney. As the time of her return fitted in with the rally, she decided to take part.

Mrs. Oates has motored over several times, so knows the road well, but it is the first time she has taken part in any motoring contest.

She is not versed in motor mechanism, and intends to wear a knitted suit and beret in preference to drivers' overalls.

Adelaide will be a "City of Canvas" for the final period of the Centenary celebrations, and the indications are that the Grand Prix entrants will have to camp at Port Elliott, which is several miles from Victor Harbor, but on the route of the race.

HERE
ARE
TOKENS
CG29
and WB5

CG
29

WB
5

BRUISES and SPRAINS

Guess he won't be caught out without Tiger Salve again.
2/- of Chemists and Stores.



TIGER
SALVE

KEEP YOUR YOUTHFUL FIGURE

People often spend many guineas on treatments for superfluous fat and fail to get as much benefit as a single box of Beecham's Pills would bring them. Most obesity is caused by faulty digestion or intestinal sluggishness. Beecham's remedy these troubles. They reduce your weight whilst they improve your health. They are perfectly safe, easily taken, and can be depended upon for all-round good health and fitness.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

WORTH A
GUINEA
A BOX



2GB

Presents:

"Australian Personalities
at the Piano"

The piano is still the favourite musical instrument, and here is a programme featuring Australia's leading pianists, novelty and classical, in bright and melodious numbers.

Each Monday and Wednesday at 7.50 p.m.

"Modes and Fashions
of the Moment"

Madam's Dress may change from season to season, but great melodies survive all changes in fashion, and lovely songs win admiration through the passing years.

Each Thursday night at 8.12.

"Mother's Night"

Here is something different in the way of radio entertainment, presented in a novel manner to interest not only mother, whose programme it is, but the whole family.

Each Thursday night at 9.45.

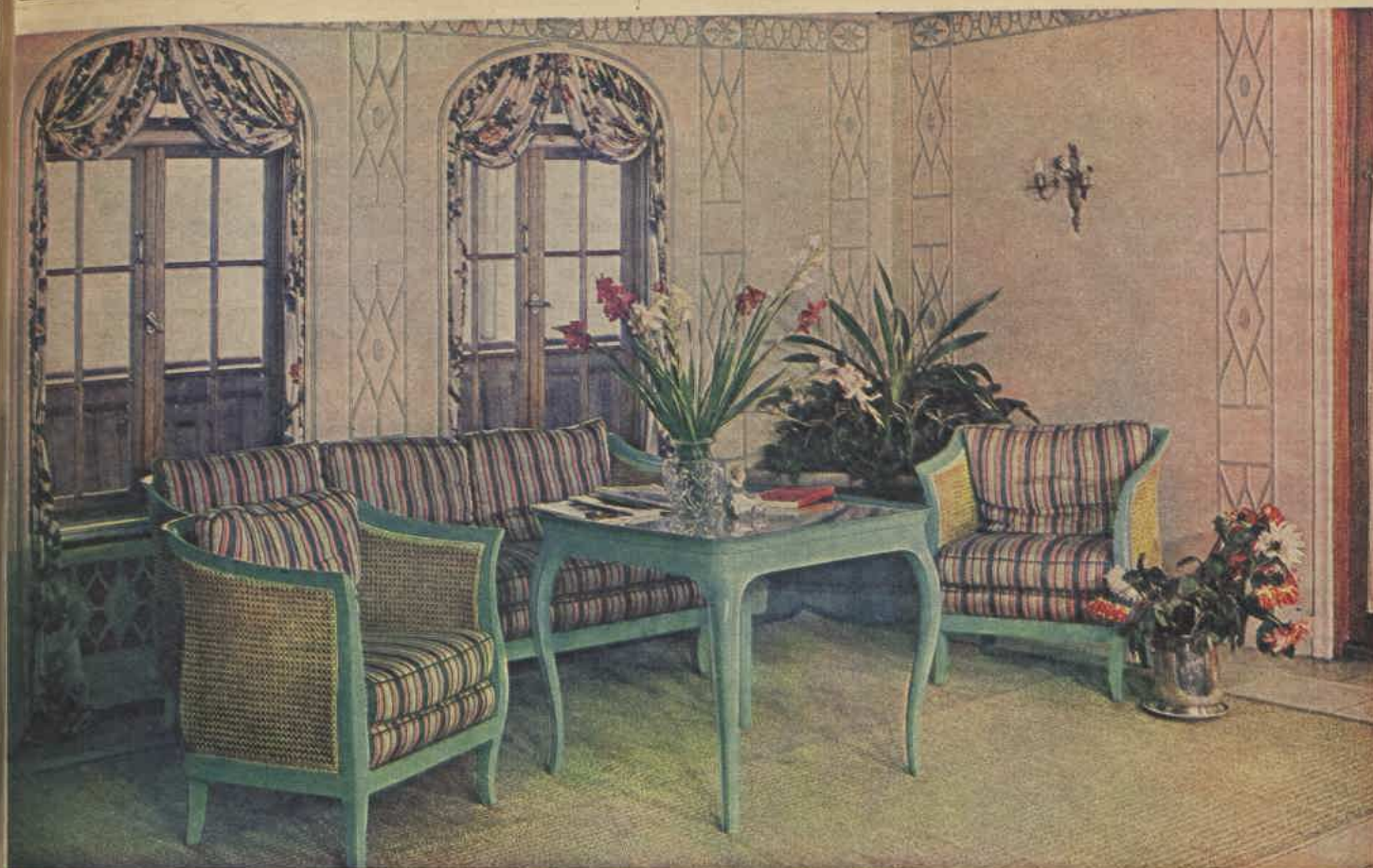
"Neville Cardus"

These days everybody is interested in cricket, so make a point of hearing Neville Cardus, in his own whimsical and delightful way, discuss the day's play in the present series of Test matches.

Each night of the Tests at 10.00.

2GB

"The Favourite Station"



DRESSING UP the Guest-Room

With Comfort, Charm and a Welcome for the Visitor

HOLIDAYS almost here and a guest expected for Christmas or in the New Year . . . The spare room must be freshened up quickly—and inexpensively, too, for there are many calls on your purse at this time of the year.

AND you do so want your guest to feel the warmth of welcome and to enjoy her stay thoroughly.

Too often guest rooms are furnished more or less haphazardly—that is, the furniture, carpets, and curtains are often discarded from other rooms in the house. Or, possibly, they have been bought because they were inexpensive.

The result is a room that has been obviously furnished without a thought for color schemes and general effect.

First of all, there should be plenty of wardrobe space for frocks, with room for hats and shoes. There should also be drawers for lingerie and smaller ones for toilet accessories.

There is nothing more annoying for a visitor, especially if she is staying for any length of time, than "living in a suitcase" for want of somewhere better to put her clothes.

Another necessity in the guest-room is a comfortable lounge chair or couch that invites a few moments' rest, for a visitor naturally becomes tired from a continuous round of gaiety and sightseeing.

And do not forget a table lamp for reading, either over the bed, or if your guest prefers, on a table beside the lounge chair.

Important, too, is a bed that is really comfortable. This is a point that will be appreciated most of all.

If the room is a small one, do the walls and ceiling over in the same

By Our . . .
Home Decorator

color looks better, will stand out, and provide the dominating color note for the whole room.

You may, however, trim the bedspread with the same color used to trim the curtains and slip covers.

As to the color scheme to choose, there are many combinations that would be charming. Think of the sunny yet cool effect of soft yellow walls, a chintz with an apple-green ground, and bindings of orchid voile or organdie. The dressing-table could be draped with the orchid voile, and the bedspread of green could also be trimmed with orchid. The carpets should be deep green, while touches of yellow may appear in the cushions and lamp-shades.

One-Color Scheme

IF you would like an ultra-modern appearance or a more or less one-color scheme, try using green and oyster-grey. Have the walls and

Quickly-Made Dressing-Table

FOR an inexpensive dressing-table for your guest room, have a bracket shelf attached to the wall in a corner where the light is good, or place a small, narrow table against the wall. Paint it to match the rest of the woodwork in the room and then drape the shelf or table with pretty curtains to match the bedspread. Attach a mirror to the wall over the table and you will have the most charming of dressing-tables.

scalloped edges and plain bindings would look attractive.

The same chintz may be used for the slip covers for the lounge chair or couch and made with box-pleated frills around the bottom to match the trimming of the curtains. In this way you can utilise an old chair or couch and bring it right up to date.

Do not use the same decorative chintz for the bedspread. A plain

woodwork done all over in duck-egg green. Use plain moss-green carpet or felt on the floor. Lacquer the furniture in pale oyster-grey and use plain coarse fabric in oyster-grey for a tailored bedspread. Use a similar plain shade for the plain drape curtains and then introduce a brilliant touch of color by having the curtain trimmings, either bindings or narrow bandings, cushions and dressing-table seat in bright coral.

COLOR plays the leading role in this charming summer lounge-room. Green in varying tones combines with deep creams to give a cool and restful effect. The furniture, lacquered green wood with panels of dull gold wicker, is upholstered in a striped fabric in shades of light and dark green, old rose and cream.

The same colors, dark green and old rose on a cream ground, appear in the pattern of the curtain fabric.

WHEN YOU Shut Up YOUR HOUSE Things To Do Before You Go On Holidays

PERHAPS you are one of those fortunate people who will be shutting up your town house for the summer while you laze away a few months at your seaside home.

AND you are already busy with preparations and wondering how on earth you are going to remember all the things to do, and hoping you won't forget to tell the various tradesmen you'll be out of town.

You seem to recollect that last year when you returned to town, you found so many things awry about the house—taps left dripping, moths in the best carpet, ravages of mice in the pantry—not to mention dust everywhere, that it took quite a lot of the charm out of your holiday.

The best idea is to write out a list of the things to be done and then go about doing them systematically.

Plan things too, so that when you reopen the house, the work to be done will be reduced to a minimum.

The following suggestions are offered as a guide:

1. Remove all table runners, doyleys, table centres, curtains and launder them before putting away.
2. Cover furniture with slip covers—expensive ones can be made of unbleached muslin—or old sheets will sometimes do. Remove spots from upholstered furniture and clean

well with vacuum cleaner as a protection against moths.

3. Strip beds of all coverings and cover mattresses and pillows with clean sheets or unbleached muslin.

4. If any winter woollens are to be stored in the house during the summer make sure they are clean and free from any stage of moth development. Put away with naphthalene or other moth preparation.

5. Make sure that gas, electricity, and water are shut off at the main inlets. Be certain that all water is drained off, and into the sinks and traps of other waste pipes pour about a cupful of crude sweet oil. This will prevent any unpleasant odors from drains entering the house.

6. Be careful not to leave a scrap of food about which might attract mice or flies. Dispose of all food which cannot be properly stored. Staples, such as salt, sugar, etc., and flour will keep provided you have the right kind of moisture-proof and vermin-proof containers. Do not attempt to store corn-meal or any whole-grain cereal or packages that have been opened. Remove everything from the ice-chest or refrigerator. If the ice-chest has a drain-pipe leading out of doors, plug it up and leave the chest in the kitchen with the doors open.

BEST RECIPES for the WEEK

Housewives Win Cash Prizes for Their Favorite Dishes

There is interesting variety in the list of prize-winning recipes for this week. From a particularly delicious plum pudding, a new salad, piquant savories, and dainty sweets, you can make a choice that will help you in your catering problem over the holidays.

SEND in your favorite recipe and you, too, may win a cash prize.

Prizes awarded each week are £1 first prize and six consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One pound currants, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. butter, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 3 cups plain flour, 5 eggs, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 gill O.P. rum, 1lb. lemon peel, 1lb. orange peel, 1lb. citron peel, 1 tablespoon dripping.

Clean fruit, cut peel very finely—add to that all the other ingredients. Make butter warm, add the dripping and carbonate soda to it. Beat the eggs and mix all together with rum. Before putting in mixture, dip the pudding cloth in boiling water and sprinkle lightly with flour. Tie securely and boil for seven hours.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Megson, 23 Lindisfarne St., Waverley, N.S.W.

PITCAITHLY BANNOCK

Three-quarter pound flour, 1lb. rice flour, 1lb. butter, 1lb. castor sugar, 2oz. sweet almonds, 2oz. candied orange peel, 3 or 4 drops of vanilla essence.

Blanch almonds and peel and chop very finely. Warm the butter, slightly beat to a cream, and add to it all the other ingredients.

Knead into one lump with hands; this may take some time, but no liquid must be added. Form into a round cake 1/2-inch thick, prick with a fork, tie a double lard of ginger round it, and bake in a moderate oven from 1 to 1 1/2 hours; then remove paper and cool on the tin. This cake is left unadorned. Break into pieces when required.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Inglis, 7 Brown St., Subiaco, W.A.

EGG AND GREEN-PEA SALAD

Allow 1 egg per person. Poach eggs hard, trim, and let them become quite cold. To every 4 eggs allow 1 cup cooked green peas.

Add enough mayonnaise sauce to bind peas and season with pepper, salt, and a pinch of sugar. Place a crisp lettuce-leaf for each egg on a salad dish, put an egg in the centre of each leaf and heap a few green peas on top of the egg, with a little more mayonnaise over all. Garnish with cream and tiny bits of radishes and serve as cold as possible.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss V. Link, 6 Cranley, Yorks. Pm., S.A.

MINT FINGERS

One breakfast-cup of plain flour, 4oz. of butter or lard, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, pinch of salt.

Rub the butter into flour, add salt, baking powder, and water to make a firm dough, then roll out thinly. Chop some young mint finely, and spread over half the pastry, then sprinkle over with sugar, currants, and lemon juice; fold over other half of pastry, press edges well together, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a moderate oven. When cold, cut into fingers.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Barnes, Cook St., Laura, N.S.W.

PLASTIC ICING

Put 1lb. sugar, 1lb. maize-syrup, a small cup cold water in a saucepan on stove to boil, brush all sugar off sides, put in thermometer and boil to 240 degrees (not over), then take off stove and cover with damp cloth for 1 hour.

Put 2lb. sifted icing sugar in a bowl, pour in mixture, gradually working from sides in the form of pastry. Will keep 12 months in an airtight tin; roll out with confectioner when required.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Falvey, Barristers, via Toowoomba, Qld.

MOCK CRAB

One egg, 5 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 cup milk, salt, and cayenne to taste, piece of butter, size of walnut, a little cream if on hand.

Beat egg in a small basin, add to this the grated cheese, tomato sauce, milk, pepper, salt, and butter. Put basin, with contents into a dish of boiling water to come half way up basin, and stir till mixture thickens. Then cook for half an hour, giving an occasional stir; use when cool. Will keep for about ten days.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Willis, 20 Adelaide St., Hobart.

FRUIT MARSHMALLOW

One pint cream, 1 pint jelly, strawberry or raspberry, 2 bananas, 6 passionfruit, 1 orange or 2 slices of pineapple, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon half-cherries.

Make jelly and when it is beginning to set beat in the whipped cream; pour half this mixture into a wetted mould; place cut-up fruit on top, and cover with the rest of the mixture; allow to set.

Turn out and wash in whipped, pink cream (the other half-pint), and put halved cherries on top and chopped nuts around the sides.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Grant, Tallarook, Vic.



THIS YOUNG LOVELY'S favorite recipe for Sunday night supper is salmon coated with mayonnaise. Yes, too, must have a favorite recipe. Enter it in our weekly Best Recipe competition and you may win a prize.

—Courtesy Paramount.

HEALTH and Beauty DIETS

Series Giving Menus and Recipes from Famous Diets

No. 4—Hay Diet Christmas Menu

THOSE who are following the Hay diet should be able to enjoy Christmas fare and still keep to the rules of the diet if they simply exercise a little care in selecting from ordinary menus.

Regard Christmas dinner as a protein one, for instance, and simply omit all starch and sugar foods, such as bread, potatoes, plum pudding, have ice-cream and fruit instead, raisins, and confectionery.

You may make Christmas tea a starch meal and eat bread, scones, cakes, salads, and sweets. Omit proteins and acid fruits.

Make your breakfast an alkaline one—milk and fresh fruit.

As a guide for the housewife, here are correctly-combined meals for Christmas:

DINNER (Protein).—Cream of chicken soup, celery and ripe apples, roast chicken and green peas, lettuce and tomato salad, baked apple with orange sauce and cream nuts, coffee, and fruit-cup.

No bread should be served with this dinner. The soup should be thickened with cream and egg yolks. The baked apples may be sweetened with raisins; the fruit-cup with raisins and pineapple juice.

Salad Dressings for Protein Menu.—French: Mix olive oil and lemon juice and paprika and salt, and flavor, if liked, with chopped onion and parsley. Cream Dressing: Whip sour cream and season with paprika, celery salt, and little lemon juice.

TEA (Starch).—Cream of asparagus soup, mushrooms on wholemeal bread, toast, mixed green salad, cream cheese balls, raisin and apple or date ice-cream Christmas cake made with wholemeal flour, coconut tarts, raisins and sweets, tea or coffee with cream and sugar.

Salad Dressings for Starch Menu.—French: Mix equal parts olive oil and lemon juice, add salt and paprika, and if liked, chopped onion, watercress, and parsley. Cream Dressing: Beat together sour cream, fresh tomato juice, and salt.

STAR TURN of The FEAST

Piquant nuts and melting sweets provide the grand finale for your Christmas dinner.

Be the turkey ever so tender and the Christmas pudding simply packed with succulent fruits, there's nothing to give that festive air quite so much as the gay dishes of sweetmeats and nuts which follow the feast.

HERE are a few suggestions which should be popular:

DEVILED ALMONDS

Half pound Jordan almonds, 1lb. butter, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 level teaspoon cayenne.

Blanch almonds and dry thoroughly in the oven. Melt butter, and when hot add the almonds. Fry till a golden brown, stirring all the time. Drain on paper, then shake in the well-mixed salt and cayenne until thoroughly coated.

FONDANT

Half pound crystallised sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon glucose.

Put sugar, water and glucose into a saucepan, place over low flame, and when dissolved increase flame and boil till it reaches 240 degrees Fahrenheit. Pour at once into wetted basin, and beat with wooden spoon till thick. Then take the mixture in your hands and knead until soft and smooth. Turn the fondant on to a board or slab and divide into five or six portions. Take each piece and knead well. Flavor and color as you desire.

To Flavor: Make a hole in the ball of fondant, put a few drops of

the flavoring into the hole, and cover with a piece of the fondant and knead in the hands until the flavoring is thoroughly blended. Vanilla, almond, lemon, maple, and peppermint are nice flavorings.

To Color: Make a well in the fondant as above and cover with the mixture. Knead until the color is well blended. If liquid colorings are used, add very sparingly—adding more color if not deep enough.

RIBBON CREAMS

Fondant, carmine, green and yellow coloring, lemon, almond, strawberry, vanilla essence. Divide fondant into 4 equal parts.

Put sugar, water and glucose into a saucepan, place over low flame, and when dissolved increase flame and boil till it reaches 240 degrees Fahrenheit. Pour at once into wetted basin, and beat with wooden spoon till thick. Then take the mixture in your hands and knead until soft and smooth. Turn the fondant on to a board or slab and divide into five or six portions. Take each piece and knead well. Flavor and color as you desire.

To Flavor: Make a hole in the ball of fondant, put a few drops of

Color one portion pink, add strawberry essence, second portion yellow, add lemon essence, third portion green, add almond essence. Leave one portion white, add vanilla essence. Roll each portion into long strips about 2 inches wide, join by brushing with cold water. Press lightly together with rolling-pin. Cut into triangles.

MARBLE BALLS

Same ingredients as ribbon creams. Only break off small portions of each color and roll together into ball, then damp and roll in fine coconut.

THERE is nothing the children enjoy better than helping to make—and eat—the Christmas sweetmeats.



YOU CAN MAKE quite a variety of delicious sweets from the fondant recipe given on this page. Mixed with almonds it will make an attractive dish.



COOKING for the HOLIDAYS

Menus: Hot, Cold, and Picnic Style...Roasts to Sweets

IF you would make the most of the long Christmas week-end this year, plan the holiday meals beforehand. Obtain all necessary food stores well before the shops close up and prepare as many of the essential dishes as possible before Christmas Day.

SOME of you will be having all your holiday meals at home; others will have their Christmas dinner (a cold one, of course) in the pen; while those in holiday homes will go in for quickly-prepared meals.

Just by way of trying to please everyone, three Christmas dinner menus—hot, cold, and picnic style—are given on this page. Many of the dishes are suitable for other meals over the holidays, as well as for Christmas Day.

Preparing and Roasting Poultry

FOWL

After cleaning, fill with seasoning from the neck end where the crop came from, slitting it out well. Twist the pinions over the neck and fasten down the neck flap with them. Press legs well into body. Pass skewer through both legs and body or fasten with string. Roll up in greased paper, make fat hot in baking dish. Place fowl in. Then roast in hot oven for five minutes. Lessen heat and cook slowly the required time, basting frequently; 30 minutes before it is finished remove the paper and allow to brown quickly.

DUCK OR GOOSE

After cleaning well, fill the bird with onion and sage seasoning from the vent end, securing the opening with needle and thread and leaving a long end on the thread, so that it

By . . .
RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert in
The Australian
Women's Weekly



PLACE THE
trussed turkey in a hot oven for ten minutes and then lessen heat. Place bacon rasher on top for flavoring if liked.

can be easily pulled out. Fold the neck flap down and sew. Twist the pinions back. Force legs into body and fasten with skewer or tie firmly. Roll in greased paper. Heat the fat in baking-dish. Place duck in dish breast uppermost. Place in hot oven for 10 minutes, and lessen heat and cook slowly, basting frequently, the required time—from 1½ to 2 hours. Twenty minutes before it is cooked, remove paper and brown evenly. Lift on to hot dish and make the gravy. Proceed as for roast fowl. Serve with apple sauce.

TURKEY

Thoroughly clean the bird, and wipe dry. Stuff with either veal or sausage forcemeat where the crop came from. Turn the skin back and sew in place. Twist pinions over the flap. Press legs into body and fasten with skewers or tie firmly. Roll in greased paper. Make the fat hot in baking-dish. Place bird in dish. Place in hot oven for 10 minutes, lessen heat, Cook slowly (basting frequently) about 2½ to 3 hours. Remove from fat and make the gravy, proceeding as for roast fowl.

GALANTINE OF FOWL

One fowl, 6 pork sausages, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup chopped ham and tongue, aspic jelly, gelatine, salt, cayenne.

First bone the fowl. To do this, cut off the head, cut the bird down the back to the bone and slowly work

with salt and cayenne. Spread a layer of sausage-meat all over the fowl; on this lay alternately chopped ham, tongue, slices of egg.

Cover with more sausage-meat, roll, and sew up. Tie firmly in greased pudding-cloth. Cook gently in boiling stock from 1½ to 2 hours. Remove cloth, roll in clean cloth, lay between 2 baking dishes with weights on the upper one, and leave till cold. Add gelatine to aspic jelly and, when beginning to set, brush it all over. Leave in cool place. Decorate with butter through forcing-pipe and bag, and diamonds of aspic jelly.

STUFFED BEET SALAD

Beetroot, celery, mayonnaise, cloves, lettuce leaves. Select beets of a uniform size. Cook in usual way. Drain and slip off skins. Scoop out centre, leaving wall 1-inch thick. Cut thin slices from beet to stand evenly. Chop

scraps, also celery. Mix with mayonnaise, salt, cayenne and capers. Fill the beet cups and serve on lettuce.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE

One pint red jelly, 1 gill milk, 1pt. cream, 6 or 8 sponge fingers, 1oz. gelatine, 1oz. sugar, vanilla. Line the bottom of a plain mould with jelly about 1½ in. thick and allow to set. Trim the sponge fingers and line the sides of the mould with them, wedging them well together so that they fit tightly. Dissolve the gelatine in the milk and stir over the fire till just warm. Whip the cream, add sugar, vanilla, and dissolved gelatine, and when nearly set, pour into the centre of the mould. Stand on ice till quite firm. Trim the top of the sponge fingers. Turn on to glass stand and decorate with chopped red jelly.

ICE-CREAM

One quart milk, 6 yolks eggs, 6 dessertspoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon vanilla. Beat the yolks of eggs well, add the sugar and beat well. When the milk is almost boiling, pour it gradually on to the beaten eggs. Mix well, then return to a double saucepan and stir till it coats the spoon. Remove from water and stand in cold water. When cold, add vanilla and freeze.

Christmas Dinner Menus

HOT MENU

Oyster Cocktail
Asparagus Soup
Roast Duck and Apple Sauce
Orange Salad
Green Peas, Sauce Potatoes
Pump Pudding and Sherry Sauce
Meringue Cream
Cheese Straws
Coffee, Fruit Cup
Sweets, Nuts
Devilled Almonds
Fruit, Bon Bons

COLD MENU

Hors d'oeuvre, Salmon
Brue
Iced Consommé
Cold Poultry and Ham
Potato Salad
Lettuce Salad
Asparagus, Olives, Gherkins
Jellied Plum Pudding and Cream
Passionfruit Ice-cream
Charlotte Russe
Cheese and Biscuits
Fruit Punch, Coffee
Nuts, Sweets
Almonds, Raisins
Bon Bons

PICNIC MENU

Tomato Cocktail
Galantine of Fowl
Cold Vegetable Salad
Stuffed Beetroot Salad
Mayonnaise
Cold Plum Pudding and Hard Sauce
Mince Pies
Fruit Salad
Cheese Biscuits
Coffee, Fruit Cup
Sweets, Nuts
Almonds, Raisins
Bon Bons



CHRISTMAS MEALS may be most enjoyable in the open if everything is cooked and prepared beforehand.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Before Baby Comes

WHEN should I consult a doctor? is a question frequently asked by the expectant mother. The answer is, "As soon as you know you are to have a child."

Do not put this visit off from month to month, for this is the first duty you owe your unborn babe.

When you consult your doctor, or physician in charge of an ante-natal clinic, be prepared to tell him the following things: (1) Whether or not this is your first baby. (2) Whether you have had any still-born babies. (3) Particulars of your family history from a medical aspect. (4) Whether you have had scarlet fever, measles,

This is the first of a special series of articles on pre-natal care for mothers and babies.

Miss Truby King has previously touched upon this vital subject, but owing to the many requests from young wives and mothers she has decided to discuss this aspect of mothercraft again.

By MARY TRUBY KING

diphtheria, rheumatic fever, or any other illness. (5) Whether you have ever suffered from anaemia, kidney trouble, or pyorrhoia.

Never forget to tell your doctor

about any fears that may be troubling you. He will explain them away—for most fears are quite unfounded—and you will have peace of mind and consequent freedom from worry.

No one can be in perfect health who is worrying.

The mother-to-be should not imagine that she is in any way an invalid. Ordinary household duties may be performed as usual with advantage to her health. However, it is important for the mother to refrain from doing any heavy lifting or carrying.

She should also avoid going for motor journeys over rough roads, and should not use a treadle machine during the last few months, as it might have serious consequences.

Violent scrubbing of floors, stretching her arms up to high shelves, hanging curtains, etc., should be avoided; but there is no harm in do-

A Word of Advice!

STAMMERING is a phase through which many young children pass. To rectify this try to plan quieter games, letting the child take the lead as much as possible.

Take care never to draw attention to the defect. Talk quietly and calmly yourself, and don't be in too great a hurry to listen to what the little one has to say.

ing the cooking, dusting, washing, and a moderate amount of sweeping.

Sea-bathing is excellent for the expectant mother, so long as she does not get exhausted in the waves, but simply swims about in calm water. Such bathing may be continued up to a week before baby is expected, if the mother feels so inclined.

Opinion is divided on the advisability of the mother-to-be playing tennis, golf, and other games. Provided she does not enter tournaments, and ceases to play before she becomes fatigued, the woman who has been in the habit of playing games need not give them up until she feels they are too much for her.

The best exercise of all is walking. The expectant mother should try to have a three-mile walk every day in the open air and sunshine.

Choose a part of the day when the sun is not too hot, so that the walk may be really enjoyed, and have an object in your destination so that you will not feel the walk is merely a duty to be performed without enjoyment.

Hurrying up and down stairs is to be avoided. Go slowly. At night, see that your bedroom is well supplied with air. The windows should be open top and bottom, and there should be a cross current of air through the room—coming in at the open window and going out at a door, ventilator, or chimney.

Do's and Don't's

THE expectant mother should drink plenty of water. Drinking water will not make you fat, as is commonly supposed. It may be taken warm or cold, but no fluid should be drunk hot. Tea and coffee in excess are to be avoided, likewise alcohol in any form.

There is no objection to weak tea and weak coffee if they do not upset the individual woman, but strong tea is often the cause of heartburn.

The best drinks are milk, water, and fresh fruit juices. Up to six oranges a day may be taken in drinks with advantage. When oranges are not procurable, tomato juice may be substituted.

The mother-to-be should wear nothing tight round her waist. There must be a free flow of blood to the abdominal organs, so that baby may grow; therefore, do not wear skirts which are tight round the waist or drag on the hips.

It is best to wear one-piece frocks hung from the shoulders. During the last months the mother will probably need some support. Directions for making a special maternity support that gives comfort can be obtained from the Sister in Charge, Mothercraft Society, 230 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

There should be nothing tight round the breasts. It is natural for them to become larger during this period, so they should not be constricted by tight garments which prevent their full natural growth.

Next week's article will deal with the correct diet during the pre-natal period.



Office of Origin

Words

Time Lodged

No.

TG42C.

*There Is Happiness In Every Line
Of A Christmas Greeting Telegram*

GREETING Forms and Envelopes are gay and brightly coloured. A Christmas Greeting by Telegram... It means so much... and it costs so little.

Simply write your message on the ordinary telegram form or, if a telephone subscriber, use the phonogram service.

There is no extra charge... usual low telegraph rates apply.

THIS TELEGRAM HAS BEEN RECEIVED SUBJECT TO THE POST AND TELEGRAPH ACT AND REGULATIONS—THE TIME RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE IS SHOWN AT THE END OF THE MESSAGE

Lovely Girl Restores Man's Speech

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

PETER URS, twenty-year-old plumber, of Miskolc, Hungary, was deaf and dumb until he went to do a job of plumbing in the bathroom of a rich citizen.

While he was working the daughter of the house entered the room. The sight of the beautiful and richly-dressed girl had an astounding effect on Urs.

"How beautiful!" he exclaimed suddenly, and since that moment he has spoken fluently.

His first coherent sentence was a marriage proposal to the girl. He has not yet received a definite reply.

THE BODY

By...
EVELYN

BEAUTIFUL

COMPLEXION

Fresheners

You'll look lovely at Christmastide if you give your skin a tonic treatment

CHRISTMAS in the air! Days are filled with fevered activity in preparation for the great festival. The housewife is busy shopping, cooking, sewing, mailing interesting-looking parcels; the business girl is facing, stoically, long and in many cases harned hours and jostling other gift-seekers during the precious luncheon period.

Make sure, however, that all the extra work, the rush and tear, does not take its toll on your looks—that you, yourself, are beautifully ready for Christmas.

SO in order that your looks will do you credit in spite of any undue slackening of the customary beauty regime, I am now going to give you a series of recipes for magical face fresheners, otherwise known as face packs or complexion masks.

You can make your choice from among these and become your own beauty doctor. For these packs do not entail a visit to the beauty parlor—you can apply them so easily yourself at home, and then just leave them to work their will of loveliness.

Now, please remember this: Whatever pack you decide upon to banish tired lines, clean and generally freshen up your skin—in short, put sparkle into it—you must thoroughly cleanse your skin of all make-up, dust and grime before applying it. This is best done by liberally creaming the skin with a quick-melting cream, wiping it off and washing in very warm, soapy water.

Round the Face

THE next step is to wring out of fairly hot water two face towels and wrap round the face and throat till the skin feels moist and soft.

While the pack, or mask, is doing

its good work, I would advise you to rest a while.

Distinctly refreshing and nourishing to a tired skin is the egg mask. It is made from the yolk of an egg which has been separated from the white. Beat the yolk until creamy and then spread quickly and smoothly over the face and neck with the finger-tips. Always work upwards. When it has spread evenly, leave it on to dry. After ten or fifteen minutes remove with a pad of cotton wool dipped in rose-water. Follow this by patting the face with a pad dipped in astringent lotion.

Quickly-made Pack

ANOTHER quickly-made pack which brings new life to a tired skin is made from the beaten white of an egg into which three ounces of the finest toilet oatmeal has been mixed to form a paste. Apply with the finger-tips and leave on for fifteen to twenty minutes—until it is thoroughly dry. Then dip a pad of cotton wool or soft towel in warm, soapy water and remove it, working in gentle upward and outward movements. Pat in some cold cream. Remove after a few minutes.

Still another egg mask that will give you new beauty can be made this way:

Separate the white from the yolk of a strictly-fresh egg. Beat up the

white until it is fairly thick. Spread on face and neck with a soft brush. Wait until it dries and spread on a second layer. This should use up the whole of the white.

Now, when this second application is thoroughly dry, beat up the yolk of the egg and paint this on and leave on for an hour. Wash off with very warm water. This pack should be preceded by an application of good skin food, following the face regime as set out in the beginning of this article.



large or small, are composed of bundles, like bundles of closely-packed sticks, and the whole is bound together with so-called "connective tissue."

Muscular System

THE health of our muscular system is exceedingly important. Not only should muscular tissue be nourished by rich blood, but its waste products, caused by muscular contraction, must also be carried off.

Exercise produces these desired results quickest and best. Nevertheless, exercise simply for the purpose of developing large, showy muscles carries no special benefit.

What it does is merely to create a large bulky muscle machine that must be exercised throughout life, and perhaps strenuously at that, if it is to be kept in a healthy state.

Everybody should exercise. But it is often dangerous to adopt an unusually vigorous standard of exercise in youth that plainly cannot and will not be continued in later life.

There is no sense in trying to do stunts with your muscles unless you want to become a professional athlete.

Exercise to keep fit—that is enough

"HAVE ONE—they're sweet and juicy" says this gay young lady already imbued with the Christmas spirit—jollity and fun. How lovely she looks in her simple print frock with her gleaming, well-groomed hair, clear skin, shining eyes and pearly teeth!

NEWEST SHADES in Nail LACQUER

Smoke—if not popular in your eyes or in your best curtains—is slyly creeping into color—even in nail polishes.

SMOKEY shades of nail polish

are the very newest thing. Their trend is away from the hard brilliant reds previously in vogue. Their subtle colors flatter the nails and lend distinction to your hands.

A manufacturer of a well-known

Other smoky shades include old rose and the popular rust.

In applying polish, always leave the cuticle free from polish. A reliable polish will not in itself injure or dry the nail.

But if the base of the nail is left free, cuticle oil or cream may be applied at night without removing

Yeast and Milk Face Pack

YEAST, the kind you get from a brewery, has a definite value as a skin-beautifier. Try it out this way:

Mix well with milk to the consistency of cream. Do not put too much milk in at first, but add it gradually, as the pack will lose much of its value if it is made too moist.

Spread it on the face and throat with the finger-tips. It must not be rubbed in. After fifteen or twenty minutes remove it with cotton-wool or hand towel dipped in warm water. Follow this by applying an astringent lotion—witch-hazel is an excellent one.

line of manicure preparations announces the newest shade—robin-red.

This shade is good with suntanned hands or with pale hands. Because of its rich tone it is smart for evening wear. Its smoky quality harmonizes with nearly all costume colors, and is particularly lovely with white.

polish. Also your polish has greater style if it is cleanly applied.

Dryness, which is natural to many nails, is aggravated by exposure to the sun and wind and to alkaline soaps.

Cuticle cream or oil should be used at least daily. A good plan is to massage it into the rims around the nails every night.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

Important to Know How Much to Exercise

PATIENT: As a youth I played sport strenuously and was very proud of my muscular development. Now that I am middle-aged I have lost all interest in exercise and never have any. Is it necessary as we grow older for us to play some active game?

WHEN we are young we go in for gymnastics, athletics and all sorts of violent exercise with the greatest enthusiasm. We actually feel exceptionally well when we exercise strenuously, especially those of the masculine gender.

When we approach middle life however violent exercise loses its appeal. We indulge in golf, perhaps. Tennis may tire us too much. We no longer play football; we watch it. The same applies to baseball,

basketball, hockey, running-races and all the others.

What has happened, of course, is that the muscles have become developed—reach maturity, as it were—and do not require further development. All they desire is to be kept in the pink of condition.

Muscular tissue, we must know, is divided into two varieties: voluntary muscle tissue, the fibres or strands of which, when viewed under a microscope, have fine lines running through them; and involuntary muscle tissue, which has no such striated appearance.

The voluntary muscles, whether

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

SMART but easy-to-make styles for summer wear. Patterns are available now at our offices.

WW1431—SPORTS SPECTATOR: A really charming style for the spectator sports girl. Sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1432—VERY DISTINCTIVE: A very charming suit with wide white revers. Sizes: 32 to 36 inches. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-yard contrast for collar and revers. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1433—SPORTY COAT: For the holiday season a coat is a necessity. Sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1434—A BRILLIANT INSPIRATION: The wide shoulders and new neck of this model are striking features. Sizes: 32 to 36 inches. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide for jacket, and 2 yards, 36 inches wide for skirt. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1435—DINNER GOWN: This dinner gown has attractive full sleeves, and sash finishing the waistline. Sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1436—THE YOUNG MASTER: He's important, so we've designed for him this chic suit. Sizes: 6 months to 2 years. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d. Smoking Transfer, 4d. extra.**

WW1437—BEACH ENSEMBLE: This suit, comprising shorts, suntop, and coat, should be most useful for summer. Sizes: 32 to 36 inches. Material required: 2½ yards for coat, 1½ yards for shorts, and 1½ yards for bodice and facings. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1438—BRASSIERE AND SCANTIES: Ever so smart with dainty low-line brassiere to match. Sizes: 32 to 40 inches. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 2½ yards lace. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PLEASE NOTE!
To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN
Price 3d. May be used to make three entirely different day frocks.

THIS trio of attractive designs shown here may be cut from this week's three-in-one concession pattern, which is now available to you for the price of 3d.

The pattern is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, so state clearly when sending which size you require. Fill in coupon at left, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

No. 1, which requires 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, 1-yard of contrasting and 1 yard pleating, is a smart, fresh-looking style for printed silk or linen.

No. 2, which features a girlish collar and jabot, requires 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 5-8-yard contrast.

No. 3, attractive for smart afternoon wear in printed silk, requires 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 2½ yards pleating.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON
This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of three-pence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—
ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 188, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 101G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4290YX, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, TASMANIA.—C/o Andrew Mathers and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-110 Liverpool Street, Hobart.
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Pattern Coupon, 19/12/36.

YOUR GARDEN Will Not MISS YOU!



GLIMPSE OF ONE of our attractively designed homes made more cozy and interesting to the eye with window-boxes, trees, shrubs and fresh green, well-kept lawns.

THE festive season is here again, and to most of us that is synonymous with holiday time, but, before you go, look to your garden.

So a few days before leaving weed every bed thoroughly, stir up the soil well, and till it up around the plants. Then mulch, and mulch well—pile it on as thickly as possible. Never mind if the beds do look a little untidy

with the mulch, for it is there for the most important purpose of keeping the moisture in the soil during your absence.

When the mulching is completed, get out your hose and soak that garden as it has never been soaked before, all round the plants, filling up those trenches between them, and see that every portion of the garden receives its share.

This moisture will travel down to

It will flourish even though you trip off for the holidays, providing you follow the advice given below—

Says the Old Gardener

GOING away for the holidays? Then get to work on your garden now, or else, while you are happily lazing on the beaches or riding through bush tracks, your garden will be looking very sadly neglected.

the subsoil, and the mulch will imprison every drop of moisture and hold it in the soil for at least two or three weeks.

And don't forget the lawns! They, too, will need a thorough soaking, and, if properly done, this should assist them to keep that fresh, green appearance while you are away.

Look Them Over!

IN addition to the mulching and watering, give your plants a good overhaul.

Chrysanthemums, for instance, will need to be securely tied up, and sprayed to keep the aphids away. The rose bed must come in for its share of attention, too. Turn over the soil lightly, but avoid deep digging, in case you injure the roots, then go over the rose bushes and cut out all dead or spindly growth.

Keep a watchful eye for rose aphids, and if the bushes are troubled with these insects spray them with a solution made by dissolving a cake of Sunlight soap in boiling water, and then adding a dessertspoonful of kerosene, and using while warm.

All plants of the taller varieties will need special care in staking. Nip the early flowers off the sinners, for no plant should be allowed to flower until it has obtained a good root system, and is a strong, sturdy-looking plant. So with sinners, snap, phlox and petunias, nip the centres back as well as removing early flowers.

Banish Disease

PLANTS affected in the slightest degree with rust or fungus diseases should be sprayed with lime sulphur, making the strength of the mixture one part lime to forty parts water.

Red spider may also make its appearance in the anemones, rhododendrons and gardenias, and, if so, spray these with volk (1 part volk to 40 of water).

Those precious fruit trees and vines must be taken care of, too. Look to the peach trees and spray with lime sulphur to prevent curly leaf. The grapevines will also need attention, for caterpillars will make their appearance, so spray with a mixture of one teaspoonful of arsenate of lead to each gallon of water, and add a teaspoonful of kerosene to make the liquid more adhesive. The virginia creeper will also benefit by this treatment.

To obtain big, luscious tomatoes from your bushes the plants must be kept clean, so give them a spray with the lime sulphur and so rid them of any disease.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Footloose Sagittarians Can Be Faithful

Two of the greatest faults of Sagittarians—those people born between November 23 and December 22 any year—are impatience and a tendency to be hasty and rash.

In other words, Sagittarians are often so anxious to pick the fruit that they cannot wait until it is ripe.

AS a result they bring lots of trouble upon themselves, though whether the trouble reacts upon the nervous, mental, or digestive processes depends upon the type of fruit so unwisely chosen.

Sagittarians will find, therefore, that the cultivation of patience and caution is an immensely important factor in the success and happiness which can come their way in life.

Failing this self-control, they can be the cause of their own failures, their own ill-health, their own unhappiness—and can thus prove their own worst enemies in life.

Another thing, Sagittarians cannot tolerate limitations, restrictions, or jealousies, particularly in the sphere of matrimony.

An unhappy Sagittarian can be selfish, inconsiderate, cynical, hurtful in his expressions about marriage in general and his (or her) partner in particular. The male Sagittarian must be free to roam a little, to enter into the sports which appeal to his particular taste.

He should join his own terms or golf club, and possess a ticket which entitles him to see horse races, football games, and automobile or bicycle feats.

Let him mix among men. Release the tension of the apron-strings. He will appreciate his home and his partner to a far greater extent.

For the Sagittarian of the female species many of these same sports will prove attractive, though bridge and similar games, and social or club activities will appease the longing for self-expression (coupled with a desire for contacts with other human beings) and satisfy the jovial, hospitable, and sport-loving nature of these people.

Those of both sexes will usually enjoy their recreation, and are wholeheartedly, anyway, but if there is also an element of risk, excitement, and a gambles in the interest of the moment, their enjoyment will increase a hundredfold.

Many Sagittarians are bachelors, whichever their sex. This is rather a pity, for these people are attractive and kindly, and can make married life a very desirable affair for the partner.

Moreover, it has been shown by astrological research that the Sagittarian whose emotional nature has been developed in the nicest Sagittarian of all.

Sagittarian marriage partners should be chosen carefully, for harmony is essential to their happiness.

Leo people (born July 23 to August 24) add dignity and restraint to the union, and Arians (March 21 to April 21) incite the power and ambitions of the Sagittarian person.

The marriage of two Sagittarians

(November 23 to December 22) can prove exceedingly intellectual, extremely carefree, or an amazingly pleasant mixture of both.

Gemini people (May 22 to June 22) often attract, although opposite opinions often bring estrangement. Virgoans (August 24 to September 23) and Pisceans (February 19 to March 21) do not mate readily with Sagittarians.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (Born March 21 to April 21): The 14th and the 22nd are particularly fortunate for you, particularly if you are alive to your chances. Don't sit with folded hands waiting for good things to come. Work hard, ask favors, begin new enterprises, make changes. Enthusiasm.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): The 19th and 18th fair, 18th, 19th and 20th poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live very quietly. Upsets, opposition, disappointments and losses may come your way otherwise. Especially on the 14th, 19th, after noon, 20th and 21st.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Fair only on the 19th, late; 20th and 21st.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): This is your day and hour. Make the most of your opportunities. Seek advancement, make important decisions or changes. Be venturesome, optimistic and confident, but not rash. Especially on the 22nd. Be cautious on the 17th, 18th and 19th.



THIS 20TH CENTURY-FOX PLAYER chooses a white uncrushable linen frock for the summer holiday season. The buttons and kerchief are red and white.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Changes are not for you just yet. Follow routine tasks. 18th and 19th fair, 19th, 20th and 21st very poor.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Very fair on the 15th and 16th.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Quite fair for you on the 18th, after 5 p.m., 20th, 21st and 22nd.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Be very cautious on the 19th (evening), 20th and 21st, but work hard on the 22nd.

Balance of week fair. Seek promotion, ask for what you want, and do not be too modest about such wants.

CAPIRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): The 15th and 16th just fair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Quite fair on the 17th, 18th and 19th.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Poor for new enterprises or changes this week. Routine work best. Late 19th, all 20th and 21st just fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

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Romance...
How I longed for it...
but it never came
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Lux Toilet Soap to
defeat the biggest
enemy of a lovely
complexion—as the
stars do — John
never even looked
at me..."



I followed her example... Now I have a
lovely complexion which has brought
romance into my life.



A LEVER PRODUCT



CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Paramount Picture Star, shortly to be seen in
"MAID OF SALEM,"

says: Use Cosmetics? Of course I do!
But I always use Lux Toilet Soap to
guard against Cosmetic Skin. It keeps
my skin ever so clear and smooth.

THERE is no doubt about it—a lovely complexion does fascinate men! Yet you cannot have a lovely complexion unless it is free from all trace of Cosmetic Skin—the small blemishes, dullness, and enlarged pores, that so soon spoil good looks. The regular use of Lux Toilet Soap is the surest aid to beauty—the most certain defence against ugly Cosmetic Skin.

As 9 out of 10 film stars—and thousands of their admirers—have proved, the active lather of this fine soap removes every hidden trace of stale cosmetics, dust and dirt. Give your complexion this care. Always, before you go to bed or put on fresh make-up, use Lux Toilet Soap. Then your skin will keep soft and clear; your complexion will become even more fascinating!

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
NEW SOUTH WALES

WOMEN *in Love*



By MAY CHRISTIE

WOMEN IN LOVE

By MAY CHRISTIE



THE Delafield sisters were having a conference. The youngest, Ann, at nineteen years of age, was nobody's fool. Facts were facts, and however you tried to dress them, out stood the stark necessity of money. The combined ages of the trio might be less in sum total than Dad's—he was sixty-three—but why, in this crisis, should he go on struggling to support three husky wenches—the words were Ann's—"when we've our intelligence, health and youth to help him?"

It was five o'clock on an afternoon of late October. They had moved that day—from the smart bijou residence on Sutton Place from which, in the past four years, the three had stepped forth for their individual debuts at an exclusive hotel—to this second-floor brownstone apartment between Lexington and Third Avenues. The elevated roared, trucks banged and taxis honked, children on roller-skates yelled in the street. But to Ann there was challenge in the din.

A delightful challenge! On her slim, willing shoulders had rested the responsibility and the major annoyances of the "moving." Claire and Bernice had been bored and piqued. But Ann had been a figurative Saint Joan, saving her country.

"The trouble with you two girls," she said now briskly, "is that you want to continue a champagne existence on a beer income."

"But I adore champagne," pointed beautiful Bernice, aged twenty-one. She looked at herself in the mirror across the large, shabby living-room, and what she saw delighted her, so that the point slid off. She grinned fatuously.

"Only fools like working," contributed Claire, the eldest by one year, who was not so pretty as her two younger sisters, but who prided herself on being astute.

"Bunk!" said Ann sharply. "Drones are out, and—wildly mixing her metaphors, but emphasising her point—"from now on, elbow grease is in! Get that straight!"

"You sound like a scrubwoman, darling," volunteered Bernice, her gaze transferring itself from the mirror to the clock. Time to knock up a shakerful of cocktails! Freddy—uncertain, fascinating Freddy was liable to walk in upon them at this hour. Freddy must be entertained in the manner in which Park Avenue (accent on the feminine) had so thoroughly accustomed him.

"And what's little Miss Fix-It going to do?" sneered Claire, flicking a cigarette from the slim gold case she had bought with her bridge winnings. The cigarette dangled from her thin, carefully-rouged lips. She struck a match, inhaled, tilted her pointed chin, half closed her eyes. Two tiny columns of smoke issued from the well-shaped nose she was convinced was an exact replica of a movie beauty's.

Ann thought, half irritably, half indulgently: "How inept they are, how incapable of facing reality!" How on earth

to make them understand the worse-than-rocky status of the Delafields, financially speaking?

Mother had taken to her bed, under the cloak of nerves. In any crisis, as far back as Ann could remember, Mother's escape had been via the route of a heart that was "fluttery."

Dad was kind, and tired, and grey, and pathetically grateful to the bankers—or was it the receivers who had swooped down on the firm of which he'd been the head?—for retaining him in the reorganised company as a 60-dollar-a-week employee.

"I'm going into business," Ann announced firmly.

"Modelling? Bah!" Claire yawned elaborately.

"Nothing of the sort! I intend to start from the ground up, using every iota of grey matter the good Lord may have given me!" In the breast pocket of Ann's smart, simple-tailored suit was tucked the letter of introduction she had to-day wangled at great pains from peppery old Tom Barclay, grandfather of a school chum and one of the two owners of Barclay and Reiss' big department store. But it would be unlucky to speak of the letter before presenting it.

"YOU'RE not the only one with brains, and there are more ways of making a living than one—if you're smart, that's to say," shrugged Claire, emphasising the adjective. "Contract's my game. You've nagged me for playing so much. But I shall turn it to good account. What's the matter with my giving lessons up and down Park Avenue?"

Blonde Bernice, who had gone out to the kitchen for the wherewithal for cocktails, now returned with a tray bearing a bottle of bacardi, a small bottle of grenadine, a pitcher of lemon juice and a bowl full of ice cubes. An array of glasses, too, adorned with rampant rooster, and a big, silver-topped cocktail-shaker of cut crystal in a delicate design that—being a relic of the good old days—had cost the exact equivalent of her father's weekly salary.

"If the worst comes to the worst, I wouldn't mind modelling for ads," she drawled. "Freddy's bound to know lots of spots where I'd fit in. I guess Freddy himself could use me."

"Use is right, Bernice!" and Claire laughed mockingly. "How any girl could be such a fool about a selfish little beast—"

But at this moment the selfish little beast himself sailed in on the sisters. Despite roly-poly-ness of contours, Freddy's movements had an ephemeral quality, an airy lightness, as it were, that were indicative of his character.

As Bernice had found, alas! but never would admit, Bernice adored Freddy.

He was an interior decorator in the lighter, more fantastic vein. His milieu, professionally and socially, was Mayfair's supper-clubs and cocktail-bars on whose walls he splashed the aberrations of his brain. Indeed, it was Freddy's boast that

his best creative work was done when he was tight.

"And as I've never seen him anything else," Claire jibed, "I s'pose that makes him a genius?"

Ann stared at Freddy now and what he were at the bottom of the sea—though it was a safer bet he would soon be at the bottom of the cocktail-shaker.

"What ho! Hail to the home of the Three Graces!" He kissed Bernice, avoided Claire, flung over to Ann to repeat a salutation, but she dodged him.

"This is no time for shenanigans, Freddy. We're going to work, we three. We're having a conference."

"Let's drink to it, then. I'm parched, Bernice, put the punch in the planche-painter—"

She poured him one. He drank and refilled his glass. They all drank. As thought: "She's mad about him," and wave of pity and affection swamped his irritation with Bernice.

There was a ruthlessness, a hardness like a diamond about Claire. Claire could take care of Number One. But Bernice was different.

After his fourth bacardi, Freddy started to rave about the newest, most exclusive supper-club and cocktail-bar, which he himself had named "The Laughing Pig" on East 54th Street.

"The decorations are divine! I was inspired! Can you imagine walls and ceiling done with farmyard scenes—principal pigs, or—course—and each little sow a porker with a semi-human face that—has a definite resemblance to our—friends, or—here the genius wiped his eyes—"our enemies!"

"Most apt, I'm sure," said Claire. "Love among the pigs! Priceless!"

"Get me a job there, darling," pleaded Bernice. "Couldn't I be a barmaid at something?"

ANN was about to interpose, when Freddy's fifth cocktail generated a bright idea for Bernice.

"You could be a cocktail hostess, that's what you could be! The cove who runs the place is all out for Society with capital S—he's burning his brains to let 'em in, but it's a tough job, these days. Competition, y'know. He needs someone of the manner born. A come-hither!"

"A what?" incredulously, from Ann. "I say"—Freddy waved his glass—"Bernice needs Bernice!" He swung round on Ann. "The girl has looks, breeding, blue blood and the Social Register—demmit!—is an old song to her. Isn't that so?" He flung a plump arm round Bernice and hugged her. "Lorelei!"

"You mean—I'd get a salary?"

"Sure you would. Fifty dollars a week I'd ask—your hours the cocktail hours—five to seven. Don't glare so, Ann! What's wrong with Bernice earning a honest living?"

"What would her duties be?" Ann snapped.

"To scare up her pals, of course. Draw 'em in by the hair—"

"Pigs' bristles," Claire corrected. "And dance with 'em and jolly 'em along, if they are men—"

"And drink with them and get them to spend their money," Ann flashed indignantly.

"Why not? Isn't this 1938? It's a swell new idea."

"It isn't new at all. In the dives of South America and—and mining camps—"

"It's darned new on Park Avenue. Lovely society girl turns cocktail hostess at The Laughing Pig—"

"Among the swine," Claire finished, and she turned to Ann. "For the love of Mike, don't be so prim. I was only kidding. I think it's a swell chance for Bernice to strut her stuff. Her stock-in-trade is her looks. Maybe—who knows?—she'll pick up a rich husband." She gave Freddy a swift side-glance as though to say: "That lets you out." To Ann she added: "Weren't you just ranting about the importance of us making or getting money?"

Captain de Freyn walked in. He was a thin, youngish man, immaculately dressed, with a small head topping a long body. His small and saw-tooth face was lit by a pair of near-set eyes that were curiously bright. A toothbrush moustache adorned his upper lip.

"Come, come! What's this about money?" he asked, arrogantly.

"The root of all evil. You should know," Claire flipped her glass, raising her eyes in a slow smile, then letting the lids droop, so that he might get the benefit of her incredibly long lashes.

SHE made a place on the sofa so that he might sit by her. They were great friends. More than friends. Contract-bridge partners.

Looking at them, Ann felt a vague unease. She poured herself a fresh cocktail. She had nothing definite against Captain de Freyn—except instinct.

Wasn't he persona grata up and down Park Avenue, and especially among card-mad women? But it was Claire who had introduced him and vouched for him—that, and his ability at contract.

"Amazing," thought Ann, "how sane people can shut themselves up for the better part of twenty-four hours on a stretch for a pack of cards!"

But it wasn't love of the game alone, she knew. It was the craze for getting each other's money—the lure of gambling and the hope of winning. It even seemed to change the nicest people's character. Hadn't she seen women who were perfectly normal, ordinarily, fairly leap at each other's throats over the bridge-table?

This mania for cards seven days of the week was responsible for shoals of society divorcees. It did something to one's brains, turning them to cotton-wool when away from the game, so that one had nothing left to offer or hold a husband.

She was afraid for Claire—Claire's future—Claire's chances of happiness.

Presently Claire rose. She looked at Captain de Freyn. "Come on, Carol's expecting us." Carol Dittmar, her best friend, was a bridge-fiend married to a rich man on Park Avenue. Cards were her god. "We'll dine up there, since her hubby's out of town. And we'll probably play late—and if that's so, I may stay the night with Carol, Ann. So don't wait up for me."

Freddy invited the two younger girls to The Laughing Pig to dine. But Ann declined.

"Since I did such a swell job with the decorations, the meal will be on the house," he urged her, naively. She shook her head. "Have to be up bright and early in the morning on the track of my new job, Freddy."

As they departed, Bernice called over her shoulder, obstinately: "And you bet I'm going to accept that divine job of cocktail-hostess, you old spoil-sport!"

Ann rose from her twin bed (the other being occupied by slumbering Bernice) at half-past seven.

Slipping a kimono round her slim, svelte body, she padded to the kitchen to see if Araminta, the fancily-named but respectable colored maid who was now to be their "daily," had arrived and had breakfast under way, since Dad made an early start. Araminta had.

From there for a peep at her mother. Dad was just finishing his dressing.

"I slept wretchedly, Ann. I feel wretched. Those appalling street noises," Laura Delafield complained. She was a pretty, petite woman, who had just crossed the tubercle of forty, and never forgot to remind her husband that she was "young enough to be his daughter."

"Now, Lolly"—this was Ann's pet name for the peevish one—"you said just the same thing about the hooters and fog-horns on the East River, you old kiddo!" She kissed her mother's cheek and patted her silken shoulder. "In two jiffies I'll have your luscious breakfast up."

"I couldn't eat a thing. Only black coffee."

"Your heart? Your precious little heart, Lolly?" Ann grinned.

Ignoring that, her mother said: "Why are you up so early?"

"Because I'm going to be one of the world's workers, darling. In fact, all three of us are."

"You hear that, James?"

Dad swung round with his two hair-brushes in his hand. His hitherto thick grey hair was beginning to thin out noticeably. He smiled uncertainly at his wife and young daughter on the bed.

"They're going to work! After all the advantages they've had, they're going to—"

"Use them," interrupted Ann, beaming. "Don't be old-fashioned, Lolly, darling."



WHEN I was younger than you, I was married. Why, I was the age you are now when Claire was born! I can't think what you girls are thinking of, with all the chances and admirers that you have—I mean," she corrected herself, using the past tense meaningfully—"have had—not even getting engaged—which would be such a comfort to your father and to me in our dreadfully-changed circumstances."

"I don't want to have any of them engaged until they meet the right man," Dad broke in, curtly.

Lolly's mouth drooped.

"There you go, never thinking of me, or of the tremendous effort I made over their coming-out parties! And all to no purpose, James!" Her voice rose to a wall.

Ann said quickly: "We're going to be ever so happy all together here, Lolly, so don't worry. And you know, half the debutantes of this past year—the ones I came out with—have jobs. In fact, eighty per cent of the whole Social Register's working. It's the fashion, darling, and I'm sure everybody's a whole lot happier than just playing about."

With meticulous care, Ann bathed and dressed herself for the forthcoming interview in the big department store of Barclay & Weiss. Very little make-up. She didn't need it. She had a good, clear skin with the faintest shell-pink shining through it, that—quite au naturel—defied cosmetics, except a fluff of silk-sifted powder, and a touch of vaseline on brows and eyelashes.

FOR Ann was no prude, and believed in augmenting what the good Lord had given her in the way of beauty, if necessary. She took a long look at herself in the old-fashioned pier glass of the room she shared with Bernice. Lovely Bernice who was still sleeping (with her make-up on, and plenty of it) after her evening with absurd Freddy.

She regarded herself in the mirror with keen scrutiny.

Ann saw a tall, slim girl, long-limbed, and with a kind of gauche gracefulness. Large eyes, expressive, of a dark blue, shone under the fine brows and long, curly lashes that were typical of the Delafield sisters. Her mouth was a bright flower, untouched by rouge as were her cheeks that perhaps seemed a little thin, due to the high Celtic pitching of her cheek-bones.

"My chin is my best point," thought Ann. It was softly curved and feminine, but it expressed courage.

Courage! Nervol! Those were the things one needed most of all in 1938, in a world that had gone haywire.

She smiled. She had lovely teeth. Her tip-tilted nose crinkled a little when she smiled. She lifted her chin, and thrust back the natural waves of her light brown hair that sprayed from the widow's peak on her beautiful young forehead.

She would make good! She must make good! There could be no two ways about it.

At half-past ten in the morning, Ann walked into the great department store of Barclay & Weiss. Already there was a big shopping crowd, for the store was popular. Ann was fortified by the letter of introduction she carried from Mr. Thomas F. Barclay, the elder of the millionaire partner-owners. The merchandise-man was the person to whom to present it.

To the left of the big revolving glass doors of the main entrance was the lingerie department, full of entrancing frill furbelows in pastel tints. Beyond it, further down the aisle, was the silk-by-the-yard counter, with stands cascading rainbow hues of taffetas and crepes.

Now silk was Ann's pet weakness. She stopped for a minute, fingering the fabrics.

Suddenly she was conscious of an argument nearby—between a complaining customer and a worried salesgirl over several yards of peach-colored silk-crepe which the customer had evidently just bought and now wished to return.

"I won't wash, I tell you! Now that I've felt it, it's just like some good-looking stuff I bought uptown and when I started to press it the iron went right through it, like paper! You can just take it right back, miss!"

Ann stepped forward, smiling. "Let me have a look at it."

Directly behind her, though she did not know it, was a tall, good-looking man in striped trousers and immaculate morning coat. He heard Ann say to the customer, after examining the goods: "Pardon me, but you're mistaken in comparing this to the rayon that you bought uptown. A very warm iron will certainly go through rayon, but this silk is of excellent quality. The kind of silk that isn't washable is the type that is heavily weighted and not a pure dye, but this kind launders beautifully." To the salesgirl she added, confidently: "I know, because I've studied silk quite a bit."

Her air of assurance, her definiteness, plus her appearance of the "upper strata" had its effect. Turning brightly to the customer, she told her: "This is equivalent to the first-class lingerie silk-crepes from the textile mills in Lyons, France. I spent a week there once with a school chum when I was studying in Paris. Her father's one of the most important silk manufacturers in the world. He took me round his mills and explained all the differences in quality to me. I assure you this silk is excellent."

The tall, good-looking man corroborated her opinion. The customer was convinced. She followed the salesgirl down the counter to the wrapping department. Looking at Ann with handsome dark eyes that seemed to bore right through her, the man said: "Thank you. It isn't usual to find among customers the cool competence of the young woman executive."

She blushed, and hated herself for blushing. She managed to stammer out: "But that's exactly what I would like to be!"

There was a pause. The blood hummed in her ears, mingling with the vast buzz of the store that was as busy as a beehive. She thought: "He's somebody of importance." His look was so magnetic, so disturbing that she forgot all about the letter of introduction in her handbag. She said quite humbly: "I want a job if you will give me one."

HE asked her to go with him to his office, which was on the sixth floor. He was silent in the elevator. She studied his profile surreptitiously. Determination in his chin. Arrogance in his nose. Sensitiveness in his well-cut mouth. Intelligence in his fine forehead. Strength in every line of him. She decided he was about thirty, and a complete, overwhelming contrast to the ilk of Captain de Freyn and Freddy.

A real man, in fact. Two secretaries sat in his outer office. The inner room was small and rather bare. He motioned Ann to sit in a chair directly opposite his desk, with light from a very tall window falling full upon her. His handsome eyes scrutinized her, as if now somewhat dubious, or critical. After a brief silence, he rapped out: "What qualifications have you to offer?"

Under that quizzical gaze she thought: "He was kidding me when he spoke of my cool competence!"

She said: "I've the customers' point of view. I'm sure I know what women like. I've been around. I've been abroad. You'd find I have initiative—and a style sense."

"Indeed? Have you ever worked before?" "Oh, no. Except"—she stammered—"at the Junior League, I mean. I've had selling experience at the charity bazaars—and selling programmes at benefits—and

chances, raffles at balls last winter, and this summer at Bar Harbor at charity fetes—"

"H'm. How old are you, Miss—?" "Ann Delafield. I'm nineteen."

"I take it you're completely unaware that work in a big organisation such as this is vastly different from the amusements you have just referred to? As a matter of fact, I'm rather averse to engaging girls of your—er—background."

"But I have to work. We've lost our money. Don't you see I—"

He said coolly: "This is not a philanthropic institution."

"But you need new blood," she flashed. "Don't new ideas mean anything to you? Can't you realise my friends would come in and buy? That what you call my background would be an asset?"

"One can't bring one's elegance into a department store. To get ahead, Miss Delafield, one must be hard-boiled."

"Then I'll be hard-boiled. I'm boiling now. I'm a dynamo for work. Give me a chance," she pleaded.

"At what?"

"As a stylist," she said desperately.



COULDNT he see she was well-dressed? That the very hat she wore forecast the trend in millinery of ultra design?

He smiled. Not agreeably.

"You fail to realise that a department store like this has too big an investment at stake to experiment with amateurs in its style bureau. Miss Delafield. Moreover, even if you did give satisfaction there would be no permanent spot for you there, since you would be bound to run out of ideas sooner or later."

"Then as a salesgirl," she cried out, let me learn from the ground up—"

His smile grew slightly warmer. "That's better."

"Can I start now?" Dark blue eyes were fixed on magnetic brown ones.

"Hold on. There are other things a girl of your calibre can do besides selling, though whatever you do, I'm all for direct contact with the customers on the floor. It's a grand study in psychology. One learns tact, and the controlling of one's temper. It de-centres and deflates one's ego, Miss Delafield. You learn to suppress your personality and to take orders. One of the most important things for a beginner." He paused, tapping his desk with a pencil. "I shall start you off, I think, as a 'comparison shopper.' Your salary will be eighteen dollars a week for a beginning. It's up to you to make good."

"What is a 'comparison shopper,' please?" "Someone who looks around the other stores and brings back the newest ideas to us. One who compares quality, style and price of our goods against those of our competitors. When a thing seems attractive to you, you purchase it and bring it to me or to the buyer of that particular department." He pressed the buzzer on his desk and a secretary appeared.

To the latter he said: "Will you take down the name and address of Miss Delafield, who is our new comparison shopper, and send a memo to the Personnel Department to that effect?" He turned to Ann. "What reference can you give us,

Miss Delafield? It's a question of form, you understand."

Now was the time to produce her letter of introduction. She took it from her handbag. "This is from Mr. Tom Barclay, I was to give it to the merchandise manager, Paul Bradley."

"I'm glad I engaged you without the letter, because I prefer to use hunches. I'm rather good at hunches." He scanned the letter, then rose, as did Ann, too.

He smiled kindly at her. Unexpectedly he shook her by the hand. A warm current flowed from the point of contact through her whole being, so that suddenly she felt vitalised from top to toe.

BRENDA SELZ, the dark, good-looking buyer in the GHT Shop, had been in love with Paul Bradley for a number of years.

Not that he encouraged her. Her invitations to intimate little dinners in her apartment had been politely but firmly declined by him.

But Brenda was the aggressive, go-get-it-type, and at twenty-eight years of age she knew what she wanted. Innumerable conferences with Paul Bradley over a long period had drawn them closer together, she considered.

On this morning of late October, when she saw him step out of the elevator to the main floor with a smartly attired young girl who might well have sat for a picture entitled, "The Promise of Spring," her face clouded.

For the merchandise manager looked gay, attentive. Shaken out of his protective armor as the burst of a bulb in April sunshine, or chrysals into butterfly, what have you?

He came directly towards Brenda with the young girl.

"This is Miss Ann Delafield who has joined us as a comparison-shopper, Miss Selz. We must prove her originality. I rely on you to give her pointers."

Assuming false sweetness, Brenda murmured that she would be delighted.

But when he had gone, her stare, sharp as a gimlet, flicked Ann from shoes to per little hat. It seemed to say, "Here's a new adversary!" though what Brenda did say was that she supposed the newcomer was full of high-falutin' ideas, but the only thing that counted in this game was profit!

"You have a long way to go, Miss Delafield. A hard road." She added tartly: "You understand that Mr. Bradley is starting you practically at the bottom?"

"A comparison-shopper—" began Ann.

"We call it a girl-spy"—with a wry smile. "You run from store to store, finding if they're underselling us. It's practically leg-work."

"I'm delighted to begin at the bottom, and I'm very grateful to Mr. Bradley," said Ann.

"You should be. It's his creative policy, his brains and power that are responsible for the success of the organisation. But don't get away with the idea that he's easy to please, for he isn't. Just because he's given you a chance doesn't mean—"

"I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Thomas F. Barclay, one of the owners of this store," Ann interrupted, nettled. "I happened to go to boarding-school in Paris with one of his granddaughters, a chum of mine. But as a matter of fact I was engaged to work here without even presenting it."

This was a natural but scarcely tactful

speech, considering the person to whom it was addressed had had the larger part of her education in the teeming sidewalks of the Ghetto.

There was a moment's pause before Brenda said sharply: "We don't play favorites, Miss Delafield, no matter what your background."

With a hot flush, Ann recollected Paul Bradley's similar injunction, and his phrase: "One can't bring one's elegance into a department store." She was silent.

Fifteen minutes later, complete with cash for buying purposes, she was hurrying up the Avenue.

It was half-past twelve when Ann, full of enthusiasm, returned to the store. In one hour and a half, she had visited six shops, and now carried two packages. A monogrammed pouch-bag, marvellously fitted with cigarette case, lighter, chain purse, mirror, powder-puff, lipstick, rouge, tiny jar of cleansing cream with the necessary tissues, comb, pencil and pad, and a separate compartment for papers, or passport if one were travelling.

It was adequate, light-weighted, compact, pretty and low-priced.

The smaller package contained twin bracelets "pour la jeune fille," each consisting of a carved crystal plaque two inches square, united to three rows of gaily-colored metal beads.

"SPOKE I ought to take them to Miss Sels in the Gift Shop, since Mr. Bradley introduced me there?" thought Ann, a little chagrined.

Or she could take them to him, direct? Hadn't he said so during their brief but satisfactory interview in his office?

"Diplomacy is needed, young woman!" Ann sternly told herself.

Much as she would have loved a second chat with the handsome merchandise-manager, wouldn't it be better policy to play up to the buyer of the Gift Shop?

But Brenda Sels had gone to lunch, she was informed.

It was then that Ann realised that she herself was healthily hungry. On being told there was a restaurant at the top of the building, she went up in the elevator.

And the very first person she encountered was none other than Gordon Gavin, a society boy from her own milieu who had had to leave Harvard two terms before his graduation, due to his father, a Wall Street financier, leaping, as had many others, from his high office window.

From the time they had attended the junior holiday dances, Ann then being in her early teens, Gordon had admired the youngest, peppiest Delafield daughter. There was a strength in her he lacked. He was mad about Ann, but since his family fortune crashed with Wall Street, he had completely removed himself from the old crowd.

He had to.

From a glided only son at Harvard, living in his own suite of rooms at Clavering Hall, complete with valet, to advertising copy-writer in the department store of Barclay and Weiss, and at nights returning to his single room in a cheap rooming-house was he considered, something of an anti-climax!

"Gordon! How perfectly marvellous to run into you here!"

Dropping her parcels on the first table handy, Ann held out her two hands to the good-looking youth.

"Why, Ann!" he stammered, flushing.

"You—you're shopping here?"

"Yes. No. I mean, I've got a job. I'm working. I'm thrilled about it. Gordon. Let's eat together, shall we?"

"I'd love to. I say, I can't believe you're real. Can you imagine, I haven't seen you since the last Junior Assembly—last February, wasn't it?"

He sat her at the little table where her packages rested, leaning across it towards her with his whole soul in his eyes. He was thinking, with bitter-sweet longing, how lovely she was!

"And what brings you here?"

"My job. My divine new job of comparison-shopper! I'm a girl snooper—a sweet girl-spy—a second Mata Hari, darling!"

So intent was he on her that he failed to see a green-tinted, auburn-haired girl passing the table. She had a ripe red mouth whose under-lip she suddenly bit with her strong, white teeth as her slanting eyes swiftly took in the young couple.

But Ann, who was intuitive, glanced up and caught the look. "Gordon, who's that?" she asked of him.

He shrugged. Nonchalantly. "That's Renita Parrish. Head of stock. Not a bad egg, in her way."

"You work here?"

"Certainly I do. I jingle!"

"You what?"

He grinned. "I jingle! Clothes of the jeune fille will bloom in the spring, tra la la! I write of the thrilling spiritual qualities of Paris creations!"

She laughed. Ann's laugh was like a freshet of delight. He glowered at her.

"You think it's so funny for one who planned—poor fool that he was—to write the great American novel?"

He stopped, following Ann's eyes, which had strayed to a nearby table. Gordon Bradley was watching them!

Ann found herself blushing to a bright rose.

Was it because she had been found lurching by the "boss" with a young man whom he might well imagine was a total stranger to her, not knowing their long friendship? Or was it because there was something in the "boss" himself that was disturbingly attractive?



SHE finished her salad

and tea, and rose. What matter if Gordon looked disappointed at the brevity of their meeting? Hadn't she more important things to see to? The words of Paul Bradley rang in her ears: "To get ahead one must be hard-boiled."

Gordon walked with her to the elevator. The red-haired Renita Parrish, by an apparent coincidence, was loitering there. She looked pale and rather tense, for it was an understood thing in department store ethics (or etiquette, more aptly) that taking a girl to lunch was the commencement of Romance with a capital R.

"Oh, hello Gordon," Renita said now, with forced casualness, "don't forget the conference at 2.30 in Mr. Bradley's office for the big Sunday ad." She looked directly at Ann, as though expecting an introduction, which Gordon effected with none too good a grace.

He had wanted to date Ann for to-

night. Now the "not a bad egg in her way," as he had gracefully referred to Renita, was spoiling things. Confound the woman!

The elevator gates swung open. Ann stepped inside. He had to go back and finish his lunch and settle the cheque. "I've five minutes to spare. I'll go back with you," Renita suggested.

Gordon was annoyed.

Why on earth had he permitted Renita to play up to him these past few weeks, and even cook tasty little dinners for him in her apartment?

Renita was a house-organ when it came to spreading news. He should never have introduced her to Ann, he thought, snobbishly, annoyed at himself.

MEANTIME, Ann had buoyantly proceeded to the Gift Shop on the main floor, intent on putting over her two purchases.

Brenda Sels was there. Her manner was not propitious.

"Don't you think this fitted pouch-bag is simply the last word for anybody going on a winter cruise?" Ann snapped it open with enthusiasm, displaying its innumerable little gadgets. "And it isn't really a bit heavy to carry."

Brenda looked down, her somewhat prominent nose.

"H'm. The depression's still on, young lady. People aren't going on cruises this winter."

"Oh, yes, they are," exclaimed Ann. "I know dozens and dozens of people who have already booked passage on the Mediterranean, and for California by the Canal route, and the West Indies, and Cuba. Look, Miss Sels, at this cunning pocket for a passport."

Brenda's lip curled into a wry smile.

"May I give you a word of advice, Miss Delafield?" The buyer's voice had the sharp clink of ice. "It's to forget your miraculous Park Avenue background, and remember that those lacking it have still contrived to make a pretty fair success of themselves, especially in business. In fact, it does not interest them to hear of the doings of what you imagine to be the 'uppercrust'!"

The snub was so unwarrantably severe that tears sprang to Ann's eyes. Bag, bracelets, and wrapping paper in her hands, she walked blindly down the aisle, thinking: "She wants me to quit. She resents that Mr. Bradley brought me to her, asking her to give me pointers."

Pointers, indeed?

Barbs!

What on earth did a comparison-shopper do with her finds (save the word!) when they were flatly turned down?

"And how did the morning go, Miss Delafield?" Standing near the costume jewellery counter was Mr. Bradley himself. Ann blinked, swallowed hard, then found her voice.

"Not so good, I'm afraid. I—I made an error of judgment."

No use to hide the bag and bracelet from him, for in her hurry to get away from Brenda Sels she had not waited to re-wrap the articles.

"I'd like to pay for these myself," she added quickly. "I mean, when they're not right, not what is wanted, it wouldn't be fair to make the store take the loss."

"Hold on. Let me have a look at them." Taking her purchases from her, he moved over with Ann to the costume jewellery counter. He set the goods down on the

glass top and examined one of the two bracelets.

"Miss Schmidt!" A lift of his brow summoned a buxom blonde. "Don't you think this is unusually attractive? Where did you find the bracelets, Miss Delafield? And what did you pay for them? Miss Schmidt, Miss Delafield is our new comparison-shopper."

Ann named place and price.

"Why, I think they're lovely, Mr. Bradley," Miss Schmidt turned the bangles in her big, capable white hands. "They're beautifully made, and very Frenchy-looking. Most original, I'd say. The women'd sure fall for them. That's my opinion. At that price, I'd be glad to put in an order for them, Mr. Bradley."

"The merchandise-manager took a bracelet from her, examining inner marking and clasp. "Get the manufacturers on the phone, Miss Schmidt—Gus Aronheim for a start, will you?—and if it's okay and they can get the goods over by Saturday noon, say, you can bring the bracelet to the conference in my office at 2.30, and we'll run it in the Sunday ad."

Miss Schmidt moved quickly off. Ann took the plunge.

"But—but—I didn't make it clear to you, I'm afraid. You see, the bracelets and this bag have been already turned down!"

He tried to suppress a smile at her naivety. The child was honest and straightforward.

"Now for a look at the bag. How much did it cost?"

She told him. She showed him its smart little fittings, but no longer did she enthuse about it. Let it stand on its own merits, since previous enthusiasm had defeated itself.

"Leave this with me. I'll get a consensus of opinion. Meantime, Miss Delafield, you might shop our sales in the store."

She looked blankly at him. This was so much Greek to her!

Seeing her dilemma, he explained himself. He had an afternoon newspaper with him. He handed it to her. "Go over our advertising, particularly under the three-column headings of 'Sale'." Then go to the different departments to check up if representations made are actually so in point of fact, and whether the values given are true values."

Thought Ann, considerably cheered up: "A tall order for an ignoramus!" But she was anxious to learn, and only too willing to take orders.

"I'll do my very best, Mr. Bradley," Ann said, quickly. She was about to move away.

"It might be a good idea for you to drop into our advertising conference at 2.30 in my office. I'll help you to get a grasp of the business," Paul Bradley suggested.

GORDON Gavin never took his eyes off Ann Delafield during the advertising conference on the sixth floor.

Renita Parrish, who had no real reason to be present, kept her strange green orbs three-fourths of the time on Gordon Gavin, and one-fourth on Ann Delafield, while the sultry gaze of Brenda Sels was fixed, as though oblivious of anything else, on the handsome merchandise-manager.

The air stirred with something over and above "business!"

By grapevine telegraph, the word had gone around the store that a pretty society girl, on the strength of her beauty and background, had been engaged by Mr. Bradley, who had been completely bowled

over by her, and so had Gordon Gavin, whom she had picked up in the restaurant at lunch, bare-facedly.

That she was high-hat too, and had cockily set up her opinion against that of the Gift Shop buyer, who was going to have her discharged.

Mr. Bradley was calling upon the bag-buyer to show the goods that he had selected for the Sunday ad.

"This here little number seems an A.I. proposition to me," said the bag-buyer, who, though careless of his grammar, was endowed with a sixth sense when it came to anticipating the desires of 'whimmin'—and he held up the very bag that Brenda had rejected from Ann Delafield!

Miss Sels nearly passed out!



BUT the advertising-head and the merchandise-manager okayed his choice and other items, and it came to her own turn. Was it her fancy, or was there a slightly antagonistic look in Mr. Bradley's eye as he informed her that her space for Sunday must be cut by less than half this week?

Was this retribution?

The conference continued. Brenda could now have left, but the bracelet on the tip of the finger of the costume-jewelry buyer held her, willy-nilly.

Was it really going in the Sunday layout?

It was! That little Delafield mixx had put a swift one over on her . . . but would pay for it!

The big ice carnival for charity was to be held at Madison Square Garden on the night of November 15.

"And for the Lord's sake, try to sell some tickets for us," groaned sister Bernice to Ann. Bernice was now "cocktail-hostess" at the Laughing Pig rendezvous on East 54th Street, decorated by Freddy, and haunted by "the so-called elf."

Bernice and Claire were involved in most of the big charity functions, in one way or another. Sometimes Ann had the disturbing suspicion that her sisters were involved more than ethically correct, i.e., that they were getting a take-off in commission, like many society damsels who were none too scrupulous.

"I'll do what I can," said Ann, who was enormously busy, these pre-Christmas days.

The work in and out of the store absorbed her, though she did go to a few parties, as became a post-debutante in her first "post" year, for Ann was only nineteen.

Ann thought over the ice carnival. She hatched a bright idea.

It would kill three birds with one stone. Promote the success of the skating fete. Benefit Barclay & Weiss's department store. And placate Brenda Sels, the disgruntled Gift Shop buyer.

Since Halloween, for which she had ordered a consignment of masks and dominoes, Brenda had been struck with them. She had had a wrong hunch.

Brenda had been called down by Paul Bradley for her reckless buying of the masks and dominoes, which were luxuries that in these times people couldn't afford. He told her so.

"Suppose," thought Ann, "we make the

skating carnival a masked affair? Masks and dominoes? To be bought at the entrance to the rink that night at five dollars a pair?"

That wasn't much to ask for something one could keep, and use again and again for fancy dress. She flushed, because, innately honest as she was, she knew that to please Paul Bradley was her principal motive.

Claire and Bernice were delighted at her suggestion.

They took it up with the charity committee of which Bernice was chairman. Ann was told to go ahead on the order.

She approached Brenda Sels.

"You want to take the whole lot off my hands?" in incredulous amazement.

"We can use two hundred masks and dominoes, charging five dollars the pair," and Ann eagerly, "of course I think we should get a certain discount on the deal—to be given to the charity, Miss Sels?"

Now to get rid of her white elephant—otherwise one thousand dollars' worth of merchandise that wouldn't "move"—certainly appealed to the Gift Shop buyer.

She disliked Ann Delafield, but she would use her to the limit. Why not?

When the big night came, and the Garden ice-rink was crowded, and the band played all the newest tunes, Ann was on air. Masked as she was, she had innumerable partners, but there was one—a tall man who was a perfect skater—who contrived, time after time, to annex her.

He was curiously silent, considering that champagne cocktails at a dollar apiece had been flowing like the Hudson River from the start. Many of Ann's partners had been tippy on their skates, due to libations, or over-daring in performance, so that it was really lovely to have the perfect ice-partner at last.

They swooped, they whirled, exquisitely timed.

Professional, of course, thought Ann, giving herself over to the exhilarating rhythm.

But, over and above all this perfection of movement, there was something magnetic about her tall companion, so that she refused to let anyone else cut in.

"WE shall rest now. You deserve a glass of champagne. A present for a good little girl!" He led her to the edge of the rink and steered her over to a little alcove. Freddy and Bernice had arranged plenty of selected sitting-out places. This one was made for two, and banked with Christmas firs.

Presently he came back with a bottle of champagne and two glasses. "Here you are, is it Miss Nineteen?"

They drank. They laughed. They talked. "How did you guess my age?" Ann giggled.

"Your voice, my dear. Your lightness. Your exuberance. My own intuition," said the unknown.

Ann flirted, enjoying herself greatly.

And so did he.

Suddenly he stooped and kissed her. With a quick movement she pushed his mask back from his face.

The man was Paul Bradley!

Ann kept her head.

To make herself known to Paul Bradley directly after he had kissed her at the masked ice carnival would be a dramatic gesture, doubtless, but fraught with dangerous chances!

Wasn't it his definite policy never to mix social relations with business?

How much more, would it annoy him—

may, antagonise him—to realise that he had kissed one of the employees of his own store!

Instead of putting up her stock with him, professionally or politically speaking, it would demote her. He would think that she had recognised him, despite mask and domino, from the beginning and deliberately flirted with him. Used the vamping tactics that Brenda Seiz, the Gift Shop buyer, had warned her against. Why, he might be so chagrined that he would even fire her!

Good-bye, comparison-shopper!
Adieu, career!
These thoughts flashed through her mind as, from behind the safety of her mask, she looked into the handsome dark eyes of her partner.

But Ann would not have been human had she not thrilled to the sheer drama of the situation.

She felt tinglingly alive.
"If I could only make him fall in love with me!" her heart clamored.
"Careful, Ann! Careful!" her brain cautioned.

BUT this chance might never come again. Couldn't daring and safety measures be combined?

With a swift movement and a gay laugh she pulled his mask back where it belonged over the upper part of his face, telling him that curiosity killed the cat, and she was sorry for her boldness! And his!

"But I'm dying of curiosity!" he protested, making as though to remove her own mask.

In the nick of time she drew back. Laughing, she pulled his hands away.

Paul Bradley gave a hearty laugh. He was amused.

"Can't you see I'm sitting up on my hind legs at this minute?"

"No. That's a dog's prerogative. A dog's always grateful for a kind word or a bone. A dog's like a woman. Women snap up compliments oh! so gratefully, begging for more, but men are frightfully suspicious of compliments, suspecting the ulterior motive."

"Where did you learn this marvellous psychology, at your tender age?"

"At the University of Hard Knocks," she rejoined pertly.

"I don't believe it."

"Now what on earth do you know about me?" daringly ventured Ann.

"That you're charming, and witty, and I'm sure awfully pretty if only you'd take off that absurd mask you're wearing."

"Ha! Thanks, kind sir! Am I supposed to gratefully snap up that bone?"

The band broke into a lilting melody. Behind the sympathetic screen of firs, Paul Bradley moved closer to Ann.

"Do you know, it was a toss-up whether I'd come here or not to-night? But I'm grateful I yielded."

"Who asked you?" The question had been simmering in her mind for the past hour. Who was responsible for his appearance at the carnival?

"Naturally a beautiful girl."

Her heart sank. He continued: "I dropped into an absurd version of the ex-speakeasy with a name which should appeal to your anthropological mind. Not a dog nor a cat, this time, but a pig! *Le Cochon Qui Rit!* A blonde girl sold me a ticket for this charity and here I am."

"Bernice!" thought Ann quickly.

"What's she look like?" she asked, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Like Circe with the swine around her."

They were climbing up the walls, and their faces were half-human.

AS a matter of fact, if Circe had been my daughter I'd have spanked her good and plenty."

"Why?"

"For being tight at five in the afternoon in a public place and minus an escort."

"Maybe," ventured Ann, perturbed, "she was only pretending to be a 'good fellow?'"

"To go from table to table, drinking with strange men. You defend that?"

"Isn't that precisely what I'm doing now?" She rose, on the defensive.

He caught her by the arm and pulled her down. Impossible to make a scene, thought she. But certain it was Bernice he was referring to, she was furious with Paul Bradley.

"I was right about your being catty. You're awfully self-righteous. Don't you know there's a depression on, and girls have to get jobs—any kind of jobs that offer?"

"They certainly do not," he rejoined sharply.

"Oh yes, they do. Probably she was well-born, and—and not trained for definite employment."

"Then she could begin at the bottom and learn to make an honest living. As my organisation employs hundreds of girls like her, I happen to know what I'm talking about."

"Not society girls—" said Ann recklessly.

He interrupted her.

"Quiet, little spirit, and I'll tell you a success story. About a girl as pretty—and prettier—than the one we're arguing over. As a matter of fact, I dislike New York so-called society, thinking it one huge waste of time. But this girl has that background—blue-blooded ancestry and Continental education and travel and coming-out, and all that, but it didn't faze her. Quite to the contrary."

"She came to me to get a job. I was dubious about her sticking powers, but I let her begin. She's been with us several weeks now, and is doing excellent work as a comparison-shopper. And believe me, society or no society, that girl's on her way up, and nothing's going to stop her. I'm proud of her," said Paul Bradley, smiling reminiscently.

Like Cinderella when the clock struck twelve, Ann went home.



AS a parting souvenir of their conversation, Ann had given Paul from her bracelet a tiny onyx cat.

He had snugged it on his platinum watch chain, amusedly, from whence it had winked up at him with pin-point eyes of emerald. He smiled as he looked at it.

That Claire and Bernice were Ann's sisters, he had not the faintest notion. Nor did they connect him in any way with Ann.

They did not relish her new job, socially speaking, and would not encourage her to speak about the store in after-business hours. "Rather a come-down for a Delafield!" Claire would say blithely.

It was increasingly borne in on Ann that

Renita Parrish was frantically jealous of her over Gordon Gavin of the advertising.

And that Brenda Seiz detested her. Absolutely.

There was the appalling affair of the masks and dominoes to be considered!

Thinking to propitiate Brenda and also do a service to the store with goods that would not sell, Ann, acting for Bernice, chairman of the committee for the Ice Carnival, had put in a thousand-dollar order for the masks and dominoes.

But on the big night, for economy reasons, very many people brought their own.

Only fifty out of the two hundred pairs of masks and dominoes were purchased. Seven hundred and fifty dollars' worth of merchandise had to be returned to Barclay and Weiss, to Ann's chagrin.

"So you outdid your authority, and we have to pay the piper!" was the ungrateful and ungracious comment of Brenda Seiz. Forgotten was the fact that it was her initial error of judgment that had overloaded the Gift Shop with Halloween accoutrement that would not sell to the public. She took the story of Ann's failure in this connection to Paul Bradley and was delighted to find one of the store's two owners in his office, Mr. Herman Weiss.

"But this girl, this Miss Delafield is responsible," said Mr. Weiss irascibly, "if she makes mistakes of this sort, we must let her go."

With a nod, the Merchandise-Manager dismissed the Gift Shop buyer. Knowing the lack of method on most Charity Committees, and particularly with the juniors up and down Park Avenue, he knew that it was unfair to blame Ann Delafield entirely for the fault of the too optimistic committee of the Carnival.

He explained this fact to Herman Weiss when Brenda Seiz had departed. Seeing the owner still dubious, he added that the Gift Shop buyer had been stuck with her own order till the new "comparison-shopper" had thought of this plan to help her out.

WHEN he had gone, that dynamo of energy, Paul Bradley, sat curiously still at his desk. It was a sparkling morning in the third week of November. A tang was in the air to fire one's blood and one's imagination. The discussion of ancient masks and dominoes brought recollection of his witty little partner at the Carnival. Who was she? Was it possible that it was Ann Delafield herself?

For one who was a confirmed bachelor, his life dedicated to his business, it had been disconcerting that during the week-end intervening between now and the Ice Carnival, thoughts of the unknown girl, as lovely as a flight of bluebirds, had flitted continuously through his mind.

He had driven to Sleepy Hollow for air and exercise and golf.

After dinner at the club that night, sitting before a log fire, pipe in hand, a highball at his elbow, it was curious that a girl's face rose in the blue smoke, nebulously. . . .

But romantic love was a fop these days. It didn't last. Witness the marriages of everyone about him!

He remembered seeing Ann Delafield lunching with Gordon Gavin in the store restaurant the very day he had engaged her. Did the wind lie in that quarter? Was that why Renita had been drinking lately?

No time to dawdle. He pulled out his watch.

Dangling close to it on the thin chain was

the absurd black onyx cat that the masked and hooded girl had given him at the Carnival!

"Mr. Bradley, may I speak to you a minute?" Ann Delafield stood before him, her slim hands clasped in front of her.

Light from the window caught a bracelet on her wrist that was strung with tiny toy animals.

His gaze went to an infinitesimal black cat with emerald eyes. He stared. It was an exact replica of the one on his watch chain given him by the masked girl at the Carnival!

"What do you want, Miss Delafield?" he asked curtly.

Ann's quick movement to cover the bracelet by putting her right hand over her left wrist had not been lost on him.

"I've come to apologise for a dreadful mistake. I overstepped myself in letting the order for the masks and dominoes from the Gift Shop go through. People at the Ice Carnival, apparently only purchased one quarter of the order."

He did not tell her that he knew all about it via Brenda Selk.

Nor that Herman Weiss, one of the two owners of the great store, had wanted to fire her for her mistake.

He looked at her steadily for a moment.

Had she come here to trade on their flirtation at the carnival? Deliberately worn the bracelet with the similar souvenir upon it, so as to make her identity known?

A flash of his former dislike for the ways of society women struggled with something else in the Merchandise-Manager. He wanted to shake her, to humiliate her, and yet at the same time he had a mad impulse to kiss her.

But all he said was, briefly: "Who is responsible for the order?"

"The Carnival Committee, but they disclaim it. It was really my fault for not having things clear."

There was a pause. What would he say? Would she lose her job?

"Initiative is important in a store, Miss Delafield, but—" he tapped his desk with a pencil, looking away from her for a moment. "... when it is a rash order it has to be—er—curbed."

"I know. I'm sorry." She bit on her underlip to steady it. What was coming now?

YOU said you were willing to begin at the bottom. I believe that direct selling contact with the customer would be beneficial to you. I shall put you, I think, in the department of Misses' Dresses, on the second floor."

"Oh! That will be perfectly all right!" Ann managed to stammer. She was to be salesgirl in the Dress department, in the domain of Renita Parrish who detested her!

"Your eighteen dollars a week will continue, but I shall expect you to show sales. Here will be an opportunity for your friends to come in and buy from you."

Ann forced herself to smile. She was being devoted, but an opportunity was being given her to show the stuff she was made of. She would make good.

He flung what was perhaps intended as a sop to her vanity (she wondered) as she was leaving his room.

"I should like you to attend the classes, held Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from two to three, in the big stockroom on the seventh floor. There you will learn the principles of supply and demand, of dis-

tribution and overhead and profits. Most essential knowledge for a buyer."

A buyer! He expected her to work up to be a buyer! That was good news.

She went down to the Misses' Dresses and was greeted by quaint little Miss Shellfish, a spinster in the middle forties.

It was charming and peaceful in the Misses' dress department, with its grey-carpeted floor, its softly lighted fitting salons, and the gowns that were like bouquets of flowers.

At one end was the de luxe French Room, with its expensive imports.

It was an understood thing in Barclay & Weiss that employees might snatch fifteen minutes towards the end of the day in refreshing the inner man, if circumstances allowed.

But woe betide anyone who overstayed that period in the restaurant upstairs, over lemon pie or coccolola, for the manager was liable to report them to those higher up!



"I'M wondering," said Ann to the buyer, "if you would give me permission to phone to some of my girl-friends? I know half-a-dozen girls who are going to Florida before Christmas, and these organdie evening gowns with the little capes and ruffles are just the adorable things they'd fancy."

"Go to it," allowed Miss Shellfish, well-pleased.

With Renita Parrish in the condition she very often was (poor Renita! she'd hate to report her, but it was obvious that half the time she didn't know what she was doing) it was delightful to have someone around with initiative.

Renita herself came into the Misses' Dress department while Ann was at the telephone. Miss Shellfish had gone.

Renita walked a little unsteadily. Her face was flushed under her auburn hair, her green eyes strangely bright.

"So? You here? Telephoning the boyfriend, huh?"

"Just a minute, Miss Parrish. It's business I'm after. Excuse me, will you?" said Ann, continuing what she was doing.

Renita drew up a chair beside her at Miss Shellfish's desk and fixed her eyes, with definite hostility, on the very pretty face of the new salesgirl.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and this was Renita's first appearance in the store.

Last night she had phoned Gordon Gavin at his rooming-house, wanting him to come down to her apartment in the Village, but his landlady had informed her that the young man had gone out.

Renita suspected that this information was on his own orders. She had called up so often that the astute landlady recognised her voice. Dodging her, was he? Or probably out with Ann Delafield?

So close was she to Ann at the telephone that the latter felt the sweetish, sickly odor of spirits, cut short her business conversation and got up.

She smiled, half-frightened, at Renita, but contrived to say brightly: "I've been sent here to work on the floor. I think it's a perfectly lovely department, Miss Parrish—" but got no further, for with a

brusque laugh Renita shot at her: "Ha! you've been demoted?"

"I wouldn't call it that," said Ann bravely. "I think it's a swell opportunity to learn the selling game, if I can."

"For a start," rejoined Renita, looking at her with deadly significance, "suppose you learn to keep your hands off other people's property? What about that for an idea?"

Ann's chin lifted. "What do you mean?"

"I MEAN that I can—and will—make it extremely hard for you if you continue poaching on my preserves. You're well aware of whom I'm talking," said Renita, smiling unpleasantly.

Ann felt sick at heart.

Uncertain what to do, she was thankful to see Miss Shellfish, Buyer of Misses' Dresses, approaching Renita and herself.

Ann moved hastily off.

She avoided the restaurant at lunch, fearing to run into Gordon Gavin.

The afternoon wore on.

Four of Ann's girl friends, rallying to her call, arrived in the department.

They had lunched at "21," that fashionable cafe and, by their hilarity, had evidently consumed a good many cocktails.

Their jokes, their bright laughter, rang through the salon.

Meantime, with burning cheeks, Ann was busying herself with sales. The girls went into the fitting-rooms, tried on the dresses, and presently Ann had sold half-a-dozen.

Not bad for a novice.

Later that afternoon, she sold two more. The buyer seemed pleased.

"I wish I could give you a commission, but it's against rules."

Ann was rearranging the organdie gowns on their hangers, when Gordon Gavin walked in. He looked particularly spruce in a neat blue suit and a grey tie the color of his eyes, which were not at all moody at the moment, but eager.

"Hello, Ann. I've been all over the main floor looking for you, and only heard you'd been transferred here. Come on up to the restaurant for a cup of tea. I'm dying for a talk."

Ann said, "Excuse me," and rushed into a fitting-room to escape him.

"Ann, darling! You simply can't get away from me! You've got to come out to-night to dinner, and a movie."

She breathed: "What on earth possessed you to duck in here?"

"Because I adore you," he said boldly. The fantastic thought slid through her mind that, had it been Paul Bradley in this setting—this romantic, scented boudoir, saying words like that to her—she would have been divinely happy.

"You're behaving," she said, between laughing and crying, "as if we were at a pink-tea party!"

"Then we'll have it to-night. If a movie doesn't appeal to you, I'm willing and able to take you to that hang-out of your sister's—whatever is its name?"

"The Laughing Pig! No, it costs too much, and I don't like the crowd. I'd sooner go to a less expensive place," she told him desperately.

"Okay. It shall be as you say." His face lightened. "That's a promise, Ann. I simply can't bear it if you disappoint me."

"Spoilt boy! I may have to work late."

"I don't care. I'll wait for you."

As he said the words, the velvet portiere swished open, and there in the aperture stood Renita Parrish.

It was half-past five on a Friday afternoon, and pouring with rain.

Bernice Delafield, Ann's older sister, was

giving a big cocktail party at "The Laughing Pig"—a hospital benefit—and Ann had promised to drop in.

She had changed from the prim black uniform of the salesforce into an ultra smart little ciaret suit. A relic from the far end of prosperity, with the French label in the waist-band. On her shiny brown hair was perched a snappy new hat.

Her face was framed by an enormous collar of rose fox fur that the courtiers sometimes referred to as blue. It was the color of the blue grass of Kentucky, or, more aptly, the mellow brownstone of so many old New York houses, and eminently becoming to the clear-skinned young Ann, who looked lovely.

So thought the merchandise-manager, Paul Bradley, as he was about to step into his limousine at the kerb in front of the store.

It was raining heavily. "Appalling!" thought Ann. "My clothes will be ruined!"

Her eye lit on the shiny black foreign car.

How lucky some people were.

A MAN was looking at her, with a question in his eyes.

Good heavens! It was the merchandise-manager, and she was leaving the store ahead of all the other employees!

He was coming towards her. To rebuke her? Not possibly to offer her a lift?

But it was so!

"Jump in. I'll drive you to wherever you're going," he said masterfully. She was so surprised that she didn't even say "thank you."

But once in the elegantly fitted interior, she found her voice. "The nearest subway. Three blocks west," she said to the chauffeur's back.

"No. You'll get drenched. I'll take you direct."

"Between Madison and Park, on the south side of 54th street. I can't remember the number."

It was essential to say something. Not sit there in this comfort like a dumb fool.

In her nervousness, the most banal remark slipped from her. "It's a fine day for the ducks!"

"But not for the cats—"

Hai! The Ice Carnival!

He knew it had been she, then? Remembered her stupid jokes? and his reply—

"Cats hate having cold water thrown on them."

She turned to him a perfectly blank face.

All very well to flirt at a masked party, but outside of that, better watch one's step.

Yet her heart sang with excitement, and his nearness, and the fleeting opportunity of getting to know him better . . .

The car skidded turning into 54th street off the Avenue, flinging Ann against his shoulder. He put a quick arm around her. "It's okay. Don't be afraid."

For a blissful second she smelled tweed to which clung the faint aroma of tobacco, and was it hair tonic? A masculine odor that was fascinating, thought Ann. The car righted itself.

"Here's the place. The one with the funny sign."

He tapped on the glass partition, signalling the chauffeur, who pulled in to the right. The painted pink porker grinned down on them idiotically.

A commissionaire with a huge umbrella splashed forward to assist Ann.

But Paul Bradley was before him, helping her out in the rain.

"Would you like to come in for a little?"

Ann asked dubiously, as the trio stopped in the foyer.

"Why, I've been here before." A curious look came over his face. It seemed to say: "What on earth are you doing here?"

A vast babel of voices came from inside.

Then suddenly the door flew open, and there was Bernice, radiant in sapphire velvet. Her eyes widened at sight of Paul Bradley. She beamed, held out her hands to him exclaiming: "So it's you again! Come on in! I'm delighted!"

Paul Bradley declined Bernice's invitation—none too agreeably, it seemed to Ann.

Neither girl had time to explain to him that it was a hospital benefit. With a quick negative, he was out across the sidewalk, into his car, and off.

It was the usual New York party of its kind, becoming more and more hectic by the minute.

Bernice's gown was repeatedly baptised by jerky hands, until—as Freddy wittily remarked—one had only to wring it out to have a brand-new cocktail he would name "blue velvet" or "sweet sapphire!"

"Curious," thought Ann, "how people imagine they are funny when they're tight! Or am I becoming a prude?"

Gordon Gavin arrived.

She had broken her date to dine with him on the evening of the day Renita Parrish had found them in the fitting salon at the store. Gordon had phoned her about it.

Unknown to her, Bernice had asked him to this cocktail party.

Ann was put out.

Not that she disliked Gordon Gavin. Far from it. But, realising his feeling for her, she wanted to discourage it.



THE night of the store dance arrived.

It disconcerted Ann to realise how much she had been looking forward to it. Why, she was even more excited about it than she had been a year ago at her own coming-out party at the Ritz-Carlton!

Ann wore the cloudy pink tulle that had been made for her own coming-out party.

It was a lovely gown caught on each shoulder with a silver star, and worn with silver slippers.

A rich frequenter of "The Laughing Pig" had that day presented Bernice with a corsage of white orchids. Having no evening date, Bernice insisted that Ann wear them to the store dance.

She fastened them, complete with silver love-knot, to a silver star on Ann's shoulder. They curled in waxen beauty about her right ear.

"And now we'll requisition the family ermine, so you'll knock 'em dead!" Bernice giggled.

This was a white fur cloak with a great collar of white fox, belonging to their mother, but borrowed by the daughters as occasion arose.

Ann's thoughts were on Paul Bradley. What would he think of her in the lovely gown, and ermine wrap?

Was it fair to flaunt such expensive things in the face of her fellow-workers?

Bernice, however, insisted on it.

The party began.

Stiff at first, but gradually livening up

as men and women lost their shyness over mingling with the different "grades." . . .

A voluptuous vision in too-tight white satin, Cora Schwartz of the costume jewellery was having her innings with the Art director of the advertising, whom she adored.

Renita Parrish was dancing with Gordon Gavin, who had dined with her at her apartment earlier that evening, through pique with Ann.

He had wanted to take Ann to the store dance, but she had absolutely turned him down, and he was furious about it.

Ann was dancing with a handsome window-dresser. Gordon turned his eyes resolutely away from her and her white orchids and curly bob, and redoubled his attentions to Renita, who was in slinky Nile-green.

"We dance well together, don't you think?"

"We certainly do."

The music swelled about them. Renita smuggled closer to him. She closed her eyes.

At that moment Gordon saw the window-dresser leading Ann to the door of the ballroom, and Ann stopping to speak to Paul Bradley.

It didn't mean anything, of course. And yet—

Five minutes later Ann was back in the ballroom, dancing with the merchandise manager.

Over Renita's head, Gordon kept tabs. They looked marvellous together. There was no denying it, though Gordon loathed Paul Bradley.

It was a good hour before he was able to get a dance with Ann.

She had promised all kinds of people, which, thought Gordon snobbishly, was carrying affability too far. And twice during that period she had danced with the merchandise manager.

"Look here! Let's sit this out! It's stiflingly hot in here. I've found a cute little balcony with chairs in it—sort of a sun porch. I'll get your wrap," Gordon suggested to Ann.

They went out on the balcony.

Wrapped in the ermine cloak with its swirl of white fox fur, Ann drew a long, rapturous breath.

"Isn't life lovely, Gordon?"

"It is when you're with me," he murmured.

"Ann! Listen! Look at me!" Before she could stop him he had caught her in his arms.

HOW was he to know that Brenda Sels had come out on the balcony, for privacy, for a hope of love-making with Paul Bradley, and that they were directly behind him as he buried his miserable, ardent young face in Ann's fur collar?

Accompanied by Paul Bradley at the store dance, nothing could have pleased Brenda Sels better than to come upon pretty Ann DeLaford with Gordon Gavin's arms about her and his young face buried in the fur collar of her evening wrap, there on the secluded little balcony.

"Paul, come away! We're intruding!" Brenda whispered to Paul.

Knowing the fastidiousness of the merchandise manager, she thought: "This'll be the flush of his interest in her!"

Inside the building, Brenda, remarking she was somewhat fatigued and would like a cigarette, led Paul to a couch behind some palms.

"So that was that!" She contrived a

bright, sympathetic smile that served two purposes.

"Paul asked sharply: 'That was the boy from the advertising, was it not?'"

Now as Gordon Gavin's face had been completely hidden in Ann's collar, this implied that Paul had been keeping tabs on the pair all the evening, thought Brenda.

"Oh, we mustn't be too hard on them—at least not outside of business hours. It might be any one of a half-dozen fellows she plays around with. She's young—this with an effort at seeming generosity—"you really can't blame her for flirting."

He gave Brenda a close look.

"It was not my impression, that Miss Delafield is—er—light-minded." Quite the reverse, in fact."

She saw he was troubled, and that angered her.

"It's as likely young Gavin as not! Miss Shellfish told me she came upon them kissing in one of her fitting-salons." Which was inaccurate, this tale having sprung from furiously jealous Renita Parrish. There was a strange pause.

"I UNDERSTAND," said Paul, "that for a time he was—er—interested in Renita Parrish?"

Brenda seized on that like a hawk.

"They were privately engaged—it was an understood thing—All Miss Delafield came into the store. But that isn't the first romance she's broken up. She just can't help it, Paul. I suppose it's all in the upbringing, really. I mean not having to work, like us, and that European education she got. It's a fact, anyway, that she goes out plenty with the men in the store—like Ramesses, the window-dresser—and the girls tell me she makes dates over the phone with the manufacturers. I ran right into her myself in the buying offices, having a grand time with the salesman."

He said curtly: "She had no business in the buying offices."

Now the story about Ramesses was a pure invention. And the truth about Ann's visit to the buying department was that Miss Shellfish had sent Ann to inform the representative of Max Furchelmer, manufacturer of Misses' Dresses, that she would await the return of Max himself from Chicago before placing any more orders.

"Forget it, Paul. Beginners are apt to make mistakes. I'm not the person to get anybody into trouble."

It disconcerted him to hear these things about Ann Delafield, and the very fact that the doings of a salesgirl should upset him, added to his discomfiture.

What was the child to him? What did she matter, anyway?

If she were flirtatious round the store, making dates with the manufacturers, how had he ever imagined she could make a trustworthy buyer?

He rose. "I'm booked for this waltz."

Ann Delafield had to reason with Gordon Gavin on the balcony.

"You know I do like you awfully, Gordon—I always did, even when I was fifteen years old at the junior holiday dances—but I'm quite sure there never could be anything more between us. It's much better for both of us to realize that."

Presently the strains of a perfect waltz drifted up to the balcony.

"Gordon, I'm booked for this dance. Will you take me downstairs?"

"Not if you're dancing with the big butter-and-egg man!"

"Why, you're behaving like a horrid, spoiled little boy!" She turned and hurried

from the balcony, into a salon, and directly in front of her saw Paul Bradley heading for the staircase. She overtook him.

She smiled up at him. "Mr. Bradley, I think this is our waltz."

She was not to know that Brenda Selk, ablaze with jealousy and from the snub that Mr. Bradley had administered, had paused on her way to the ladies' cloakroom, was watching their meeting at the top of the steps!

Ann put a light little hand on Paul's arm.

It stiffened at her touch. Had she made a tactical mistake? Was he carrying store etiquette into the yearly festivity? Quickly she removed it.

"I'm so sorry. D'you know, I quite forgot our relative positions?" she dared to venture, provocatively.

"What do you mean?"

"King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid! You get the idea?"

He thought how piquant and lovely she was in her pink tulle gown. But Brenda's innuendoes—nay, more than innuendoes—plainspoken information on Ann's flirtatious doings—made him harden his heart against her.

"I see to-night you're getting plenty of good work in. But I'm a poor hand at flattery," he said shortly. It was like a dash of cold water on her high and happy mood.

They walked silently down the stairs. But once on the ballroom floor, her vexation with him was forgotten. She loved dancing. Here, as with him at the ice carnival, was the perfect partner. They moved as one person.

Was it her fancy, as the strains of the wonderful love-song rose higher about them, he held her more closely? Intoxicating hour! The orchids on her shoulder curled in wax beauty, and the perfume of her hair, her youth, rose to his nostrils like incense.

Love?

Was he in love with her?

If so, he'd fight it. Never give in. Love was a plaything to this spoiled society girl whose aim, it seemed, was to garner as many bruised hearts as possible. He thought, "I may teach her a lesson not to play with fire." The thought excited him.

He looked down on the smooth, burnished sheen of her patrician head.

She gave herself up to the beautiful unreality that the waltz engendered.

Oh! that this gorgeous music might never end!

It did, however. There was an encore. After it was over, Paul said brusquely:

"Let's sit out somewhere and have a cigarette, shall we?"

Nothing could have pleased Ann better.



PAUL found a secluded nook and a comfortable divan.

Ann sank down on it, curling her slim legs under her in little-girl fashion.

Let him start the conversation, she decided. He was too accustomed to women playing up to him.

There was a glow in his eyes, turned full upon her now, whether with accusation or ardor she had no notion.

Always this queer clash between them

when they were alone. What had she done? If he disapproved of her, why had he sought her as partner?

With all her heart she wished she had the intuition to tune in one of his happy moods, not the morose ones. And yet—between them vibrated an emotion that was far removed from cool indifference. Just to be near him stirred her strangely.

He drew out his watch to which was attached a short platinum chain from which dangled the onyx cat that she had given him. In the dim light of their little retreat the emerald eyes winked up at them knowingly.

"D'you remember a certain young lady informing me that cats and men had the same qualities of character?"

"THAT's always been my opinion. Rub them the right way and they purr. The wrong way and they scratch. As now!" she added.

"No more than that comes back to your mind?"

So he wanted to flirt, did he? Well, meet him on his own ground. "To what occasion are you referring, Mr. Bradley?"

"The Skating Carnival."

"That was the first time you met the young woman? You are sure of it?"

He put his hand on hers. "The first time that—ah! I say?—registered."

"I won't say—how condescending! I'll only ask if she—er—responded to your mood? Men and cats, you know, enjoy attention only when they want it. Otherwise they're serenely aloof."

She didn't respond for long. She left early.

"Too bad. As determined as you are, and as fortified with feminine psychology, why did you let her get away from you?"

He narrowed his eyes, half-quizzical, half-smiling, moving a little nearer the curled young figure on the divan, and not releasing his handclasp.

"So you don't like laggards-in-love, do you?"

"Not if I happened to be seriously interested in a man, I imagine."

He said: "But flirts don't fall in love. Or do they? Enlighten me."

She withdrew her hand. Her eyes were still smiling, however.

"Why shouldn't a woman flirt if she has a mind to? D'you think it's the sole prerogative of the lords of creation?"

There was a pause. He regarded her steadily. "Often it can do a good deal of harm."

"Such as?" she ventured, very curious now as to what was really in his mind.

"What about young Gordon Gavin?"

So that was it? "He's nothing in the world to me but an old friend I've known and danced with, since my nursery days."

Her tone carried conviction. Still he doubted her sincerity.

"What about that charming role of Juliet you've been playing to-night?"

"Juliet? What do you mean?"

"Haven't you read Shakespeare? The balcony act?"

She flushed hotly, incriminatingly.

"Is there anything wrong at a dance about going out for a moment to have a breath of air?"

"Not if it rested at that. You know, sometimes one has to be cruel in order to be kind, and flirtations can have far-reaching results. It strikes me that the boy's work is suffering, because he's suffering."

She said soberly: "That's very unjust. If

"You only knew it, this evening I've been urging Gordon Gavin towards another girl. I don't accept his invitations, but I do want him to make good in his work, because he has ability, and now that he's lost everything—father, home, money—he needs his job as badly as I need mine."

"Then you don't believe in falling in love, Ann?" gently he asked.

"Do you?"

"Sometimes one can't help it even if one fights against it. Love makes fools of us all, big and little."

"Why the word 'fool'? Were you to fall in love, would you consider yourself a weak idiot?"

"She had to risk putting these questions on him. She simply had to find out! He stared straight ahead of him. The music of the next dance started, a rollicking tune."

"If love meant peace, if one could safely rest in it," he said slowly, "it would be the most wonderful thing in the world, surely. But there's always living, and living is conflict. Add love to it and there is even greater conflict. Business and love, Ann—it's too much—they simply don't go together!"

In the drug store across the street from Barclay & Wells sat four feminine executives at their light noontime snack.

Light for Renita Parrish, that's to say she had an appalling hangover after the party) . . . light for Brenda Selz because she was jittering (and also full of venom) . . . light for Gerty Shellfish (she must keep her girlish figure for Max Furchenheimer) . . . and light for that usually hearty eater, Cora Schwartz, buyer of Costume Jewellery, because something that Brenda had just told her about her beau, the Art Director, had taken away her appetite.

"But he danced six times with Cora. Didn't he, Cora?" said Miss Shellfish, the cozenmaker.

"Twelve, with the encores." In Cora's hula-blue eyes, slightly protuberant, was the pathetic look of a dog that has been hurt.

"But," triumphed Brenda, "he took Ann Delafield home at midnight, and he was one a split hour."

He was the Art Director, who for the last year had acquired plump Cora to many unctious.

"HE told me he ran over to the hospital to see his mother who's sick in bed."

"Tell that to the marines!" sneered Brenda.

"Ann had no one to see her home. The hospital's on the East Side close to where he lives. He just dropped her off on his way-out of kindness," Miss Shellfish explained.

"Kindness my eye!" snorted Brenda. Mark my words, that girl's an A-1 trouble-maker. It's my belief she'd flirt with the elevator boys in the store, or the ice-man, if he was good-looking! As I was telling Renita, Paul Bradley and I walked right into Ann Delafield and Gavin at the ball, seeing, and she perfectly brazen about it."

"They all looked at Renita Parrish. The deuce with him—and her. They are going to the devil for all I care. What want is a drink—" Renita beckoned a drug clerk—

"Listen, Renita," said Miss Shellfish, "you'll lose your job if you go on as you're going now. I've protected you till I'm sick and tired of fibbing for you, and saying you're in the stock-room or cloak-room, or

out on an errand for the department when you're in your bed at home."

"Love isn't worth it," said honest Cora, with two tears standing in her china-blue eyes. "If I'm to be double-crossed, I'll be double-crossed sober and in my right senses. No man'll ruin my life."

"Attagiri!" exclaimed Brenda, well-pleased. She herself had invited the Art Director more than once to dinner in her apartment, in default of Paul Bradley, over a year ago. But he had soon turned to the more pleasing Cora. He had never fallen for Brenda Selz.

She was having her innings now.

A dangerous light came into Renita's blurred eyes. It was Brenda who had found her partnerless, looking for Gordon Gavin, who had cut two dances in succession with her . . . Brenda who had depicted the love scene on the balcony in colors that missed nothing in the painting . . . Brenda who had urged her to go back to the ballroom and prove to everybody she didn't care!



ANN spent a quiet Christmas day at home.

Her sister, Claire, was, as usual, over at Carol Dittmar's apartment on Park Avenue, playing the eternal contract, with Captain de Freyn and her friends.

Bernice was waiting for the often uncertain Freddy to call her up, for she had a tentative appointment with him.

Dad had gone to his club, the one that he half-humorously, half-reflectively referred to as: "the last of the Mohicans."

For with the change in his fortune, he had resigned from all his clubs, save this, whose yearly subscription was comparatively modest.

Ann encouraged him to go there.

"It's dull for you sticking around a house full of women-folk, darling. Our gay old boy will lose his pep!"

Ann was his standby and his comfort these hard days that were still uncomfortably new to him. While Lolly, her mother, complained and whined, Ann it was who continuously helped him make the adjustment. He adored Ann.

It was his youngest daughter, too, who smoothed him down when he was dreadfully upset and annoyed over a newspaper item in connection with Bernice. He had not realised the nature of her duties at The Laughing Pig until it had been unfortunately drawn to his attention by a fellow-member at the club.

Under the heading of: "Society Invades the saloons," a columnist had penned a paragraph with a sting in its tail . . .

"Between the witching hours of 6 to 8 p.m. Circe and the grine make whoopee—and how! at the rendezvous aptly known as 'The Laughing Pig' in Park Avenue sector . . . The presiding goddess (Circe) reigns with the face of a madonna and the blue blood of a Delafield over the farmyard circle."

"Darling, it's frightfully exaggerated!" Ann had sought to soothe the Delafield pere.

"And I'm only there from five to seven—he's got the hours wrong," complained Bernice—as though that was important. She added, more informatively: "And no one ever gets tight there, daddy."

Which was untrue.

"The whole idea is perfectly abhorrent to me. You must resign."

"I can't. I have a contract. It doesn't run out till after the New Year."

"I'll stop by before six every day and be with her, and bring her home at seven o'clock for dinner," volunteered Ann. "She's counting on her pay cheque for Christmas presents, darling, and other expenses. When her contract's out, she won't renew it."

Thus he had been temporarily placated, but when he had gone, Bernice had winced: "You didn't have to tell him I'd give it up, Ann. Don't you know it's the only real chance I have of seeing Freddie?"

NOW, as the two sisters sat together on Christmas afternoon, Bernice brought up the subject of her cocktail club.

It was a sore spot with Ann.

For the annoying item in the newspaper had been circulated around the store! It was reported that she herself was the Delafield who "reigned between the hours of 6 to 8 p.m. over the farmyard at The Laughing Pig!"

The grapevine system of news was at work. There was no way of combat, beyond flat denial.

Still water ran deep. Didn't the printed sarcasm about "the face of the madonna" bear out that old saw?

Ann Delafield needed watching. She was leading a double life.

Thus the report.

Since the publication of the paragraph it seemed to her there was a positive chilliness in the manner of the merchandise-manager towards her, on the few occasions of their meeting during business hours.

On that wet afternoon some weeks ago, hadn't he driven her from the store direct to "The Laughing Pig?" He had no reason to disbelieve that she went there daily as cocktail-hostess, and were he to make inquiry, a description of her older sister, roughly speaking, might well apply to herself.

Impossible to run to him and say: "It isn't me! It's my sister Bernice." That would be both officious and disloyal. And it might merit a good snub.

Recollecting the finish of their conversation at the dance, too, about business and romance not mixing, there was no particular reason for Ann to be in good spirits this Christmas afternoon.

She was worried about her sister. There were rumors anent the coincidence of Claire and Captain de Freyn winning so frequently when they were partners at contract. Suppose some of the more daring columnists hinted at it? Dare she have a plain talk with Claire?

That Bernice was no longer the lovely, laughing girl she had been at the commencement of her job was now obvious to Ann. Not only had she lost a large portion of her looks—but she was breaking her heart over Freddie—worthless Freddie.

"I do so want you to be happy," Ann told Bernice, "but do you honestly think that happiness and Freddie go together, darling?"

Tears sprang to Bernice's blue eyes.

"I can't help it, Ann. I'm crazy about him."

Ann paled.

"Now, we've lost our money I guess I'm losing Freddie—and I can't bear it!" She burst into tears.

Ann flew to her side. So Bernice really loved him? Loved funny, irresponsible, selfish Freddie? It was too fantastic when she could do so much, much better! But

love was a queer thing. It came when you didn't want it—unhappily—as she herself well realised.

"Darling, if you want him you shall have him. You know he's been fond of you for years. Why wouldn't he, when you're so awfully pretty, and so sweet to him? Where would he get anybody half so attractive?"

A gleam of hope appeared in the eyes that were like wet dolphins. Ann's consolation was sweet.

"But there are plenty of other men who would fall in love with you, Bernice, darling, if only you'd get your mind off Freddie. Twenty-one's very young to believe yourself permanently in love."

She thought: "What of myself? Sure of it at nineteen!"

BUT it was all over with Paul Bradley. Or was it mere vanity on her part to imagine she had ever attracted him?

"I don't want anybody but Freddie," Bernice declared.

"But why?" Bernice turned astonished and reproachful upon her. "Can't you see how amusing and clever and good-looking he is?"

Thought Ann: "I'm blind and deaf, evidently."

"The trouble is that so many other girls are after him. Rich widows, too. They simply deluge him with invitations." Tears again threatened.

"Then why not show Freddie that you're plenty of other admirers?"

If only Bernice could have her heart turned in another direction!

"I shall always care for him, and no one else," Bernice's lovely mouth set obstinately.

Instead of opposing things, might it not be better, in the circumstances, to help them along?

"You see, darling, Freddie hasn't grown up yet. I'm sure he's fond of you, but he's an irresponsible boy," Ann said gently.

"He's twenty-eight. He's a man. He can make good money if he works. If— if I were his wife, I could make him work," said Bernice with a touch of resentment.

Thought Ann: "Sublime optimism!"

"What would father say?"

"That he only wants me to be happy."

The telephone rang. Bernice flew to its summons.

"Come right over, Freddie! Merry Christmas, big boy!"

A wonderful thing was love!

Ann had a strange dream that night about Bernice.

It harked back to the skating carnival. Her sister was with Freddie, skimming towards a huge "Danger! Keep off!" sign.

She skated frantically after Bernice and Freddie. The latter turned to meet her, tried to stop her, saying Bernice was an excellent skater, and knew where she was going.

But at that moment the ice broke under Bernice, and she disappeared!

Ann woke herself with a smothered scream at three o'clock in the morning. The luminous hands of the little travelling clock on the stand between the two beds pointed to that hour. She switched on the light. Bernice's bed was empty.

Ann stole to Claire's room.

Claire was in bed.

Father and mother, likewise, in their own room. An eerie stillness lay over the apartment.

Where was Bernice? No ball or big party was scheduled for the past evening. Nothing, anyhow, that would go on to the wee, small hours.

Back to bed went Ann, but was unable to sleep. Bernice was her charge. Even though she was two years her junior, Ann was by far the stronger character, the more resolute of the two sisters.

At a quarter after three, Ann stole to the cupboard in the entrance hall. Closing the door carefully behind her, she lifted the telephone from its shelf among the coats and umbrellas, and called up "The Laughing Pig."

"Miss DeLanfield?" a waiter repeated in a foreign voice.

"Yes. My sister. Is she there? Please have her come to the telephone. Say it's important."

She had to wait for fully five minutes. There was a confused babel of sounds at the other end of the line.

"Still making whoopee!" she thought ironically. Dad had been right. It was utterly disgusting for a gently-nurtured girl like Bernice to be hitting it up till all hours of the morning in a drinking saloon, no matter what you called it!

"Is that Ann?" hiccuped a male voice.

"Sure, Bernice's here. Come on right over and join the party!" Click! The communication was cut off.

Should she telephone again? Try to locate Freddie?

She did so, but with no results. The noise was apparently so loud inside "The Laughing Pig" that the ring of the telephone was drowned.

Freddie's front door was ajar.

The apartment was in the California manner—kitchen, bathroom, one big room that was bedroom by night, living-room by day.

Bernice and Freddie had obviously been drinking, and now both sat in large arm-chairs fast asleep.

"I must congratulate her on her daring!" the widow fairly spat out. "We all know she's mad about Freddie, but isn't this going a bit far?"

Ann whistled on her.

"Don't you know that Bernice has every right to be here? She's married to him!"

"Married? I simply don't believe it!" The widow was beside herself with spite and jealousy. "Why, Freddie proposed to me only three days ago—"

"And then married Bernice!" Ann upland.

One of the men guffawed: "A heart caught on the rebound!"

Ann shook Bernice. She did not move. Freddie awakened.

"Congratulations, old chap! Why didn't you let us in on the wedding?" someone razzed him.

Freddie blinked sleepily.

"For the love of Mike, can't you leave a fellow in peace? The drinks are in the kitchen. All of you go on out and drown yourselves!"

Ann smiled tolerantly, and with apparent nonchalance. "I'll mix you all a drink if you promise to leave directly after, for it's getting on to morning."

Shaking the cocktails in the kitchen, she kept the gang there with a story of the wedding ceremony at which she was sole witness, and Freddie so nervous that he forgot to bring a ring, so one was borrowed for the time being—and now Bernice was determined on a diamond circlet, though heaven alone knew if Freddie could afford it!

Ann played her part so well that all doubts were removed.

FINALLY, to her immense relief, the five couples departed, Ann calling after them gaily.

"And now," thought she, as the last echo of their steps floated up the stairs, "the story will be all over New York by breakfast time! I'll have to hurry things along so she has the marriage certificate!"

Provided she could make them, it wouldn't take long to drive to Harrison, New York. As Bernice was twenty-one years old, there would be no obstacle, legally speaking, to the wedding.

Freddie had a ramshackle Ford. She would drive it herself, if necessary. This thing must go through.

She went into the bathroom. Bromo-seltzer? Aspirin? The pick-me-ups were in the cabinet. Freddie was finally aroused.

"So the gang was here? Good grief! I don't remember it—I mean I vaguely

tails, they exhibited the invariable symptoms of a single-track mind . . .

The quiet old square glowed with Christmas trees strung with colored lights. So peaceful, so remote from New York's hurly-burly, it almost seemed like desecration to go hooting and honking round the garden that was slumbering on this night dedicated to family reunion. Christmas night!

It was a walk-up apartment. Someone pressed the button below the soiled card on which was printed: "Mr. Brandon."

No reply.

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FINALLY, to her immense relief, the five couples departed, Ann calling after them gaily.

"And now," thought she, as the last echo of their steps floated up the stairs, "the story will be all over New York by breakfast time! I'll have to hurry things along so she has the marriage certificate!"

Provided she could make them, it wouldn't take long to drive to Harrison, New York. As Bernice was twenty-one years old, there would be no obstacle, legally speaking, to the wedding.

Freddie had a ramshackle Ford. She would drive it herself, if necessary. This thing must go through.

She went into the bathroom. Bromo-seltzer? Aspirin? The pick-me-ups were in the cabinet. Freddie was finally aroused.

"So the gang was here? Good grief! I don't remember it—I mean I vaguely



ANN padded softly back to her room and got into some clothes.

She would go and get Bernice and bring her home. If her sister were in the condition indicated by the message, her return, solo, or even accompanied by Freddie, might arouse the household.

Very quietly Ann let herself out of the front door.

She walked half a block west to Lexington Avenue, and hailed a passing taxicab.

The so-called smart cocktail rendezvous was not nearly so crowded as she had imagined.

In one corner, however, five couples of her acquaintance were gathered about a table which they had just commandeered for a very late snack.

But Bernice was nowhere to be found. Ann felt relieved. Her sister had gone home.

But return to the apartment heightened her worry, for Bernice was not there!

Back to the cocktail rendezvous went Ann. Her departure had not been noticed. She joined the party of ten at their table.

Hilarious now, they were arguing over their next move.

"Let's all dash up to Freddie's." A very pretty widow made the suggestion.

"Swell idea!"

"Okay with me!" from another. "Freddie's drinks are T.N.T."

"Dynamite!"

"Come on. Let's be on our way."

A premonition in her heart, Ann went with them.

No use to head them off, this crowd. Under the influence of innumerable cock-

remember something—didn't they want drinks and piled out into the kitchen?"

Ann nodded.

"Freddie, it'll be all over town that Bernice was here alone with you."

"I suppose," said Freddie, "there's only one thing to do? Announce our engagement?"

"That wouldn't be any use. Freddie, I—I told them you and Bernice were already married—a couple of days ago—I said I witnessed it—"

"Holy smoke!"

"Let's not quarrel, Freddie. It was the only thing that I could do. Coming upon you like this—the crowd all here, and loving a scandal as they do—I had to act quickly. Don't think I wanted to do it, I hate lying—but it was the only possible way out!"

SHE reasoned with him. Fixed him a stiff bromo-seller. They talked it over.

The trio reached Harrison at seven in the morning, where the wedding was performed by a justice of the peace.

At nine o'clock Ann called the office of the best-known gossip writer in town.

His secretary answered. In a trembling voice she informed her that it might be an interesting scoop to announce the "secret" marriage of Bernice Delafield to Freddie Brandon, the well-known interior decorator, which had taken place three days ago . . .

The columnist's secretary wanted to know where the wedding had been solemnised?

Ann waived that.

"You can call Mr. Brandon at his apartment around noon and he'll verify it." She gave Freddie's phone number and hung up.

Now to break the news to Dad and her mother. Lolly might be pleased at Bernice getting married—she wanted all her girls to be married quickly—"provided for," she called it. Which was ironical, in the circumstances!

Dad's tired, gray face greyer as Ann, assuming a pleasure she was far from feeling, sprang her news.

So many strange things had happened to him in the past year that he had thought that he was immune . . . beyond feeling anything . . . yet this hit him.

"But why an elopement?" A puzzled hurt was in his eyes, his dazed look.

"Darling, it's been coming on for a long time. Like the measles. You know, girls are awfully independent nowadays. You mustn't blame Bernice."

"But—but is he the right man?"

"He is—for her. She's in love, darling. She's terribly in love with Freddie Brandon."

"We aren't so poor that we couldn't have given her a quiet home wedding," said Dad. Thought Ann: "I shall burst out crying in another minute!" But she contrived to smile to carry it off successfully.

"Home weddings are old-fashioned, my love. Freddie and your beautiful dotter just upped and did it, with no frills or nonsense. Honestly, that's much the more sensible method. And so economical!"

"Can he support her, Ann?"

"Decidedly he can, if he has a mind to work. And now he's married he will work. Freddie's got great creative talent."

"I—he seemed—irresponsible—light-minded. Maybe I'm mistaken?"

Dad was so pathetic.

"He's what Bernice wanted, and she's got him, and you and I'll have to make the very best of it. You know, when a man loves a girl wonders can be performed."

He kissed her. He understood her . . . at least, better than he understood his other womenfolk. He wanted to tell her how much he appreciated her loyalty, that she was true-blue, but words did not come easily to James Delafield. Where his feelings were involved, he was inarticulate.

A spot of comfort in the elopement was that now she was a married woman Bernice would resign her job of cocktail-hostess in The Laughing Pig.

Now the columnist's secretary, due to a poor telephonic connection, had not caught the given name of the bride. She had met Ann Delafield once at a party, and had thought it was Ann who had just got married. So the youngest Delafield's name was in the column, in the midnight edition of the morning tabloid, as the wife of Freddie Brandon, "well-known Park Avenue Playboy."

The mistake, of course, was rectified in the breakfast edition of the paper, due to Bernice's and Ann's calls.

But when Ann walked into her department at the store that morning, Renita Parrish had already spread the news around that she was married!

"Not I. My sister," explained Ann.

This was a sore disappointment to Renita Parrish. And it was not alone Renita who had read the item in the paper. Paul Bradley had seen it! Gordon Gavin likewise!

The shock of Ann's supposed marriage had impelled Gordon to call up Renita the previous evening.

"What about lunching with me to-morrow? The Golden Eagle at one o'clock, Renita? Lonely and disheartened, it was comforting to get her quick response."

"Ann Delafield's married. It's in to-night's paper. Did you see it, Gordon?" she had quavered, after a long pause.

"Why, no!" He contrived to sound nonchalant.

"To someone called Freddie Brandon. I guess she won't ever be coming back to work in the store." Keep the triumph out of her voice! Ah! Now she would have her innings, at last!

"I don't know him. To the devil with him anyway," Gordon said gruffly.



SHE thought: "He never really cared for her! It was only silly store gossip!"

From the stockroom she borrowed a beautiful gown for luncheon.

Gordon had two cocktails on the table when she arrived. He was usually abstemious. She wondered . . . was it the news of Ann's wedding that had made him want the stimulant, or was it to please her—Renita?

She thought: "I won't tell him it was a false alarm—that it was her sister, and not Ann who got married!"

He was very nice to Renita during luncheon. Gay, in fact.

He complimented her on her gown. Black—a slinky black with a silver fox collar.

"I ought to look well," beamed Renita proudly. "It's expensive, Gordon. But then I'm getting a very good salary."

Would that fetch him? Nice to have a wife who could earn real money in these times of depression!

Now Miss Shellfish had seen Renita's exit in the gown, and, knowing it was bespoken by a customer, had been much annoyed.

Borrowings were getting to be much too frequent. She'll have to put a stop to it.

Twenty minutes later the customer came back to see the dress, saying it would need a couple of alterations.

"Ann, for the love of Pete, dash over to the Golden Eagle and get hold of Renita. Tell her to come right back with that gown she's borrowed—it was to be kept for a customer, and she's here, waiting for it. The gown should never have gone back to the stockroom. It's too bad!"

The Golden Eagle was close by. It was a popular eating place of the executives. As Ann pushed through the revolving glass doors she saw Gordon Gavin in a prominent spot in the centre of the restaurant, sitting alone.

"Gordon, have you seen Renita? I've a message for her. It's important."

He flushed. Ann, of all people? The bride of a few days?

"Renita's just gone to the cloakroom to powder her nose."

"You mean she's with you?"

"Certainly she's lunching with me. Why shouldn't she? Any objection?"

"Of course not."

He didn't ask her to sit down. He was staring at her, a strange look on his face.

The marriage announcement? He had seen it? That explained things. Better enlighten him and kill the nonsensical story at once.

"YOU know, my sister Bernice has just married Freddie Brandon? By an error, my name appeared in one edition of a paper as the bride. It was corrected in this morning's edition. Such a silly mix-up—" Ann said lightly.

His face changed.

"Then you're—"

"Single, heart-whole, and fancy free!"

"Did you come here to meet Bradley? Was that it?"

She followed the direction of his gaze, and saw the merchandise manager enter the restaurant.

"If he sees those cocktails on the table, Renita and you will get into trouble, Gordon."

"Don't get excited. If you aren't meeting His High-and-Mightiness, won't you sit down?"

She did so. She signalled a waiter. "Quick, remove the drinks from the table."

But it was too late. Paul Bradley was looking directly at them, and saw the drinks.

Renita did not appear at the store the next day, or the following one.

"She's sick. Someone ought to be looking after her. I think she has the flu or something," one of the salesgirls told Ann.

"Drink's what's the matter with Renita," said Miss Shellfish. "If she doesn't show up to-morrow morning orders have come from higher up that she's to be fired."

The thought of Renita alone in her little apartment in the village haunted Ann all day long. Unwittingly, wasn't she herself responsible for the other's love disappointment, since, had she not come into the store to work, Gordon Gavin might have turned to Renita in the end?

"If only I could do something to set matters right!"

Was there any solution?

At the closing of the store Ann telephoned Renita's apartment.

Renita was weeping.
"What's the matter, Renita?"
"I'm sick in bed."

"Is there anything you'd like me to bring you?" Compassion got the better of Ann's saner judgment.

"A bottle of Scotch—or no—hold on—a bottle of poison! I'm not going on with things! I'm finished."

There was the sound of a fall—and then a buzzing on the line.

"Operator! Get me that number again. Stay—want 9-0036."

"I can't. I can't get the party. The receiver's off the hook."

Alarmed, Ann left her booth in the drug-store and took a taxi down to Greenwich Village.

It was a walk-up apartment. In answer to her ring Renita herself opened the door.

HER mood had changed. Renita was brighter. She even seemed rather pleased at seeing Ann, and asked her to come in, apologising for having frightened her on the telephone.

"Renita, you've got to pull yourself together. If you don't get to the store by to-morrow morning I'm afraid you'll lose your job. Please don't think I'm interfering."

"You mean that I'm to be—fired?"
"Not if you're back on the job to-morrow morning. We've plenty of time to get you straightened out, Renita. Let me get a doctor. He'll know just what to give you."

"I don't need a doctor. If you'd run round to the drugstore on the corner and ask the dispenser—the blonde one—for my pick-me-up. Just mention my name. It's the only thing that pulls me around in one of my spells."

Ann hesitated. Best humor her. But she was determined she would find out the nature of the remedy before taking it to poor Renita.

The dispenser claimed ignorance of what was wanted. This confirmed Ann's suspicion.

She returned to Renita with an old-fashioned remedy. Renita was furiously disappointed.

"See here, get out of here! Nobody asked you to come here!"

Remains of yesterday's meal were on the table. Renita picked up a bread-knife. "You took him from me and now you come here to mock me, make a fool of me! I'll show you your mistake!"

Before Ann could save herself, and run, Renita rushed at her and stabbed her with the bread-knife.

The impact of the blow sent Ann reeling against the wall. A sharp, searing pain tore at her shoulder. Wildly, she was conscious of the drink-maddened girl, the knife slipped from her grasp to the floor, laughing on a high, hideous key, her face grotesque.

How Ann got out of the apartment was forever after to be vague in her mind. Assured that the other would kill her, she must have gathered her fast ebbing forces together in a mighty effort of self-preservation, and stumbled down the stairs, out to the revivifying chill of the streets.

A doctor? A hospital? Something must be done quickly. A hot wetness was pouring from her shoulder down her left arm. A block off, on a corner, stood a taxi-cab. She prayed: "Dear Lord, let me reach it—quickly—"

She got there.
Light from a street lamp shone upon her. She put a hand to her shoulder, instinctively to cover the revealing stain that was growing momentarily bigger.

"Would you please drive to the nearest hospital—the Emergency Department?" she faltered.

"There's one on Thirty-third Street, began the driver. Then, giving a closer look at his new fare, he let out a sudden whistle. "For the love of Mike, what's happened to you, Miss? You got hurt? What is it? Who done it?"

"It's nothing! Nobody!" He sprang down to open the door, to help her into the cab, for she was unsteady on her feet.

"There's blood all over you. Lie back. Take it easy. I'll get you there in a jiffy."

They were off like a streak up Bleeker Street, whirling round corners, ignoring red lights and crossings.

"Am I dying?" thought Ann weakly. The hand that held her wounded shoulder was soaked through its glove.

"Here you are, Miss!" the taxi had swung through a huge pair of open gates and stopped at the entrance of a building under a big arc-light. The driver opened the door.

"Steady now! Lean on me and we'll get up them steps!"

They were in a passage, stopping at a desk behind which sat a spectacled woman in uniform.

"Name, please?"

"N—Nellie Wagner," murmured Ann desperately, for standing close to the nurse she perceived, to her further concern, the bulky figure of a policeman!

How awful if they were to take her to police headquarters, if a scandal were to break in the newspapers!

"What's the matter with you? Accident?"

"Some guy's stabbed her," volunteered the taxi-cab driver.

"No. No. But I got—hurt," stammered Ann. She fumbled in her bag, drew out a dollar. "Never mind the change." She thrust it at him.

The woman behind the desk had pressed a button somewhere, and immediately, apparently conjured from nowhere, a nurse appeared.



HURRY her into the operating room. She's bleeding," said the spectacled one authoritatively.

"You wait here till I talk to you," Ann heard the policeman order the taxi-cab driver as she was led off.

It seemed a long passage. The white walls were bobbing up and down queerly, as if she were on a ship. From far away, she seemed to hear a voice advising her to pull herself together—everything would be all right.

Came an interim of blankness. She opened her eyes to find herself lying on a white steel table.

A man in a white coat with a nice young face—and splashes of blood upon his coat—was doing something deftly to her shoulder, which throbbed fiercely.

"How did this happen?"

"I—I don't know," weakly whispered Ann. And then, conscious that this sounded futile and that no one would believe her, added: "I tripped and fell—and cut myself."

"Badly."

Ann closed her eyes. Like an impossible dream it seemed—a nightmare. She would wake up and find herself at home.

Renita Parrish hadn't really stabbed her! It was ridiculous!

Came the voice of the young interne at her side.

"Feeling better? You'll have to rest a bit. Lost quite a lot of blood, you know. Here, drink this down." A hand under her uninjured shoulder, he raised her a little, putting a glass to her lips.

She drank obediently. Lay back a moment. Felt a measure of strength return.

Her handbag? Where was it? They would open it, find her card inside, suspect that she had given a false name!

When she asked for it, she was told that it was with her dress and coat and hat.

She said: "I want to go home."

"No. You must lie still for at least a half-hour. At the end of that time, give her hot milk with a dash of Scotch in it, nurse," said the young interne, "and meantime better telephone her people."

Ann struggled up. "That isn't necessary, please!"

She was helped to an inner room and settled on a couch, and told to rest quietly.

When finally she was dressed, and on her way out, the policeman she had first seen on her entrance to the hospital stopped her with a blunt inquiry as to how the accident had occurred? With open notebook in his hand, and pencil poised under the name she had given: "Nellie Wagner," he asked for her address and full particulars.

"I LIVE at 365 West Eightieth Street," Ann said desperately, at random, "and I tripped on the edge of the sidewalk as I was crossing Twelfth Street. It was quite dark, you understand—"

"Then how did you manage to get to Bleeker Street in the condition you were in?" the guardian of the law asked sharply, apparently unconvinced.

"I—well—I suppose I wandered—"

"Hum? Been to some party in the village, was that it?"

Some party? Yes, it had been some party, with a terrifying ending! Odd—but natural that it was she who was evidently accused of drinking, when it had been her assailant, Renita!

She said in a voice she tried to make steady: "I assure you, officer, that I was sober. If that's what you're thinking."

"Okay sister." He grinned sceptically. Then, to the receptionist: "What about sending her home in the ambulance?"

"Not a taxi! Please!"

Let him think she had imbibed unwisely. If he wanted to, but never advertise her "accident" by tearing homeward in a screeching vehicle, stopping the traffic, terrifying her family. It was unthinkable.

"Good morning, Renita! I'm more than pleased to see you here! Perhaps you weren't aware of it, but you were to get your walking papers if you hadn't shown up this morning on the dot of nine! Those were Mr. Bradley's orders!"

Thus Miss Shellfish to her head of stock. "I've been sick. Terribly sick," said Renita in a low voice.

And indeed she looked ghost-like.

Was Ann Delafield dead? Had she killed her last night? Had she crawled out into the street to succumb?

The enormity of her behavior towards the girl who had come to help her in her illness had, during the long, terrible hours of the night, seeped into the consciousness of Renita.

Shocked into semi-sobriety, she had

walked the pavements till dawn. In a cabman's shelter she had drunk some coffee, paced the streets again restlessly. Ought she to give herself up to the law? Telephone Ann Delafield's home and confess everything?

Already, for all she knew, the police were in her apartment, waiting to arrest her. Before her loomed a vision of the electric chair.

She trembled in every nerve when a policeman stopped her on lower Fifth Avenue.

"I've been suffering from insomnia. Seems the only way I can get a little sleep is by walking till I'm dog dead-tired."

"Well, you go right home, sister, or I'll have to take you to the station for a night's sleep," he told her grimly.

She went back to her apartment. Thank heaven! No Nemesis was there!

"If only she doesn't die, I'll never, never touch another drop of drink as long as I live!"

Over and over, Renita repeated this resolution.

And, in her desperation, meant it.

With shaking fingers she lifted the morning paper from the outside doormat, scanned its pages for some tragic news of the unfortunate young Ann.

Would the telephone ring? Would she be arrested?

At eight o'clock she made some coffee, drank three cups of it, took a cold shower, tried to cover up the ravages of her sleepless night, her days of alcoholic spree.

If she didn't get to the shop she would lose her job, but it wasn't entirely that which forced Renita to dress herself, to head northward on the accustomed route, it was her desperate desire to get news of the girl she had seriously injured.

"You certainly look like a ghost of your self, Renita. For heaven's sake go to the cloakroom and put on a bit of rouge. Paul Bradley'll be here any minute, and if he sees you as you are, he'll probably judge you aren't fit for a good day's work in the stockroom, and he'll carry out his threat of dismissal!" Little Miss Shellfish told her tartly.

Renita went to the cloakroom, thinking: "He may come after me for a very different reason! Ann!"

THE rouge, no matter how she tried to blend it skilfully, stuck out on the pallor of her cheeks like a beacon.

Returning to the Misses' Dresses, "you look better!" said the buyer, a hint of sympathy creeping into her voice. She added: "You're not the only one on the stock list, Renita. Little Ann Delafield just phoned. She thinks she's got the flu. She's got a temperature and she's aching all over, and she can't come in to-day, but thinks to-morrow she'll be feeling fitter. Renita, what's the matter?"

Renita had crumpled to the floor in a dead faint.

Ann's injury was, fortunately, merely a flesh wound.

She was back at the store a couple of days later, her left arm in a sling, and looking pale and shaky, but determined to make no fuss about it.

Renita avoided her, spending as much time in the stockroom as was possible. But on the third day of her return, they met face to face on the floor.

"I'm terribly sorry—about what happened. Renita's face was scarlet. "You know—you must know—I wasn't responsible for what I did! I was mad! But I do want to thank you for—being so sporting about it. I guess—" she swallowed,

for she felt choky—"there's isn't a girl in ten thousand wouldn't have talked. You had a right to talk. I just want to thank you, Miss Delafield."

Ann held out her free right hand to her. No one was about.

"I want to be friends, Renita. And there's just one thing you can do for me in return. I mean, to make amends. It's to go on the wagon! I've been wanting to say that to you, ever since I came back here, but I didn't wish to embarrass you. I wanted it to come from yourself."

Tears of gratitude came into the green eyes.

"I assure you I haven't had a drink since it happened. Nor will I. Oh, I give you my word!"

Ann shook her hand. "Now, would you mind helping me with those dresses on the hangers?" She was tactful. For Renita to lend aid to the person she had injured would put the seal on her forgiveness and at the same time terminate the embarrassing subject of the "accident."



AT three o'clock that same day, at the finish of the tri-weekly class for executives, Ann encountered Paul Bradley on the seventh floor.

"Will you bring your sales-sheets to my office? I would like to have a word with you," he said succinctly.

Fear caught her. Was anything the matter? Was she to be fired?

A few minutes later a secretary in his outer office was telling her the merchandiser manager was busy. Mr. Herman Weiss was closeted with him. She must wait.

That Herman Weiss, co-owner of the store with Thomas P. Barclay, did not like her she was cognisant. And it was not because of anything that had happened on the job. It was because of a snub administered to his daughters by none other than her sister Claire.

Claire had been in charge of a contract tournament—for charity, but by invitation only—held in a suite of the swank hotel where the Weisses resided. The daughters had been anxious to buy tickets for said tournament—indeed, they had wanted to buy a dozen tickets, and give a party to some of their former friends from Riverside Drive, and swank a bit about having an entree to "the inner circle."

Which laudable ambition Claire frustrated.

"No more tickets are being disposed of," she had told the climbers, looking down her nose at Rachel and Becky.

Their mother had nagged Herman into raising a row with the hotel management about it. Didn't they spend their money lavishly? Weren't their dollars as good as anybody else's? And so forth.

But the eldest Delafield girl was adamant. Tickets were in her charge. They weren't getting any. Tournament full-up. At that disturbing moment in Ann's cogitations the door of the merchandiser manager's inner office opened, and Herman Weiss came out.

As he passed, he gave a sharp, annoyed look at Ann.

She thought: "Fired! Because of Claire's snobishness!"

The secretary said: "You can go in now."

She went, in considerable trepidation.

"Sit down, Miss Delafield," as the mer-

chandiser manager took the sales sheets from her.

She thought: "He looks tired. He hates what's ahead of him, because he sees the injustice of it! But he's got to do what old Weiss wants."

In the office of the merchandiser manager Ann waited for the axe to fall.

Then—blessed moment! Did her ears deceive her?—Paul Bradley saying: "These sales sheets are excellent, Miss Delafield. But I knew you'd make good. You've got the nerve." He smiled at her kindly.

Nerve? Yes, she had that.

"HOW would you like to be assistant-buyer in the silk lingerie department? You remember our very first meeting?"

Ah! Didn't she? Forever it was engraved in her mind and heart.

"You know a good deal about silks already, and it's up to you to learn more, Miss Delafield. You must study laces also. That's important."

She thought: "I'd study Chinese if he asked me to!" And her heart seemed to turn right over.

But what she said aloud was, very demurely: "Thank you, sir. If ever I have any time off, perhaps I could drive through Allentown and the other silk mills in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It would be most—educative."

"You have a car?" he inquired.

"Used to. No more. The crash." She smiled.

He picked up a pencil from his desk, and, as though absent-mindedly, drew circles on a memorandum pad.

Ought she to leave? Was the interview finished? But something hovered in the air . . . or was it trembling on his lips? She waited . . .

"Perhaps some Saturday afternoon—the beginning of next month we're going to close at one on Saturdays—" He stopped.

Alive in every fibre of her being, she prayed for him to continue . . .

"I was thinking it might be a good idea for me to take you out to the mills."

The magic words were uttered, words she had been waiting for! He—and she—skimming over the countryside—together!

He looked up from his little circles. His mood seemed to change.

"But perhaps that won't be necessary. The manufacturers can give you plenty of information."

She was hurled from Mount Parnassus into the abyss again.

That a buyer has to eat, drink and sleep being a buyer, Ann was presently to learn. Her definite hours were half-past nine to half-past five, it's true—but you don't watch a clock to be a good buyer! She was to discover that, exhaustively, exhaustingly, and love every minute of it!

She took a course in lace at the Museum of Metropolitan Art. The lectures fascinated her. She went down to Washington Street, absorbed in everything possible about "baby Irish" . . . "flet" . . . "Val" . . . and "Venise" . . .

She studied quality of linens, laces being known by weights of thread, and also by their width.

About silks, too, a great deal had to be known. The various gluing processes in various silks, for instance.

Ann also learned to go out in the wholesale field and make her own bargains with the manufacturers.

Initiative. Inventiveness. Knowledge of product. These were what differentiated one buyer from another.

From a twenty-five-dollar-a-week assistant-buyer in the lingerie, Ann was promoted finally to a full-fledged buyer at a salary of forty-a-week for a start. Like a fortune, it seemed, though it meant added responsibility and work.

The silk manufacturer she dealt with chiefly was a handsome man of around forty or so, named Tim O'Hallahan. He had no designer. So Ann made her own sketches and took them to him, with the area restriction that in New York City they were to be supplied only to her own store. Crepes. Flat crepes. Crepe-de-chine. Crepe-backed satin. Pussy-willow. The whole gamut. Lovingly she fingered them all.

SHE designed lingerie for the debutante. Lingerie for the working woman. Lingerie for this hard-up. Lingerie for the rich. Frivolous lingerie, in chiffons, merrily ribbioned, for the giddy ones. Staple lingerie for the few old-fashioned mothers and grandmothers left. Ann was a wizard at design. . . . She knew what women wanted. It had been no idle boast of hers.

Rameses, the good-looking window-dresser, had his art working on all eight cylinders when Ann's goods were to be displayed. Beautiful negligees and night-gowns enticed the eyes of passers-by.

"He favors Ann Delafield," she vamps everyone she comes in contact with. She chases them. It isn't fair."

Thus Brenda Sale to Renita Parrish, adding spitefully: "And she's writing her own ads for the Sunday lay-out, too! I saw her this morning as I was passing the Advertising, in with Gordon Gavin in his cubicle, and their heads together, as thick as two thieves!"

Said Renita, unexpectedly and staunchly: "She has a right to go to the Advertising. And if she can give Gordon pointers, why not? Where's the harm?"

"So?" Brenda raised black eyebrows. "You're singing a different tune? I thought you hated her? After the way she carried on with Gordon at the dance—"

"She didn't," Renita interrupted hotly, "she was all taken up with Paul Bradley. And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he's crazy over her."

"It's you who's crazy! But it's your own funeral. Here's your beau being vamped away from you right under your nose. I try to tip you off and you fly out at me—"

"You're jealous of Ann Delafield," said Renita, "because she's young, pretty, works like a demon and is an all-round good sport. That's what!"

"Tell it to Gordon Gavin—" as she glared at the younger girl.

"I will. I'm seeing him to-night. He's taking me to the movies. When you get as far as that with Paul Bradley, let me know, and I'll save up for a wedding present!" Renita went off, laughing.

Ann was dressing for a birthday party. Rosalind Barclay—granddaughter of old Tom Barclay, of Barclay & Weiss—was having a celebration at El Roccoco. Friends since they had been tots at kindergarten. Ann had been invited to the festivity at the night-club.

"It's time you stepped out darling, and had a good time," Bernice, now Mrs. Frederick Brandon, very much married and extremely happy with her Freddy (strange as that may seem) was spending a few days with her family, her better-half having been summoned to Chicago on a lucrative job of interior decorating.

"Yes, I've been working hard. But I adore it, Bernice."

"Humph!" Bernice swung her round. Ann looked lovely in a little-girl gown of Alice Blue chiffon, shirred of skirt, with a Hawaiian lei of forget-me-nots that were excellent imitations of the real thing lying in misty contrast against the whiteness of her skin.

"You're far too pretty to slave in that wretched store. But it won't be for long," Bernice remarked sagely.

Ann stared at her. . . .

Said Bernice, meaningly: "Don't look so surprised. I felt the same way about 'The Laughing Pie'—I mean my job there, and my good salary—but when I knew that Freddie really wanted me after all, wanted to marry me, nothing but him mattered any more."

"And what connection has that with me?" asked Ann.

"Why, darling—" Bernice's eyes widened dramatically—"Aren't you in love with Paul Bradley, your sales manager or whatever he is called? I think he's perfectly gorgeous-looking! I mean, next to Freddie, of course!"

Ann flushed, contrived a light laugh.

"Of all the romantic geese you're the worst, my dear sister! He's my boss, that's all he is. The merchandise manager."

"Well, he'll boss you around plenty once you're married to him, Ann. But that's the kind you need to make you happy. I think he'd make a divine husband."

Useless to argue this; useless to protest. Bernice was in prophetic, dreamy condition.



BUT as Ann drove to the party, over and over she wondered if the merchandise-manager would be there.

She had told him she was going. Knew that he knew Rosalind. Indeed she had dared to throw a hint to Rosalind only a day or two ago as to the excellence of his dancing. Had it taken effect?

Rosalind had a predilection for boys in the early twenties. Anything over twenty-five she regarded as "a bit long in the tooth!"—which was absurd.

As the taxi bounded eastwards, Ann closed her eyes. It almost frightened her to realize how urgently she wanted the merchandise-manager to be present at this party, see her in her lovely little gown, hold her in his arms in the dance.

Rosalind had invited forty people to El Roccoco, in celebration of her twentieth birthday. It was now quarter to eight. Dinner would be at half-past or thereabouts. To spend an hour in cocktailing was fashionable. Got everybody jolly and acquainted. Loosened you up and put you in the right spirit.

By the bar stood Rosalind, the gang about her already in mellifluous mood, if seemed. Rosalind wasn't pretty, but her money and herself were noisy. She was carelessly generous and good-hearted. She could afford it, with her fortune. Immensely popular with the town's gilded youth. A jolly good sport.

Ann liked her.

"Your beau's coming, darling," Rosalind kissed her ecstatically, rolling her eyes. "My high-powered charms were useless over the telephone, so I got granddad to put pressure on him—and he yielded, more or less ungracefully, I imagine. He's a recluse, which is shocking in an Adonis!

But he'll be awfully bucked when he finds out who's his dinner-partner. I've put you next to him."

This was thrilling news.

In the long mirror behind the bar Ann saw her own reflection, and rejoiced at the same. Never had she looked more bewitching. She was far from being conceited, but there was no gainsaying the fact that beauty, daintily attired, was a most potent weapon in attraction. . . . fascination . . . love!

Was she in love with him?

Captain de Freyn strolled languidly up, like an elongated beetle in his dress clothes. "So the little working girl steps out, eh, what? I hear you're slogging night and day. Most praiseworthy, of course! But frightfully fatiguing!" He smiled condescendingly.

Ann saw red. She loathed Captain de Freyn. She looked him straight between his near-set eyes, and said meaningly: "Anyhow it's an honest way of making a living."

"Granted." He shrugged. The grin slid from his face. "But presumably a bit hard on the feet and the temper." With that he turned to Rosalind. Well worth his while she was! Hetress to millions, and a wretched bridge-player!

Thinking of Claire-Claire's bad luck lately—Ann's face dimmed.

Seldom recently had Captain de Freyn partnered her. . . . Was it because of unfavorable gossip that had linked them? . . . gossip she had been afraid might break into an open scandal? Was it because he had found a more stable partner? Or—was it Rosalind?

He was chasing Rosalind? In the past six weeks, Ann had loaned varying sums out of her weekly pay cheque, to Claire. Contract was food and drink and dope to her eldest sister. Why, when they weren't fingering the cards, her hands were twitching—actually twitching for the feel of them! It was horrible.

But what could one do about it? And wasn't Captain de Freyn in a large measure responsible?

Gordon Gavin was at the party at El Roccoco, but no longer did he gravitate about Ann.

She had made him realize that it was useless. That she could never reciprocate his feeling. He had turned for consolation to Renita.

IT was extremely gay at the bar of the night club that evening. . . . Ann was surrounded by old friends. Boys in the early twenties, for the most part. Idle, also, partly from inclination, but mostly because it was so awfully hard to find jobs, despite the supposed lift of the depression. The fact that she was working—was making good in a field that "the set" had barely entered—gave her a kind of prestige in their eyes.

"But we do miss you at the cocktail parties and the old haunts, Ann!" they told her. That pleased her, touched her, for it is good to be remembered, even though one may not regret past gaieties.

Paul Bradley arrived.

By a sixth sense, Ann knew it before she saw him. With his air of definite distinction, making the boys about her look immature and dull, she thought, he greeted his young hostess, and the quick, congratulatory smile he gave her lit up his handsome face, making it doubly attractive.

"For heaven's sake, who is he?" an excited debutante asked Ann.

She did not answer. Her heart was

hammering disconcertingly. Would he see her? Come over? She turned her back on the disturbing vision in the perfectly fitting evening clothes. . . .

With shaking hand Ann was raising a champagne cocktail to her lips when, over her left shoulder, Paul Bradley's lean brown face was reflected in the long mirror behind the bar.

"Quite Hallowe'en-ish, isn't it? You know the old superstition." His attractive voice was very close, and his reflection smiled over her left shoulder.

"About seeing a lover's face? Not a bit appropriate, Mr. Bradley!" Her glass halted in mid-air.

Keep her hand steady, please! She needed it. Oh, why did he say such a thrilling thing to her if there was no meaning, no intention back of it? And had she been too "sit-coming" in her answer? But he had asked it, hadn't he?

HE lifted a brimming glass from the counter, still looking at her in the mirror.

"Why inappropriate? Am I such an old fossil?" were the amazing questions he ventured, under cover of the uproar.

Now Ann had already had one champagne cocktail and a warm and reassuring heat was creeping through her veins. It gave her confidence. She turned to him gaily.

"You could be the youngest man in the world if only you'd let yourself go a little, Mr. Bradley. Don't you know that? Shall we drink to it?" and she smiled at him provocatively over the forget-me-not leis that was the exact color of her eyes.

"Here's to Peter Pan—and you," he said softly, smiling back at her, "and here's to the impulse I have to carry her off to the tree-tops! Is that young enough, Wendy? Let's drink to it."

Laughing, they drank their cocktails. "You look about fifteen. Do you know that?"

"That's a horribly sawky age!"

"Then sweet seventeen!" She thought happily: "He no adept at compliments, though he's trying. I'm glad he isn't smooth and practised! That shows to isn't accustomed to flirting." It reassured her.

More people arrived. Plenty of young men greeted Ann enthusiastically. She wouldn't have been human had she not been flattered. Let Paul see she was popular. A little competition was excellent.

Presently they were all seated at a long dinner-table, Paul to her left. They had their backs to the dance-floor. Directly opposite them was Rosalind, the hostess, with a couple of the bluest-blooded boys in town on either side of her. Rosalind had nibbled considerably, and was in hilarious spirits. Her eyes danced mischievously very times they rested on Ann and her grandfather's merchandise-manager.

To Ann's annoyance, none other than Captain de Freyn sat at her other side. He gave him the back of a resolute shoulder. Pretended she did not hear when he asked, suavely: "Who's the lucky fellow?" He repeated his question.

The look she gave him was Arctic. Whom do you mean?

"The chap with the amoudering black yes. The one you're spreading yourself out for." He grinned unpleasantly.

"I don't happen to appreciate your special brand of humor."

"You don't give me an opportunity to bow it," as he fingered his tooth-brush moustache, in no manner put out. "By the way, how's Claire, and Carol Dittmar? I've

been so absolutely full-up with engagements that I haven't seen either of them in the past age."

"How devastating—for them, naturally," Ann commented sarcastically.

He raised his glass, his moustache lifting at one corner in a wry smile. "I drink to the hopes of a little romance for you, since all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl!"

"Drink to your better pickings and leave me out of it!" she retorted, not mincing her words.

His eyes flicked to Rosalind. Ann turned her back.

The orchestra broke into the strains of "Isle of Capri." Many of the party rose. "Shall we dance?" Paul asked her. She got up.

It was heaven to float with him in the enchanting waltz. Irritation left her—everything left her except the knowledge of his nearness, the sheer magnetism of his touch.

When the music ended, and they had returned to the table, and waiters were filling glasses with champagne, he asked her if she had ever visited Capri. He had once spent a holiday there—"before Mussolini routed out the nuts from the island"—he laughed reminiscently.

No. She had not been there. But she had a longing to see Mallorca, the Spanish island in the Mediterranean so much had been written of. According to rumors, it, too, had its quota of queer but interesting inhabitants.

"Capri is lovelier. The Blue Grotto. The legends. What an ideal place for a honeymoon!" His words surprised him. They had been drawn from him, willy nilly, by a something in her eyes that were the exact colors of the waters. Nostalgia caught him. Was it for Italy? For places? Beauty?

For the right companion?

Love?



HOURS passed. With extraordinary fleetness for Ann. The after-theatre crowd arrived, surging into Il Roccoco, so that the tiny space upon the dance floor grew infinitesimal. That meant that Paul could hold her—perhaps unconsciously—more closely as they danced. He did so. Came a South American bolero. He had booked Rosalind, his hostess, for this number. But Rosalind was in no condition to attempt the intricate steps. They sat it out.

Ann knew the dance. The music seemed to sweep her over blue tropical seas. Across the floor of the nightclub a tall, definitely good-looking man was approaching the table.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance, Miss Delafield?" He stopped in front of her.

It was Tim O'Hallahan, the silk manufacturer.

Voluble Irishman that he was, Tim danced the bolero with grace and verve.

Few at the Il Roccoco could perform it. Many fell by the wayside, figuratively speaking. Except for a couple of professional dancers, soon they had the floor to themselves.

The eyes of many people were upon them. What was Paul Bradley thinking, wondered Ann.

Presently, over Tim's shoulder, she saw

him rise from the remains of dinner—the waiters were now clearing away for supper—and accompany the hostess out to the crowded bar.

The music finished with a wild banging on the drum, and click of the castanets. "Let's go out to the bar, Miss Delafield. We deserve a bit of a wee snifter after our performance," her partner suggested in his rich Irish brogue.

Knowing Paul was there, Ann was nothing loath.

One empty little table-for-two was near the long counter. Tim grabbed it. Hailed a waiter. Before she could stop him he had ordered a bottle of champagne.

"Shure an' it's an unexpected pleasure, running into you here, Miss Delafield! I was at a loose end. Dropped into a show and came on here, shure that I'd find some of the boys. But niver did I imagine such good luck!"

The waiter brought two glasses, and the bottle of champagne set in a bucket of ice. He twirled it about.

"I can only wait a minute," Ann said nervously. "I'm in Rosalind Barclay's party. I'll have to go back."

"Not until we've drunk to the occasion," replied Tim genially, a light of very obvious admiration shining in his eyes. "Hey, waiter, get a move on!"

"It isn't cold enough, sir—"

THE devil with it! We're thirsty!" Tim grabbed the bottle, wrenched the wire off, and with a terrific pop and splash the cork flew to the ceiling. Paul Bradley turned around. Saw Ann with the silk manufacturer. They exchanged nods, briefly.

"Shure, we can't get away from business! But it's not business I'm thinking of," said Tim O'Hallahan, contradicting himself in true Irish style. "I'm thinking of a girl with eyes as bewitching as the sea pools in the rocks of Connemara!"

There was no stopping Tim O'Hallahan. Rosalind's long table was deserted, all her guests being either at the bar or on the dance floor. And there was something stimulating in his open admiration. Handsome, well-dressed, prosperous, kindly, one needn't be ashamed of the manufacturer.

Ann drank her champagne gratefully, for she was thirsty. Heard his voice croon on to cadences that would woo a bird from the bough. Amusing folks, the Irish! Born flirts, most of them.

"An' will ye dine with me one evening, Miss Delafield? Shure I'll be fairly counting the days!"

"I don't go out much in the evenings. You see, I'm pretty tired after the day's over, and often I work late," she parried.

"Are ye fond of music?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm mad about it."

He beamed.

"Then maybe ye'd let me escort you to the opera one evening? Take pity on a lonesome bachelor and say 'yes,' will ye?"

She put her glass down on the table.

"It's awfully kind of you to suggest it, Mr. O'Hallahan, but I'm afraid it would be—well—against the policy of the store. I mean, for me to be seen with you alone in public. I know it sounds silly, but as we do have business dealings pretty frequently it might be misunderstood if we were—what shall I say?—to appear socially together."

He drummed disappointedly on the little table. There was a pause.

Then his face lightened as he suggested sending two tickets to her for next Monday night's "Samson and Delilah." "They're seats in a box, if I remember rightly. Didn't

you once mention your mother being fond of the opera? You could take her, Miss Deland."

Now, Ann knew that Lolly would love that fashionable evening at the Metropolitan. For, since the crash, she had had to relinquish her much-cherished love. To see and be seen was as great a passion with Lolly as was the music of Debussy. So she accepted the manufacturer's offer of two tickets.

"I'll come by your office and give them to you Monday morning." This was Saturday night.

"Oh, no. It might be noticed. Not that there's any harm in taking them," she amended quickly, "but if you'd mail them to my home, I think it would be better."

"O KAY. May I have your address, please?" He took from a pocket of his evening vest a little notebook and a pencil, and at that psychological moment Paul Bradley passed their table with Rosalind Barclay, overheard the question, saw the gesture, and in a quick, astonished look at Ann, saw her flush scarlet, as though guilty.

One in the morning. The party continuing. Growing larger, noisier. Everything humming in beautiful melody in Ann's ear.

This was real living. Glamorous setting. Glamorous man beside her. The champagne mounting. Laughter. . . .

Who was she dancing with? Paul Bradley? But no, it wasn't Paul. It was Tim O'Hallahan, the handsome silk manufacturer to whom she gave so many orders. Why was she dancing with him when he wasn't in her party? Wouldn't Rosalind be angry? Was it because having declined to let him take her to the opera she wanted to make it up to him?

Someone was pushing his way through the packed dance floor towards her. . . . taking her from her partner with an: "Excuse me! My turn!"

Dizzily, Ann found herself looking up into the face of the merchandise manager, which wasn't smiling now, as at the commencement of the evening, but looking rather stern. . . .

Was her face flushed? Was her hair untidy? Did she look as though she had had too much champagne?

But it was fashionable to be giddy at these nightclub parties. Paul was an ogre. "Are you an ogre, Mr. Bradley?" she heard her own voice ask.

"No. But when you're ready I think it might be a good idea to get away from all this. Time's moving along."

"Don't you like to dance with me, Mr. Bradley?" Lovely how the champagne gave one such a freedom from convention, so that one didn't stick at personal questions. Why shouldn't one find out what was so vitally important as his feeling, or lack of feeling, for her? Weren't inhibitions antiquated?

"Yes. I do love dancing with you. You dance beautifully. But I don't want you to take any more champagne."

The words cut clearly through the blissful haze about her. She stiffened. Drew away. "Let be get my cloak, please."

He caught her to him, the little fringes unnoticed by the other dancers. They moved on.

"I don't want to seem like an ogre or an old grandfather," he told her, and now he was smiling. "You know, Rosalind's drinks are very potent. We've all had plenty. Time to put on the brakes, little girl!"

The diminutive was heartening. She heard her own voice saying, breathlessly: "But I don't want to put on the brakes! I

want to be happy, and I'm terribly happy dancing with you! I'm—thrilled!"

The music finished. Putting a strong hand under her elbow, he piloted her up to Rosalind, who loudly lamented their departure. . . .

A big white moon shone over the East River, made the tall buildings seem like fairy castles towering into alvery skies.

It was part and parcel of to-night's glamor, thought the couple who emerged from El Rocio. There was a line of waiting taxis. Paul hailed one. The cold, keen air pulled Ann together, loosening little feathery curls about her face whose pallor was now whipped to a soft rose.

The taxi started, bowling her swiftly homeward.

She thought: "If it were only a longer drive!" So few, so aching few, were the occasions that she and Paul Bradley had had together!

His mind was a receiving station for her wish. Or the same desire rose simultaneously in him, too. For when Third Avenue was reached he told the driver to take a turn through Central Park, round by the reservoir.

She leaned back in the cab, very near him, her black velvet wrap an effective background for her beauty.

He drew out a flat gold cigarette-case. "Smoke?"

"Please."

She noted the long, fine lines of the hand that cupped the lighted match he offered her. She had woven dreams about those hands of his that looked as though they could be very gentle, though strongly moulded. And from them, surreptitiously, she glanced at the clean-cut face that had strength in every line of it. A face that one could trust. . . . dear heaven! A face that one could love, infinitely!

And the impulse came to Ann to blow out that lighter match, to do what she had dreamed of doing this past age. To take that beautifully sculptured head in her two hands and run her fingers through the thick, flatly brushed mass of his hair, so that it might rumple into little-boy curls, as she had once seen it in the stockroom when he had lent a hand to a tired employee who was struggling with the heavy bales of silk that had come in from the Orient.

So keen was this primitive impulse—fought down at once, of course—that Ann, her cigarette lighted, took it from her lips and drew a long, deep breath, like a swimmer coming up for air.



"T
TIRED?"

"Not at all. It's a splendid evening. Did you enjoy it, Mr. Bradley?" Did her voice sound natural? He must not guess the tumult going on inside of her! It was wonderful—but somehow humiliating that he had the power to move her, stir her, when he had not yet spoken a single word of love to her.

"I certainly did enjoy it. It made me feel—how shall I express it?—young again."

He smiled. Watching him from the shadows—the moon obscured under a passing cloud—the flash of his white, even teeth and regular profile drawing her irresistibly, she

struggled for composure, was furious with herself for her lack of savoir-faire.

"But you are young! It's just having such an important position in the store that makes you feel—well—responsible. Isn't that so?" (How foolish it sounded!)

"I'm a good ten years older than you, my dear. And a decade makes an awful lot of difference!"

"Why, you're not hinting that we're like May and November?" slipped from Ann. Immediately she thought: "Didn't I once hear him telling a buyer that the greatest fault of women was that they always take the personal angle? Turn every generality to themselves? That it was a maddening failing?" And she felt ashamed, awaiting his reply.

He opened his mouth as though to speak, and then blew a ring of smoke into the air. The taxi swung into Central Park South, and to the left of them, radiant in the moonlight, the Japanese lake lay dreaming. Through the leafless trees, the myriad lights of great skyscrapers.

"May and November?" he repeated idly. And then he gave a curiously wry sort of grin. "While we're on this subject, what about O'Hallahan? Didn't you give him a good deal of—er—encouragement this evening?"

"Mr. O'Hallahan," said Ann quickly, "is merely a business acquaintance. Please understand that. He wandered alone into the night club, and seeing me a wallflower—a temporary wallflower—came over and asked me to dance the bolero. I love the bolero. He really danced beautifully. I think," she added anxiously, "that in view of our business connection, I should have refused to dance?"

"O H, not at all. There's no reason why you shouldn't, but you must admit you did permit him to monopolize a good deal of your time?"

Was he jealous? Paul Bradley jealous of the attractive silk manufacturer? Or was it that she really had transgressed store ethics, laying herself open to legitimate criticism from "the boss?"

Forgetting that Paul Bradley had seen what was apparently her home address or telephone number being committed to his little black book by Tim O'Hallahan, she blundered, in her anxiety: "I wouldn't dream of going out places with him, you understand."

"That's a wise course to take, for I don't have to tell you a store is a hot-bed for gossip—"

Whereupon the fact that they themselves were driving tete-a-tete in Central Park long after midnight struck them simultaneously. They looked at each other, burst out laughing like two children. The tension was eased.

They chatted on varying subjects, getting to know each other better. Would she like to go to Paris for the early-spring openings? He himself would probably be going over. With a gay lift of the heart, Ann eagerly assured him that nothing would please her more than a trip to the French capital.

Paris in spring-time! Flowering chestnut trees along the Champs Elysees! Perhaps gay little dinners out in the Bois with Paul?

"A New York spring comes in with a rush, and is over quickly, but a Paris spring is the loveliest thing in the world, surely," said Ann, a catch in her young, vibrant voice, her blue eyes lighted with anticipation.

He asked: "What was it that the poet Lord Tennyson wrote?"

"Something terribly hackneyed nowadays! In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," she quoted.

"Does it have to be spring for that Ann?" He was leaning forward towards her as the taxi skinned smoothly under the leafless trees. "Even in winter, can't one—?"

She was in his arms, lost in the wonder and the glory of his kisses.

Monday night. Her heart full of Paul Bradley as with her mother, she hearkened to the first act of "Samson and Delilah" from the seats in the box at the Metropolitan that had been given her by Tim O'Hallahan.

When the curtain fell, tears of emotion stood in Ann's blue eyes. Lollie was scanning the Golden Horseshoe with her opera glasses, recognising friends and enemies "of happier days," as she was wont to refer, sentimentally, to that period before the crash. Several of them came to visit her.

When the lights were again lowered, and the curtain rung up on Act II, Ann was presently to sense a large presence on the hitherto vacant chair at her left.

A man—immaculate in evening clothes, with a white gardenia in the satin lapel of his tail-coat. Tim O'Hallahan! So he had stolen a march on her? Got around her refusal of coming here alone with him! Indignant at his action, she kept her eyes upon the stage, but when the curtain was rung down and the lights went up, of course she had to speak to Tim, present him to mother.

Through her jewelled lorgnette (last relic of past grandeur) the pretty, petulant Mrs. Delafield surveyed this "possibility" for Ann.

Marriage—with money—money that would help the family fortunes—Lollie's small mind could go no further.

The man looked like money! Came the sibilant whisper from her mother: "What does he do, Ann?"

"He's a silk manufacturer."

"YOU mean, the O'Hallahan with the huge mill in New Jersey?"

"Yes! Careful! He'll hear you!"

"And a bachelor?"

Ann nodded. "Do hush, darling!"

"Perhaps, Mr. O'Hallahan," said Lollie ever so sweetly, and before Ann could check her, "you'd give us the pleasure of your company at dinner one evening? My daughter—" with a complacent smile at Ann—"has told me so much about you that I quite seem to know you already!"

"Delighted, I'm sure," said Tim. Many eyes had been levelled from all parts of the Metropolitan on the handsome trio.

But the eyes that viewed them with the greatest satisfaction belonged to an unaccompanied woman in a cheap gallery seat.

Brenda Selz enjoyed the opera, but had to pay for her own ticket. Through powerful double glasses, she scrutinised Tim O'Hallahan—and Ann Delafield. Her mouth twisting ironically.

"So the wind lies in that quarter? I thought as much!"

Next morning at the store, she lingered in Ann's department—apparently in friendly fashion.

"Nice little line of lingerie!" Her sharp eyes scanned the price tags. "But aren't they a bit high?"

"Oh, no. It's first-class material," Ann told her.

Brenda went off to her lunch. She wasted little time on food, however. She planned dropping in at some rival stores. The lingerie sections were her objective. The particular line of lingerie she had commented on, in Ann's department, was certainly not "moving." By the grapevine system she had heard it, and rejoiced.

Making the rounds, Brenda finally landed in Marcus & Pickard's big emporium, a store's throw from Barclay & Weiss. Prowling around the silken garments of the competitors, she made a discovery! The identical line of lingerie that Ann was featuring—had even advertised on Sunday in the lay-out—was selling like hot cakes to the customers at considerably less price



"THESE marked down?" she inquired of a salesgirl, certain that style, cut, material, finish were identical with those of Ann's.

"Certainly not. But they're excellent value," the salesgirl assured her.

Brenda sped across the street, and within fifteen minutes was closeted with Herman Weiss, co-owner of the store with old Tom Barclay, who was really in the nature of a sleeping partner, and now sunning his bones on the sands of the South.

"I've come to you in confidence, because I'm afraid there's something going on in the lingerie department of which you should be informed." It was not the first time that the Gift Shop buyer had tattled to the "big shot" of the store, who trusted her no more than he trusted any other of his employees, with the exception of Paul Bradley. But he listened, for her spying precocities were Grade A, and she was usually fairly accurately informed, he had discovered.

"Humph!" grunted Herman, turning a fishy eye on Brenda. "Go ahead!"

"You know that line of lingerie we advertised last Sunday a week ago, in the big double spread? Do you know why we're stuck with it? It's because Marcus & Pickard are terrifically underselling us with the same quality goods—the identical same stuff as Miss Delafield ordered in quantities from O'Hallahan!"

"Is—that—so?" Herman leaned back in his swivel chair, his eyes on Brenda, his thick lips nervously rolling the soggy end of his cigar.

The Gift Shop buyer nodded. Waited. Knew what was coming.

"She's been buying heavily from this fellow ever since she's been in charge! Only yesterday, Mo Seidenbaum was in here complaining that he doesn't get a look-in from her. S'matter of fact, I been putting two and two together, and they don't make four!" said Herman Weiss.

"She naturally wouldn't give Mo a break when she's around everywhere with Tim O'Hallahan," Brenda replied.

"So she steps out with him, huh?"

"He had her in a box at the opera last night."

"It's a shame," said wily Brenda, "that you should be landed with a big consignment of goods that won't move. And the space that was given it in the Sunday lay-out, and again last Wednesday. People

have been kidding about it—I mean, the other buyers."

"Does Bradley know all this?"

"I haven't any idea," said Brenda.

"He ought to." Herman pressed a button on his desk, and rose. He had his own opinion of Ann Delafield—those stuck-up Delafields who had dared to snub his daughters—why! Now he remembered that Becky had had quite a crush on Tim O'Hallahan, and Tim hadn't been around to see her in the past week or so, and Momma had told him Becky had been crying about it. The fickle Irishman had dared to double-cross him in two ways!

His secretary came in from the outer office.

"Get Miss Delafield on the phone immediately, and have her come right here."

Brenda departed, looking exactly like the cat that had swallowed the canary. Herman sank back in his chair.

Not only was Delafield a rotten buyer, putting him in the red and all, with this consignment, but she was accepting graft, he was assured. Instead of giving her money out of his own pocket, the tricky O'Hallahan, the Irish devil, was charging extra on the goods supplied to her department, on her orders, giving her the surplus, making the store pay through the nose.

"I'll fire her! But first she'll get an earful that'll surprise her!" said Herman balefully as he awaited Ann.

ANN did not see Mr. Herman Weiss that fateful afternoon.

For disaster had hit the house of Delafield, with the likelihood of reverberations much farther-reaching than the accusations of graft-taking to be levelled at the youngest daughter.

While Brenda Selz was closeted with the store-owner, pouring out her venom, Ann had received a frantic telephone call in her department from Claire's best friend, Carol Dimar.

"For land's sake, Ann, come home at once! There's a detective in the flat, and Claire's going to be taken in front of the district-attorney!"

Telling her assistant to carry on that afternoon, Ann leaped into a taxi, promising the driver an extra tip if he could reach the house between Lexington and Third Avenue in record time.

He did so.

White-faced, Ann raced up the steps of the old brownstone building and let herself into the apartment. The sound of half-muffled sobbing smote her ears.

Lollie? It would kill her mother if disgrace came to the family! Or was it Claire crying? For a long time she had dreaded while she anticipated calamity to her eldest sister, with her mania for contract, her mad passion to win.

At the turn of the key in the lock Carol Dimar came out into the little entrance lobby, ordered Ann into the nearest bedroom—which was Lollie's—closed the door.

"If she's only told me she wanted money I'd have got it for her somehow! But it's too late now! She'll get a sentence!" Carol announced dramatically.

"What's happened?" In the midst of her own shock and terror it was amazingly borne in on Ann that Claire's best friend was revelling in her downfall, or something very like it. It was horrible.

"She's done something terrible! Why, there was a case in the papers similar, only a week or so ago, and the man got from ten to twenty years. Of course he'd spent the insurance money on the

jewellery, and fortunately Claire hasn't, for she hadn't got it—"

Ann gripped her wrist so hard that Carol stopped short. "For heaven's sake, cut it out, and get to the point!" snapped Ann.

"Let go! You're hurting! It isn't you who should take that attitude; it's I who have a right to be annoyed! Dragging me into a criminal case, hauling me up before a jury! Herbert'll be furious!" (Herbert was her husband.)

Ann shot at her: "What has Claire done?"

The false friend tossed her head. "You may well ask. Only insured—on the sly, mark you!—my four-carat solitaire I loaned her as security on 1500 dollars I'd lost to her in a card game! I told her she could keep it till I paid her what I owed. I'd overdrawn my allowance and my bank account, and Herbert was mad at me for playing so much contract, so I trusted Claire—and what do you think she did?"

"JUST the facts, please. Don't elaborate," Ann told her sharply.

"After I'd paid her the 1500 dollars and she'd returned the ring to me, she'd the criminal nerve to go to the insurance company with a trumped-up tale of having lost the ring—her ring!—and boldly claiming the 1500 dollars insurance money!"

"Did they pay it?" And's voice seemed to come from very far off.

"No, they didn't. They aren't such fools. They put an investigator on the job, and he came snooping here this afternoon. Thinking he was an ordinary caller the maid let him in."

"And he's with Claire now? Is Lolly there, too?"

"She's out. Mercifully everybody's out but us. Bernice is at the doctor's. Your mother is at a luncheon party. Not that you can hope to hide it from them! I guess everyone in town will know pretty soon."

"And there you're dead wrong!" Ann said with spirit. "I'm going to set this thing straight!" She swept past the bearer of bad tidings into the big, shabby living-room, to find Claire staring wretchedly out of the window, with reddened eyelids, and a grim-faced man standing on the hearth-rug.

Without preamble, Ann addressed him in businesslike tones. "You're the investigator from the insurance company?"

"Yes. My name's Beacon. I'm from the Adjustment of Claims office." He nodded over Ann's shoulder in the direction of Carol Dittmar, who, anxious to miss nothing that would humiliate the Delafields, had followed Ann into the room. "I came here to find out all I could about Miss Delafield's lost ring, and first thing I saw was the dead spit of it on the hand of—Mrs.—"

"Dittmar," said Carol.

She added eagerly: "And he admired it, and not knowing what he was after, I took it off my finger when he asked me to, and let him have a look at the mounting, and the initials Herbert had had put inside it—C.D. Carol Dittmar."

"These are Claire's initials, too," began Ann. Then she saw a wry twist on the face of the investigator. From his pocket he pulled out a photograph of the ring. "Miss Delafield," he said, "will remember this picture being taken in our office when she came down to pay the premium on the ring which she claimed was her own property."

Ann looked at her eldest sister, felt a queer tug of compassion draw her over to the despondent figure.

"Have you anything to say, Claire?" she whispered, putting a hand on her shoulder to reassure her, make her understand that she was with her, happen what may.

"Doesn't seem much good my talking, when Carol and Mr. Beacon—Beacon—have settled it all between ourselves," Claire murmured.

Carol bridled. "Well, I must say you're not showing much gratitude! How was I to know what was in the wind? Or that you'd a ring that looked like this and with the same initials in it? How was I to tell Mr. Beacon anything different from what I did, which was the absolute truth?"

"You loaned this ring to Miss Delafield?" he repeated, his gaze resting appraisingly on Carol, who shrugged, rolling her eyes towards the ceiling.

Ann intervened.

"Now that the ring's been found, Miss Delafield naturally drops her claim against your company. She was going to notify you, of course, and save you the bother of coming here. We're really sorry to have given you so much trouble. And now—"

trying to carry it off naturally—"I'll have to get back to the store. Perhaps I could drop you off at your office, Mr. Beacon? The International Insurance Company is on my route."

Mr. Beacon stuck the thumb of each hand into the armpits of his vest.



"SORRY, but it's my duty to make a full report to the Adjuster of Claims. We've had too much hanky-panky of this nature. In order to protect the company we'll have to prosecute Miss Delafield on a charge of attempting to get money out of us on false pretences and misrepresentations. It's a clear case for the district-attorney."

"My sister had a perfect right to insure the ring when it was in her keeping, and to go to you when it was missing—for it was missing for a time," declared Ann. "The mistake was in not telephoning you when it was finally found and returned to its original owner. You have no case whatever for the district-attorney. Claire, Carol, come to the bedroom right away with me and put on your hats and coats and we'll all go to the insurance office." Before either of the young women could recover their voices she had swept them out of the living-room, telling Mr. Beacon over her shoulder to please wait a minute, and they'd be right back.

"Now, listen, Carol," she said brusquely, when the trio were out of earshot of the investigator, with the door of Claire's bedroom carefully closed, "whether Claire said the ring was hers or not has no bearing on what's happened. The ring was lost for a definite period. Apparently you don't know that. But now get it straight."

"D'you take me for a complete fool?" Carol sneered. "I'm not one to want to get Claire into trouble, but believe me I'm not going to mix my good name in this mess. I'm not going near either the district-attorney or the claim-adjuster, not though you go down on your bended knees,

Ann Delafield! I've my home and my husband to consider!"

Claire trembled and sank into a chair, but Ann resolutely faced Carol. "No one's going on their knees but you're going back in that living-room and corroborate what I just said to the investigator—that Claire did lose the ring and was frightened to death to tell you, but notified the insurance company, as was proper."

Carol's eyes narrowed. So they'd try to force her hand?

"If you want me to do you a big favor you're going the wrong way about it, commanding me—"

Said Ann: "I do command you. Else—"

"Else what?"

She looked Carol in the eye, her young face like steel.

"You just mentioned your good name—your home, and your husband. You have these to consider. Then what about the week-end in Atlantic City with Captain de Freyn?"

Carol's mouth fell open. A slow, blinding red crept from the V-neck of her dress up to her very forehead.

"How dare you say such a thing?" she hissed at Ann. "It's libel! I—I could sue you for it!"

"Go ahead. I'm sure Herbert would be interested to know that when you and you were in Boston, at the ball game, you and Captain de Freyn were at Atlantic City. You see Cora Schwartz, from whom you bought that very bag you're carrying, happened to be right at the hotel desk beside you when the captain registered."

"It was somebody else. I tell you, stammered Carol, crimson no longer but deadly white.

"On the contrary, Cora was quite definite it was you, Carol," said Ann.

"If it comes to a show-down, there's a question about witnesses, Carol."

Ensnared a pause . . .

Discretion was the better part of valor. Carol admitted to herself that she should have thought of that before her trip to Atlantic City, as most certainly she was to think of it now, when caught red-handed . . .

"It's silly of us quarrelling over nothing," she said shortly, "when all I want to do is get Claire out of the mess she's landed herself in, over the ring. I'm sure I hope this'll be a lesson to her." She marched back to the living-room, Ann following close behind her, and up to Mr. Beacon. "It won't be necessary for me to go down with you to your company, for what you've been told is perfectly correct. The ring was lost a couple of weeks ago, and Claire was worried to death about it, and then she found it and gave it back to me, not telling me it had been missing, and meaning to notify you, and then, I suppose, forgetting about it. So the claim's dropped."

"And now, Mr. Beacon," Ann said quickly, the instant Carol had delivered her say-so, "perhaps you'll accept my offer of a lift in the taxi I'm taking downtown!"

THE offices of the International Insurance Company were miles away from her department-store upon the Avenue, but Ann intended sticking by the investigator so that the two of them might face the claims adjuster together . . . the same story that would lift the stigma from her sister.

There was no time left that day to return to the store.

Ann's interview in the adjustment of claims department of the insurance com-

pany took longer than expected . . . not that time mattered when it came to the clearing of her sister's reputation . . . devoted to her family as Ann was, she would have spent days and weeks, if necessary, in defence of the insanely reckless Claire.

Terrible as the incident had been, throwing a highlight on Claire's character and obvious lack of scruples, Ann realised that out of evil a threefold good would doubtless spring.

Claire's eyes had been abruptly opened to Carol Dittmar's falseness, to the knowledge that their friendship had been built upon the quicksands of a mutual liking for gambling, and that—lacking Ann's championing—Carol would have seen Claire go under without exerting herself to avert the disaster. Claire could never again regard Carol as a true friend.

SECONDLY, there was the exposure of Captain de Freyn. His trip with Carol to Atlantic City must, to Claire's eyes, put the final seal upon him of underhandedness, of complete lack of principle. Thirdly—and most important, to Ann's mind—Claire's main awakening lay in her narrow escape from justice.

But once the strain was over in the Claims Department, and Ann, her mission finished, had emerged into the clear, cold sunshine of the late March afternoon, her thoughts reverted happily to Paul Bradley, to his magic kisses in the taxicab that had swung them round the park in the moonlight of the wee, small hours of Sunday morning—less than two days ago, that was. And the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to her!

Over and over she repeated to herself Paul's words on that never-to-be-forgotten ride.

"I'm afraid I'm falling in love with you, Ann," he had whispered, kissing her—and then he'd kissed her again . . . and again.

She hadn't resisted. With every pulse hammering in a divine ecstasy she had yielded to the glory and wonder of his arms, his kisses.

"It's amazing, but it's true! He means it!" her heart sang in her breast.

Words seemed superfluous between them. This breaking down of barriers between them spoke volumes. Hadn't she dreamed of it for months past?

Finally, it was he who had drawn back. But not for an instant had he taken his eyes from her as she sat beside him in a sweet dream. Then it had all begun over again—his tenderness, his kisses. She could have swooned from the sheer rapture of it.

Impossible to connect him with the stern, business-like executive she had first known! The streak of hardness, of scepticism in him gleamed from the difficult places in life had vanished. He was delicate, tender, the ideal lover, finding her utterly desirable and lovely, his every caress telling her so.

He was her man.

"Afraid you're falling in love?" she had whispered to Paul in the taxi. "Am I so terrible?"

What he had said had sent the blood in delicious waves to her ten fingers, her ten toes.

"Then you aren't afraid! You're happy!" No need for words. She had turned her pretty face to him, as a sunflower towards the sun, and he had kissed her as though nothing in the world could ever separate them.

Came the eternal woman's question: "Why do you love me, Paul? I want to hear."

"For something more than the allure of

you—something above and beyond physical attraction," had come his earnest answer.

"Do you know so very much about me?" she had ventured happily, in the haven of his arms.

His dark eyes were very tender as he told her that he loved her for her courage in shouldering family burdens—Rosamund had told him all about it during the course of the evening, and before that, her grandfather, old Tom Bradley, had enlightened him.

For her standard of conduct, too, he loved her, that innate delicacy and refinement that was Ann. For her loyalty to her job, for the capacity she had of never tattling, of soft-peddling or overlooking the defects of her fellow-workers, even when they were catty to her, and sought to harm her, through jealousy.

For her dignity, too, he loved her. For her sweetness of nature that had been severely tested. For the sheer femininity of the young girl that was Ann.

"Brains and beauty are a wonderful combination," he had told her in the taxi, "but there are still better things, and you have got them, dear."

Would he ask her to marry him? Of course, if he really loved her, he would!

"Are you happy, Ann?" There was a strain of the old-fashioned in Paul Bradley. Ann had seen it. He would want to meet her parents, visit her home, do things conventionally. He was no Freddie Brandon, no Captain de Freyn.

He would want to claim her proudly, before everybody. It would all be above-board, and clear sailing. She trusted him. But they could not ride forever in Central Park. Dawn started to streak the sky over towards the East River.

On the doorstep of the brown-stone house which was her home he gave her a quick handclasp. The taxi waited.

"You've been so sweet to me to-night, my dear. I shall never forget it."

Somehow the words had struck her with a faint, forbidding chill.

"You don't know how I've appreciated everything. It has been a happy evening?" he asked her.

Happy? What an inadequate word to describe an emotion—a whole gamut of emotions—that were like sunlit waves of the ocean, waiting for her to the Isles of the Blessed!

Why, she had never lived until this glorious evening! She'd been like a poor little chrysalis imprisoned—not realising the wonder and the glory waiting for her—with Paul Bradley.

"And one of these evenings we'll have to do it again."



IT confused her, dashed her. She longed to hear him say: "To-morrow I'll telephone you. Maybe we could go to church together?"—or—"Maybe we can take a long walk in the park?" The almond blossoms were just breaking into bloom up by the bridle-path where Ann had used to ride on horseback, Sunday mornings. Would it be unconsciously bold to ask him? Dare she?

But she was sensitive. "We'll have to do it again one evening," he repeated, and looked up at the windows

of the house as though to remind her of the lateness of their return.

She was ashamed of the longing that caught her to be in his arms, just for a farewell moment, feel his warm kiss on her mouth, hear him ask her for a definite appointment.

None of these things happened. With a second handclasp—quick, conventional—he bade her good-night, walked down the steps to the waiting taxicab.

Ann was the first of her staff to arrive in her department on Wednesday morning. She was to have a window display.

That meant Ramtess, the clever dresser, putting his best foot foremost, and Ann wanted to be in on it, seeing that everything was perfect, before the great shade on the window was rolled up.

She revelled in the lingerie department with its garments like exotic flowers.

But a tiny frown puckered her brow as her gaze lit on the consignment of underwear that was not selling. Would it have to be marked down?

Like a housewife, she had her buying allowance from the merchandise manager, Paul Bradley. If she could not dispose of the goods it would be her first humiliation since promotion. Yet the manufacturer had assured her of the excellent value of the goods, and her own knowledge of silks had corroborated it. Besides, whatever his failings, Tim O'Hallahan was honest in his business dealings.

What about pepping up her salesgirls by offering them a small commission on this merchandise, since she did not care to make a "mark-down"?

Putting it out of her mind for a moment, she went into the Negligee Salon.

SOMEONE was there. A man, among the boudoir robes, the charming pyjamas and trail undies—looking huge and rather helpless in this hothouse of femininity, with its gilded chairs and sofas, its pink velvet carpet, its window draped with blue and rose and golden tassels, in the Du Barry style.

Ann blinked, halted. It was Paul Bradley, the merchandise manager, rising from a rose velvet couch, coming towards her.

Waves of lovely color swept into her face. "Good morning. This is an early meeting," smiled Ann.

But there was no smile on the lips of the merchandise manager. His mouth looked tense as, for a moment, he stared at her silently. Was he regretting the taxi ride in the early hours of Sunday morning? Already, in sane and sober mood, was he regarding it as an indiscretion?

What did she really know about him? Perhaps after a party it was his habit to make love to pretty girls?

"You—you look terribly serious. Is anything the matter?" Ann stammered.

"I'm afraid so. You were wanted yesterday afternoon by Mr. Weiss in his office."

She thought: "Calamities never come singly! As though it weren't bad enough about poor Claire!"

She said aloud: "I had to go home on an urgent family matter. Sudden illness." She hated fibbing, but never must Paul Bradley know Claire's narrow escape. Whatever trouble might be brewing for herself, her family must be protected, cost what it might.

"Did you know," asked Paul, "that our competitors are offering, at a much lower price, the identical line of lingerie that you

purchased through O'Hallahan? That it's selling hand over fist, while you're stuck with your consignment?"

"I knew that special line hasn't been doing well in my department this past ten days, but the reason was beyond me," replied Ann. "The silk's worth the money—the lace and embroideries likewise—and the cut's excellent. It's news to me that a rival store has it at reduced prices. Perhaps a sale?"

"No."

"Then why—?" She broke off. Why was he staring at her so, with accusation in his eyes?

"You've been favoring O'Hallahan to the exclusion of other textile manufacturers. That's had policy. It lays one open to criticism."

"I'm terribly sorry. I bought from him because I considered I got the best value from him for the store."

"And now you're stuck with goods you can't get rid of. Mr. Weiss is very much upset about it, especially as we've given such space to this line in the advertising—fruitless lay-outs and all."

"What can I do?" asked Ann helplessly. "Shall I offer the salesgirl a commission? Take a markdown? Or what?"

"The rent of your department is far from being negligible, appraised as it is at so much per square footage. It occupies a considerable area in the best location in the store. You have extra lights, as in this season, which make expenses higher. Recently, too, some of the other buyers have been feeling that you have been favored in the matter of space in the advertising. Therefore, legitimately your running schedule has no margin for costly mark-downs—or for shop-lifting," he added.

Now Ann already knew there was a certain margin for stealing in the store. Despite the detectives and their vigilance, merchandise sometimes failed to tally in the various departments, and losses of that sort were put down to shop-lifters.

But she had never experienced it in the lingerie section.

"Shop-lifting?" she echoed.

He said, almost irritably: "Oh, I know you haven't had troubles yet in the matter of theft."

"So Mr. Weiss wants to see me? Is he here now? Shall I go right up to his office?" asked Ann.

"He isn't in yet. He'll send for you when he wants you. I came to prepare you for an interview that may be—unpleasant. He was almost choleric yesterday about what he considers is an inexcusable blunder on your part. In fact," said the merchandise-manager worriedly, "it's only fair to tell you he was quite prepared to let you out yesterday. I had a talk with him, however. Not that it apparently has had much result."

ANN'S quiet dignity did not desert her in this situation, even though the whole world seemed to be toppling about her ears. To be fired from the job that meant so much to her and to her family. Worse still, to lose contact with the man who had told her that he loved her—whom she loved achingly—and who now was treating her as though nothing beyond the ordinary civilities of store-life had ever passed between them. It was as though he had a dual personality. But pride helped her. She summoned it forcefully.

Where a weaker or more designing character would have traded—or attempted trading—on their more delicate relationship outside the store, Ann's manner was completely business-like, detached, as she

told the merchandise-manager that certainly she would resign if her services were no longer wanted.

"Don't do that." The first human gleam came into the fine eyes. "Mr. Weiss is temperamental. He gets exaggerated notions in his head as to the reasons motivating his executives. In moments of anger, or of worry, his imagination flies off at a tangent. His suspicions run ahead of him."

This was cryptic information. Exactly what was he trying to convey to her? She was suspected of something over and above being an incompetent buyer! He was skirting round it, hesitating to come out in the open!

Why?

Because of his feeling for her? Or because of the transient emotion that a flirtation with a pretty girl had brought out?

Ann felt that she hated everybody. Specially loathed Paul Bradley at that moment. His maxim as to business and love not mixing came back to her forcibly.

"If Mr. Weiss will have the courtesy to tell me what he actually suspects me of, then I shall have an opportunity to clear myself," said Ann.

Paul Bradley was thinking of what Herman Weiss had told him yesterday, about Ann being in a box at the opera with Tim O'Hallahan. How she had fooled him, pulled the wool over his eyes, assuring him that she declined Tim's invitation, and the very next night, after his declaration in the taxi-cab, flaunted herself in public with Tim!



RAMSESSE, the window-dresser, appeared at the door of the salon, asking Mr. Bradley and the lingerie buyer please to come for a preview of his handiwork.

But, shaking his head, the merchandise-manager strode out to the main floor and elevators, and so up to his own office.

It was a terrible morning for Ann. The axe was hanging . . . was liable to fall at any moment . . . but, infinitely worse than the loss of a job she valued, was the detached, cold attitude of one she had trusted implicitly, believed every word of love he had spoken.

If this change of demeanor towards her were prompted by her error of judgment in buying, then surely it was inordinately harsh? Unjustified?

Paul Bradley, when she had put the question to him in a spirit of sarcasm, had admitted that he considered women unreliable in business, and unable to meet men on their own ground.

It made her furious. He was narrow-minded.

The fleeting suspicion that he was jealous of Tim O'Hallahan at Rosalind's party had gone from her mind. His recent, coldly-spoken rebuke against the manufacturer being unduly favored with orders from her came from a business man—her boss, had no hint of the personal.

How could she know that she had been seen at the opera with Tim O'Hallahan by the Gift Shop buyer? Her mother's chaperonage was omitted from the story which had been retailed to Herman Weiss?

Nor had Herman's version of her intimacy with the silk manufacturer lacked anything, imaginatively speaking, when yesterday he had summoned the merchan-

dise manager to his office. Herman could insinuate so skillfully that, no matter how one hated his innuendoes, some of the mud stuck. Not only for business reasons, but because of family reasons, the store-owner had it in for Ann.

Not outright did Herman unfold these suspicions to Paul.

But enough was said to shake his trust in Ann Delafield. She had lied to him about refusing invitations. Fooled him over Tim O'Hallahan. That was certain. Yet feeling died hard.

"I have found her extremely competent and hard-working. Up to now, she has been a most capable buyer," he had told Mr. Weiss.

"Humph!"—incredulously.

"I grant you that her rise has been a rapid one, but I felt I was justified in the promotion."

"Oh, I know you're all for the buyers being young," conceded Herman. He chewed on the end of his cigar. "In my day, we considered that only the years brought experience. Now Miss Selz of the Gift Shop—she's wide awake—no child—He looked at Paul. Ought he to let him know that it was through her loyalty he had the goods on the young lingerie buyer? Or would that be a tactical mistake?

SATISFIED with her handiwork, Brenda Selz gave further momentum to the story via the grapevine system. It was speedily bruited around the three thousand employees, that Ann was to be fired—for taking graft!

"I hate New York with all my heart and soul!" said Gordon Gavin.

He had enjoyed an excellent dinner cooked by Renita Parrish in her apartment down in Greenwich Village. Now he was reclining in an easy chair by the open window, staring moodily at the Wall Street skyscrapers.

"What you want is a Scotch highball. I'll fix one for you," said the eager hostess. "I'm permanently on the wagon, but a tired man needs his little drink."

As he looked across the chimney pots at what had once been the world's financial market, his father's suicide, his own ill-luck rose before him. He brooded on the days that never would return.

"I loathe New York!" he repeated, when Renita came out of the kitchenette carrying a tray on which was a bottle, a soda syphon, some ice cubes, and a long glass. She set the tray beside him.

"You're all tired out with the difficult mental work of yours. I always say that the advertising is the hardest part of the business. Buying and selling are child's play, Gordon, compared to what you're doing. I just can't think how you can dig up so many clever things to write about!"

"Over and over—that's the trouble!" he groaned. "Bradley turned my copy down this morning, and I had to do it all over. It is so darned monotonous, shut up in a cell no bigger than a dog's kennel. I'm sick of it!"

"They work you too hard!"

"All day. Like a machine! Why, our English professor in Harvard told us that no writer can work more than three hours a day if he's to turn out good stuff."

"Why don't you tell that to Simson—?" Simson was the head of the advertising—or to Paul Bradley?"

"They'd boot me out!"

"No fear!"

"Don't be too sure. I just took another cut in salary. They raised Parker."

Parker was a young copy-writer. "It won't be

a cut the next time. I'll be the sweet spring air."

Renita was thinking rapidly. She had a wonderful idea regarding Gordon. How to break it to him? How would he receive it? Would he turn it down?

But his professional hatred for New York and all appertaining to it gave her courage. Wait till he had his highball. Then spring it.

He drank.
"Swell stuff, Renita. The smoky taste of old Scotland!"

He poured himself a second glass.
"Won't you have one?" he asked her. He hoped that she wouldn't. A fellow wouldn't want to be responsible for putting her back on that road again. She was too good a scout.

"No, thanks, Gordon. I'm a reformed rake, you know. I'm going to stay reformed."

"You're a swell guy, Renita." Over the rim of his glass he nodded at her, glad of her attitude to her late weakness. It was wonderful to think of the fight she'd put up.

She looked stunning to-night.

"I GUESS," said Gordon out of a long silence, "that you're often about as solitary as I am, living alone as you do. Life's a big joke, anyway. Or like an ugly fever. If it weren't for some queer scrapie, or maybe it's a forlorn hope of something brighter, I'd end it all to-morrow. And believe me, nobody would shed a tear over me!" The corner of his mouth twisted.

"Listen, Gordon, you've a swell future before you if you'll only take the first step." Her eyes were bright with promise. She leaned towards Gordon. "I've been wanting to tell you all evening of an offer I have to go out to Denver and manage a little chain store—for dresses only—and bring my own advertising writer. They only need one man to tackle the advertising, Gordon, so you'd be your own boss, you understand. Just to write ads, three times a week in the local papers. They have their artist—I mean they'd retain him, provided you liked him. And the salary would be ten dollars a week over and above what Barclay & Weiss are paying you, and you'd have plenty of time for other writing that would bring you in more money. You could even start on that novel you planned at college. And living's a whole lot cheaper in Denver than it is in New York City." Renita finished breathlessly.

Gordon was staring at her with a kind of incredulous wonder in his eyes. The wide-open spaces of Colorado . . . hunting trips in the Rocky Mountains . . . glorious fishing . . . ranches . . . illimitable distance instead of streets made sunless by tall buildings . . . why! one could breathe out there! One could live!

"Renita, are you kidding? Don't you know that all my life I've—why! I've been hankering for the west?"

"And you hate New York?" she repeated joyously. "Gordon, there are blue sunsets in Colorado!"

"Blue sunsets—and you, Renita!" There was something warm and shiny that she'd never seen before in his eyes. He set down his glass, rising, drawing her to her feet, drawing her to him, cupping her face in his hands, looking at her hungrily.

"Blue sunsets—and you, Renita!" He kissed her.

"So Renita got your best beau, after all!" said Brenda Sels to Ann.

"If you mean Gordon Gavin, he was never any beau of mine," Ann said tone-

lessly. She had to keep her voice steady, because, by a sixth sense, she was aware that it was none other than Brenda who had come between her and Paul Bradley . . . and, less importantly, jeopardised her position in the store. The axe was still hanging.

"They're to be married next week at the Little Church Around the Corner."

"I ought to know that," Ann told Brenda, with faint irony, "since I'm going to be Renita's bridesmaid."

"So? Perhaps—" sarcastically, for she was assured of the estrangement, "your own wedding will be next?"

Ann regarded her dreamily. Hid her feelings. She was a good actress. "Wouldn't you think nineteen is a bit young to be married?"

"Well I heard a rumor that you were leaving the store!"

"And who spread that rumor? I think everyone knows who is the—shall I say?—instigator," said Ann. This startled Brenda, showing the younger had perspicuity she had not guessed at. "As a matter of fact, others may be leaving—and not for their wedding either!" she added, looking squarely at Brenda.

With something that was intended to be a light laugh, but sounded like a squawk, the Gift Shop buyer went back to her own section.

Shaughnessy, detective of the main floor, hovered about.

Why was he watching her so carefully? And what had been the meaning of Ann's last remark?

Brenda's black eyes were twin Vesuviiuses as her long, pointed nails dug into the palms of her hands.

She was well aware that Ann had been interviewed by Herman Weiss that morning in his office. She decided she would drop by the cashier's cage casually—he was an old friend of hers—and find out from him if orders had come from the Great-I-Am to present the lingerie buyer with two weeks' salary in advance—the jam with the pill.



B

UT NO! To her surprise and annoyance, neither Herman Weiss nor his merchandise manager had instructed the cashier about Ann.

"But the day's young yet," thought Brenda, as she went back to her department on the main floor.

Renita Parrish passed. A radiant Renita, with Gordon Gavin's signet ring on the third finger of her left hand. Brenda smiled acidly as she congratulated her.

Renita was so happy that she good-naturedly returned Brenda's smile.

"Why don't you go and do likewise, Brenda?" she asked.

Brenda was nettled. Did they think her past her best, these girls? "Believe me, when I marry I'll be someone with money," she said sharply.

Renita went to the lingerie department to see Ann. They must decide on the bridesmaid's outfit. Miss Shellfish had lovely, springlike dresses in starched chiffon—a new consignment in this morning—Ann might select one at a liberal discount.

"We'll drop in at the fashion show this afternoon in the Misses' Dresses," said

Ann. "I've a model showing lingerie and negligees. Meet me there at three, will you, Renita?"

"Right." She drew closer to Ann. Lowering her voice she asked her what on earth the rumors flying round the store meant? It wasn't possible that because the other had had to take a mark-down in some merchandise, she'd been asked to resign from her job? Impossible?

C

OME into the Negligee Salon for a moment, Renita, and I'll give you the facts." Ann told of her interview with Mr. Weiss that morning, the results of which were indeterminate, but that probably she would get her comge on the coming Friday if she couldn't give a feasible explanation of the rival store so completely underselling her in that line of lingerie. Unfortunately, she had ordered a very large consignment. She was stuck.

"Which rival store? Why don't the fools make their own investigation?"

"Oh, Mr. Weiss is much too busy, and besides, he seems to have it in for me on another account as well. It's something more than my having made an error in judgment in buying. But he won't come out in the open and say what it is."

"Mean little rat! Probably he's annoyed because you came with a recommendation from old Tom Barclay, his more or less sleeping partner, who's really dyed-in-the-wool society, whereas Herman is quite the opposite."

"But his family are terribly social-minded," said perplexed Ann. "I'm afraid one of my sisters foolishly snubbed his daughters about getting tickets for a charity card-party held in the hotel where they're living. They were very angry, and, in a sense, with reason. Of course, my sister didn't know their connection with my job."

Renita seemed to be pondering, hesitating. She didn't wish to hurt Ann's feelings, yet she wished to help her in her dilemma, for didn't she owe Gordon, the retention of her job these many weeks, her renewed health, recovered beauty, in very large measure to the generosity of the younger girl?

"You know forewarned's forearmed," she began. "Don't bite my nose off when I tell you that dear, open-hearted Herman is probably thinking you're getting a nice rake-off from O'Hallahan, the silk manufacturer, who, by the way, was mildly courting Becky, his beloved daughter, before you up and copped him!"

"Good gracious! are you crazy? The man's nothing in my life!"

"Of course he isn't," said Renita, "but the Lord knows what Brenda Sels has spread around until it's reached the ears of Herman. Furthermore, it's the suspicion of graft that's the big rub. That's the worst of being a buyer plus being young and pretty and successful—"

Ann interrupted hotly: "I've never taken a penny from anyone, Renita!"

"Nobody thinks you have, my dear, with the possible exception of Brenda and the boss."

"Do you mean—Mr. Bradley?"

Did that account for his voiced opinion on women being unreliable—playing with fire—not meeting men squarely on their own ground? He thought she was being paid by Tim O'Hallahan for her orders! Ann felt she could die of humiliation, even while she hated him for the injustice.

"Why, no, you silly girl! Paul Bradley's as square as they come! Would he have promoted you so rapidly if he hadn't full-

confidence in you! But he's probably being bull-ragged by Herman."

Ann remembered that the merchandise manager had told her: "Mr. Weiss is temperamental. He gets exaggerated notions in his head as to the reasons motivating his executives . . . his suspicions run ahead of him."

So it was graft she was suspected of? But not by the merchandise manager!

Then why his coldness? His avoidance of her? His aloofness that wordlessly repudiated all that had passed between them on that never-to-be-forgotten evening?

WAS he jealous of Tim O'Hallahan, some busybody having reported that she was at the opera last Monday night?

"And now," said Renita briskly, "though it's the last thing on earth I do, I'm going round all the lingerie departments of our competitors till I light into the one that's underselling you, and bring you back the true explanation."

The somewhat apelike Mr. Cripps, at fifteen minutes after noon, paused on the main floor in front of the display cases of the Gift Shop.

On the heels of the departure of Shaughnessy, the head detective, Mr. Cripps had been closeted with Herman Weiss in his private office. Though Herman was in thunderous mood, the interview was highly satisfactory from the point of view of the Gift manufacturer.

For Pongo Cripps—the nickname being a tribute to his queer appearance—had been unable to sell anything to Barclay and Weiss in the past age. He had been worried and annoyed about it, and now he had taken the step of going direct to the store-owner, and having it out with him. Just at the psychological moment, as it turned out!

If the walls of Mr. Weiss' private office had the power of hearing they would surely have collapsed. For Mr. Weiss' language—and not directed to the Gift manufacturer but heard delightedly by him—was composed of the very strongest cuss-words.

Action succeeded the volley. The Great-I-Am went down on his knees to pry into his safe. He produced a wad of bills—ten-dollar ones—and counted them. On each he made a tiny hieroglyphic in green or violet ink—the mark so tiny that he had to work with the aid of a magnifying glass.

Mr. Cripps looked on with interest. He was with Mr. Weiss here, heart and soul. For money was the only thing in the world that counted. And that commodity he had been deprived of too long.

This would be remedied. Snapping a rubber band around the bills Mr. Weiss threw them across his desk to Pongo: "Go to it, and phone me at the Merchandisers' Club no later than one-thirty."

In front of the display cases of the Gift Shop, the small, sharp eyes of Pongo Cripps sought for his quarry.

Brenda Selz saw him and turned her back on him. It wasn't in her scheme of things to give orders to a little tightwad like Pongo!

He skipped nimbly around to the other side. "Will you give me the pleasure of lunching with me? My car's outside."

"Thanks, but I can't." "Now, listen, Brenda." He leaned over the counter, lowering his voice, though no one was about. "It'll be greatly to your personal advantage to have a talk with

me. You won't be the loser. Not by a long shot!"

She looked at him. His left eyelid quivered, as though giving her a high-sign.

"All right. I'll come with you," she said shortly. "Make it some inconspicuous place. And have your car driven to the corner on Sixth Avenue by the cigar store. I'll meet you there in fifteen minutes."

The fashion show on the stage at one end of the Misses' Dress salon started at a quarter of three that fateful afternoon.

Ann DeLafield was there, not in the capacity of spectator, but as model for negligees and lounging pyjamas from her own department, the mannequin she had engaged for the occasion having taken ill. Renita was also present—and so were many of the executives of the store.

As Ann swept across the stage in flower-like creations, she was conscious of dark eyes regarding her steadily from the back of the audience. Paul Bradley was there!

Between change of garments, Renita—soon to be Mrs. Gordon Gavin—had dashed into the dressing-room, where the models were assembled, and whispered to Ann eagerly that she'd solved the underselling business of that line of lingerie—the buyer at Marcus & Pickard's had bought bales and bales of bankrupt stock!

"I've told Paul Bradley that no one could have foreseen there would be the identical same silk as yours sold out for a song! And it wasn't a long coincidence that you and this buyer had your goods made up to the same patterns and trimmings, for there aren't so many designs in the market," finished Renita, happy to be able to clear Ann, who had so truly championed her. Brenda Selz was near Paul Bradley, towards the rear of the salon.



SOMEONE else was close beside her . . . Shaughnessy, the head detective . . . why? He'd been keeping near her most of the morning, and now again this afternoon . . .

A dreadful premonition struck her that he'd maybe seen her slip that 30 dollar cloisonne compact from her show-case into her handbag, when she had thought no one was looking. Just before leaving for luncheon with Pongo . . .

Better hurry downstairs and slip it back into its place. She had intended keeping it, as she had kept many dainty things from her department whose loss had been put down to shoplifting . . . She had got away with it beautifully, so far.

But Shaughnessy was close beside her, shadowing her. In order to escape him and at the same time dispose of the compact, where could she turn?

The models dressing-room? With all the clothes flung hither and thither in disorder. It would be easy to proffer assistance to Miss Shellfish and her helpers . . . slip the incriminating compact into some garment or other.

She passed behind the screen into the small room to the left of the stage.

Ann DeLafield, in exquisite pyjamas, was donning a tailored robe that had a pocket. Quick as lightning, Brenda slid long fingers

into her handbag, found the compact, hastened to help Ann with the tying of the knotted girdle, at the same time dropping the compact into the pocket of the robe. Suspecting nothing, Ann walked out to the stage.

The robe applauded, she removed it, so that the handsome lounging pyjamas might be displayed. She was at the corner nearest the outer entrance of the dressing-room, close to Shaughnessy who stood beside the screen, close to the footlights. The robe flung over her arm, something hurtled from its pocket, bounced across those footlights, fell to the floor of the salon, to be rescued by Shaughnessy. He gave a quick glance at it, and nodding to Ann pleasantly, pocketed the compact.

A moment later, unaware of what had happened, Brenda emerged.

She ran right into Shaughnessy. She made as though to pass him. In the semi-darkness by the screen, he stopped her. "You're wanted in Mr. Weiss' office. Come with me," he said in a lowered voice.

Her face green with apprehension, her knees trembling, Brenda followed the detective.

SIX O'CLOCK in the great department store.

Most of the employees gone, their tongues wagging over the astounding rumor about Brenda Selz!

The prize-graffer of the whole outfit had at long last been caught! Would Mr. Weiss prosecute her? Was it true that Shaughnessy and his men had gone through her apartment in Brooklyn only that morning, and found quantities of goods that had supposedly been stolen from her Gift Shop? That the buyer herself was the thief?

But no one save the owner of the store and Mr. Cripps who had connived with Mr. Weiss in the matter of the marked bill, and the merchandise manager who had been informed about it, knew of the alleged bribery at the luncheon table that had been the final downfall of Brenda.

The incident of the compact, too—drastically thrust into Ann's pocket so that she might get the blame, if blame there were—had been told him by the head detective.

Brenda was gone—forever—as far as Paul, or the firm of Barclay & Weiss, were concerned.

There was but one person that Paul wished to see—he had to see—to lift this mood of black depression from him.

How would she greet him? Would she overlook his criticism of her, believing that he never had suspected her of taking graft? He had thought that she was trifling with him. Hence his coolness. He told himself he had been a blind idiot.

He found her alone in her department, putting lacy trillies into the glass-fronted shelves. No one was within a radius of thirty yards save an old cleaning woman, vigorously sweeping with her back to them.

"Ann!" He drew the slender figure to him, holding her hands tightly and looking into her eyes. "Ann, we're going to Paris, not on a buying trip, but on a honeymoon—if you'll have me?"

"Paris in spring—with you!" She slipped into his arms.

(THE END.)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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